

# Investi GATORS



Ants in Our P.A.N.T.S.



**BARNES & NOBLE  
EXCLUSIVE**

INCLUDES  
COLORING POSTER

*New York Times*-Bestselling Author

**John Patrick Green**



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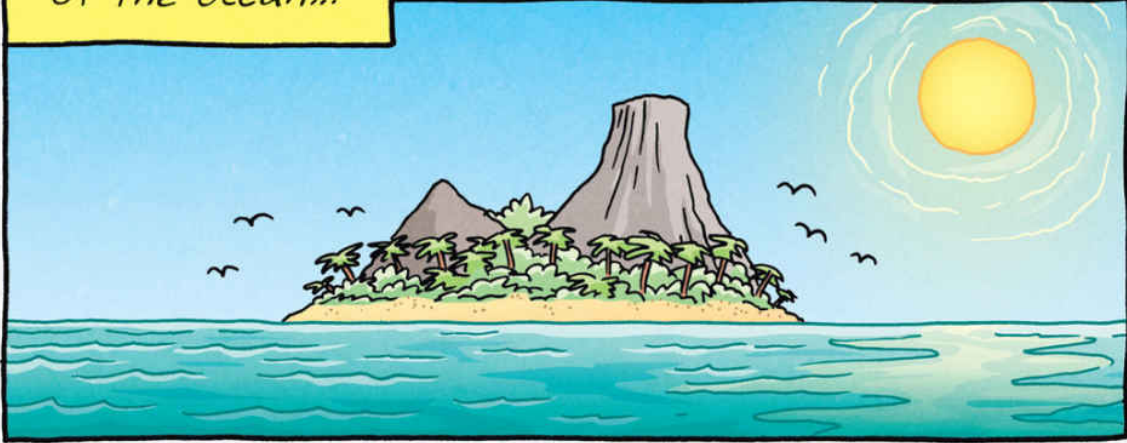
**:01**  
First Second





# Chapter 1

We join our heroes on a remote island in the middle of the ocean...



Have they found a supervillain's lair hidden in a dormant volcano? Or discovered a weapon of devastating power?

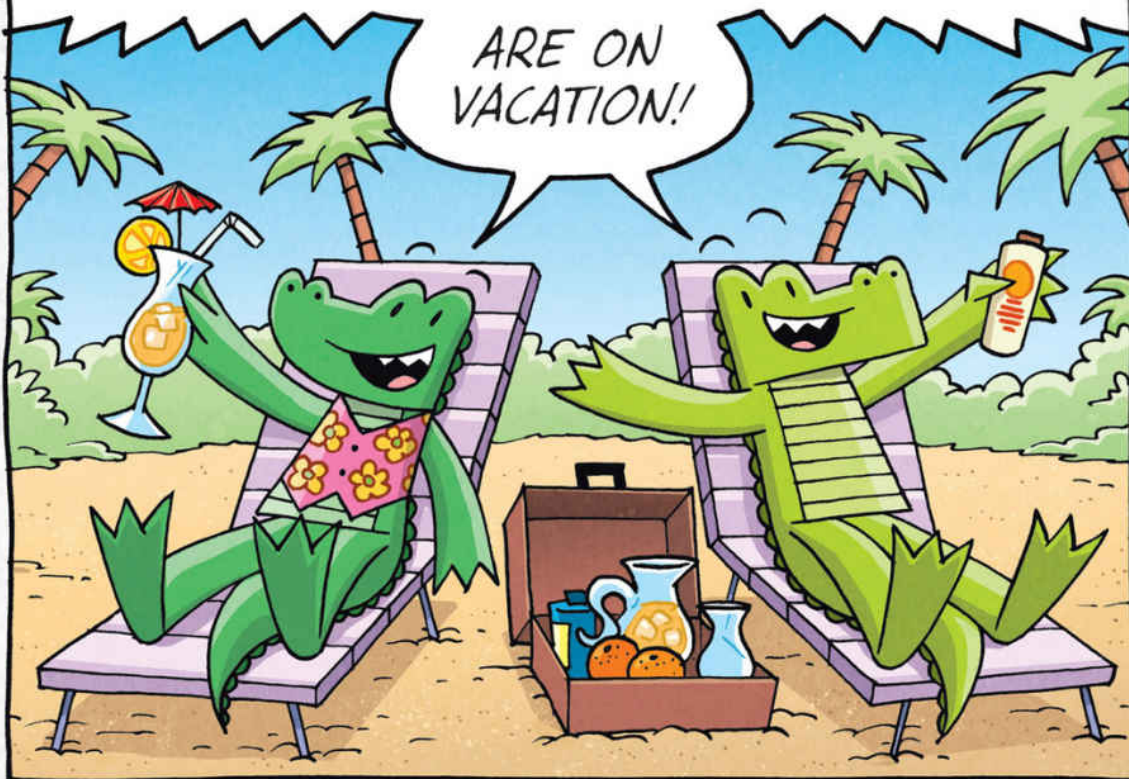


What would bring **Mango** and **Brash** to this tropical paradise?





# INVESTIGATORS





Still, I kinda wish we were here on an investigation.



That would  
make our  
vacation...



...an  
**INVESTIGATION.**

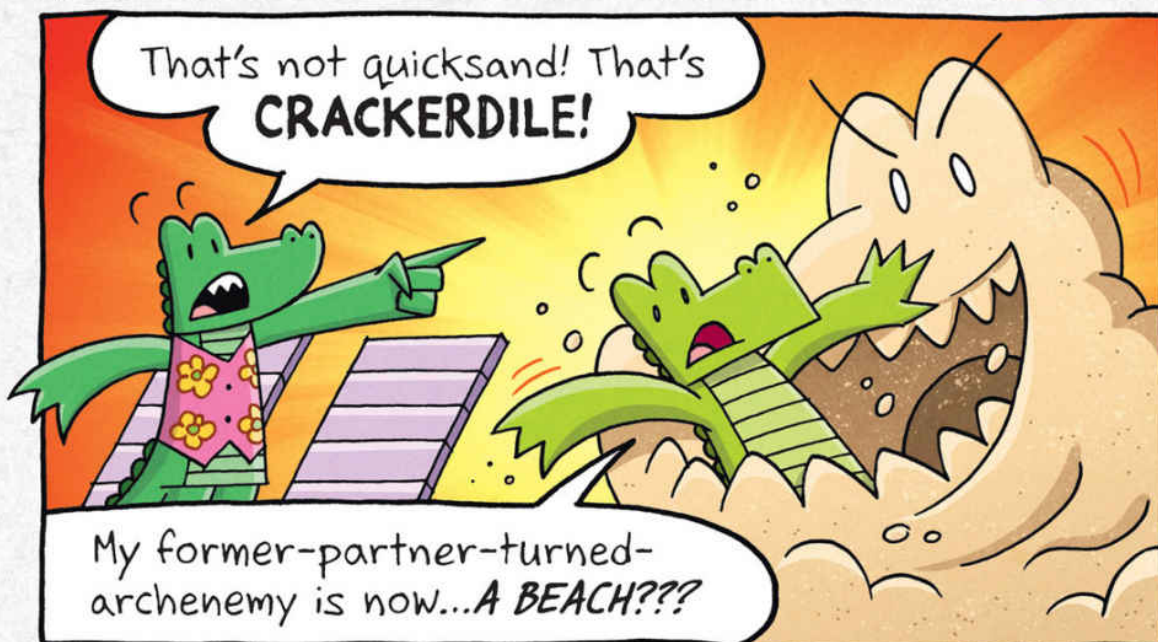
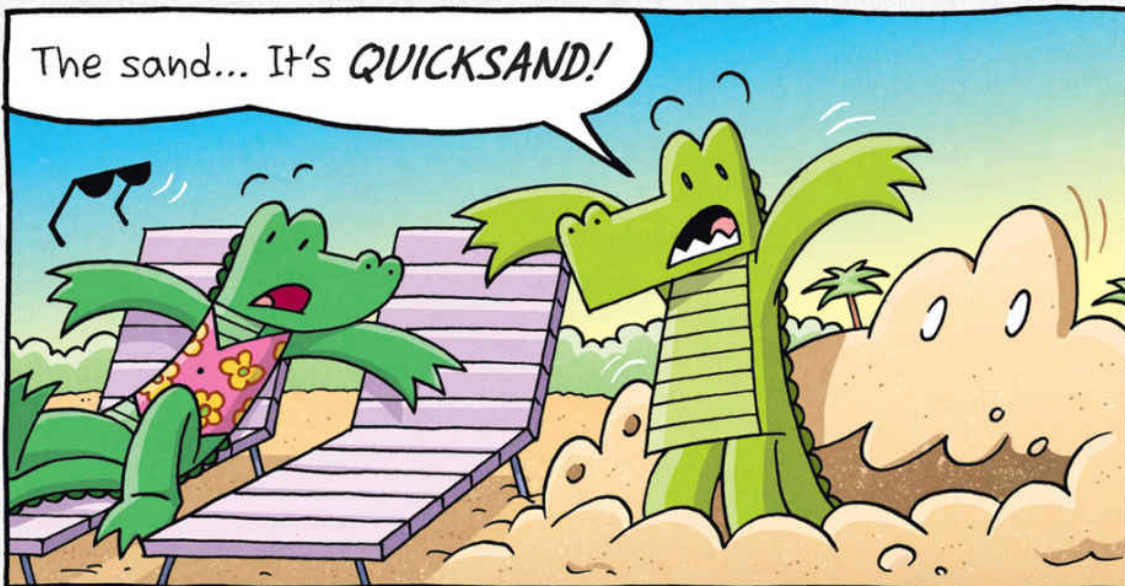


This might be hard to swallow,  
Brash, but you've gotta learn  
how to **relax**. Build a sandcastle  
or something.

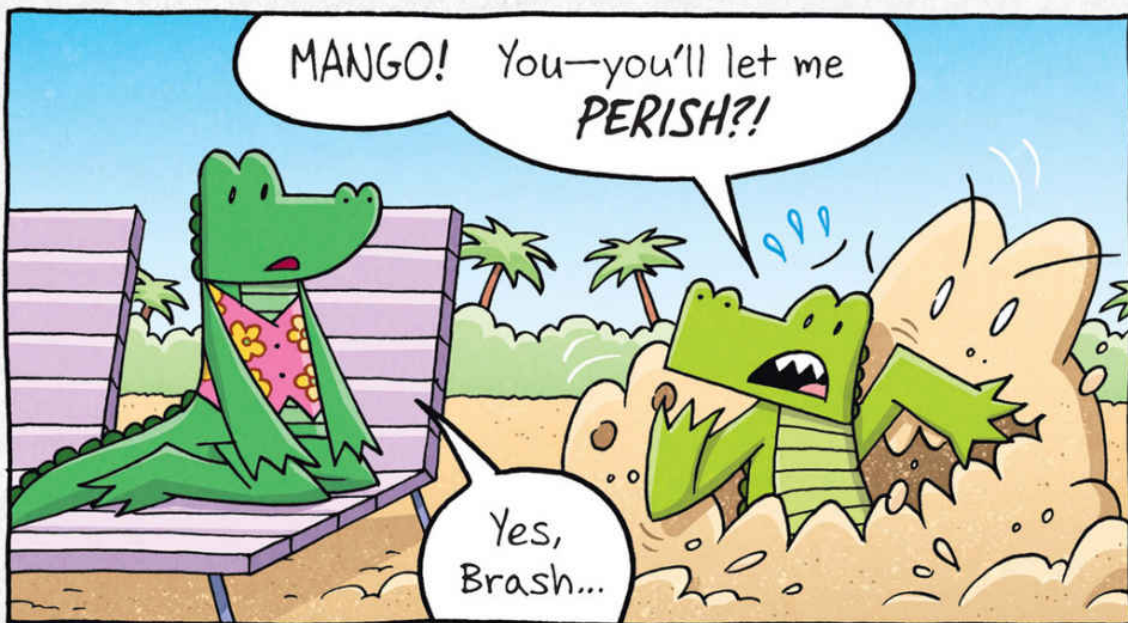
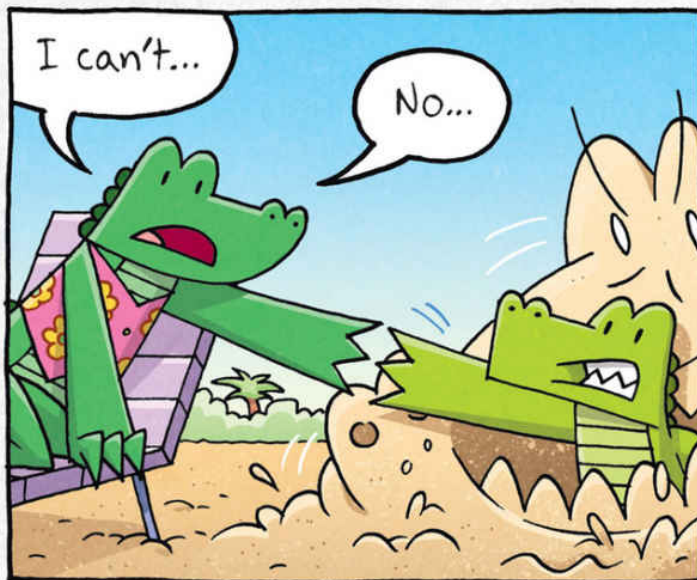


Sandcastle?  
I'm not a *child*,  
Mango.

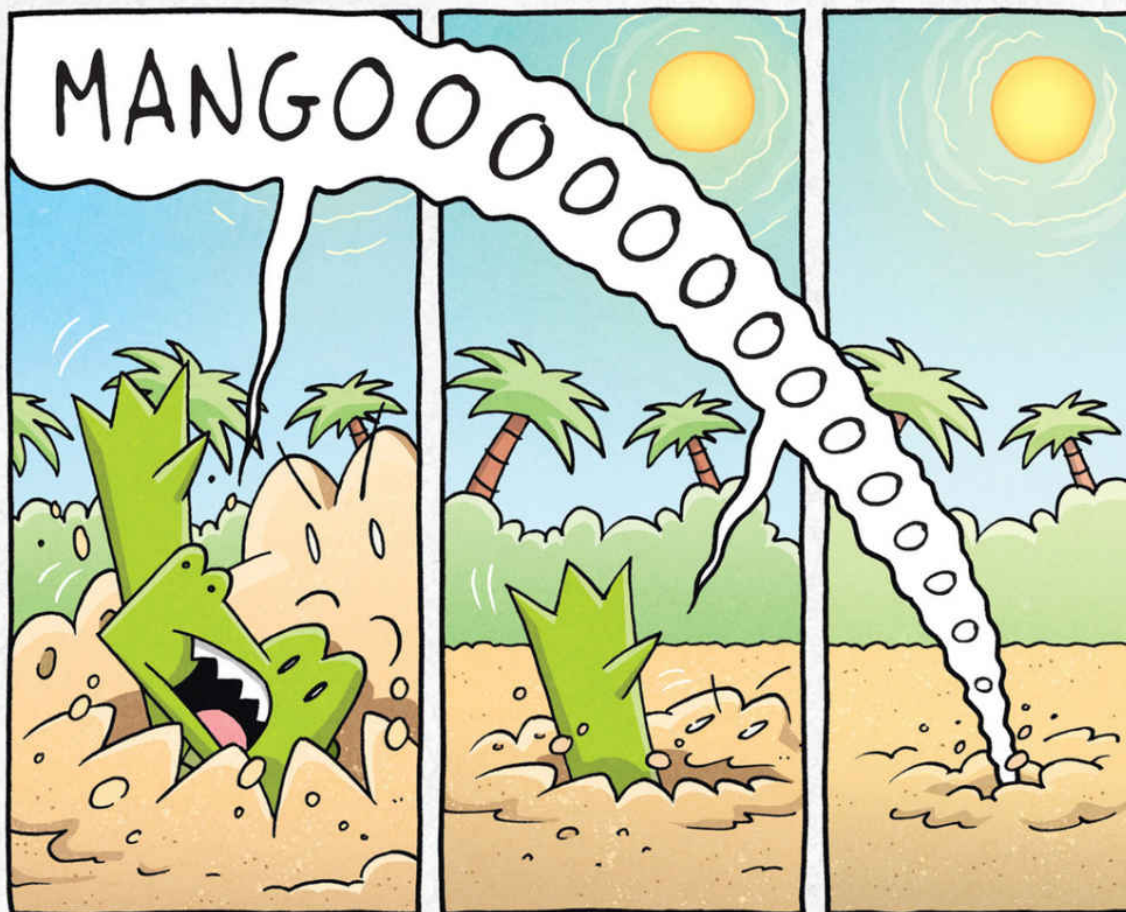
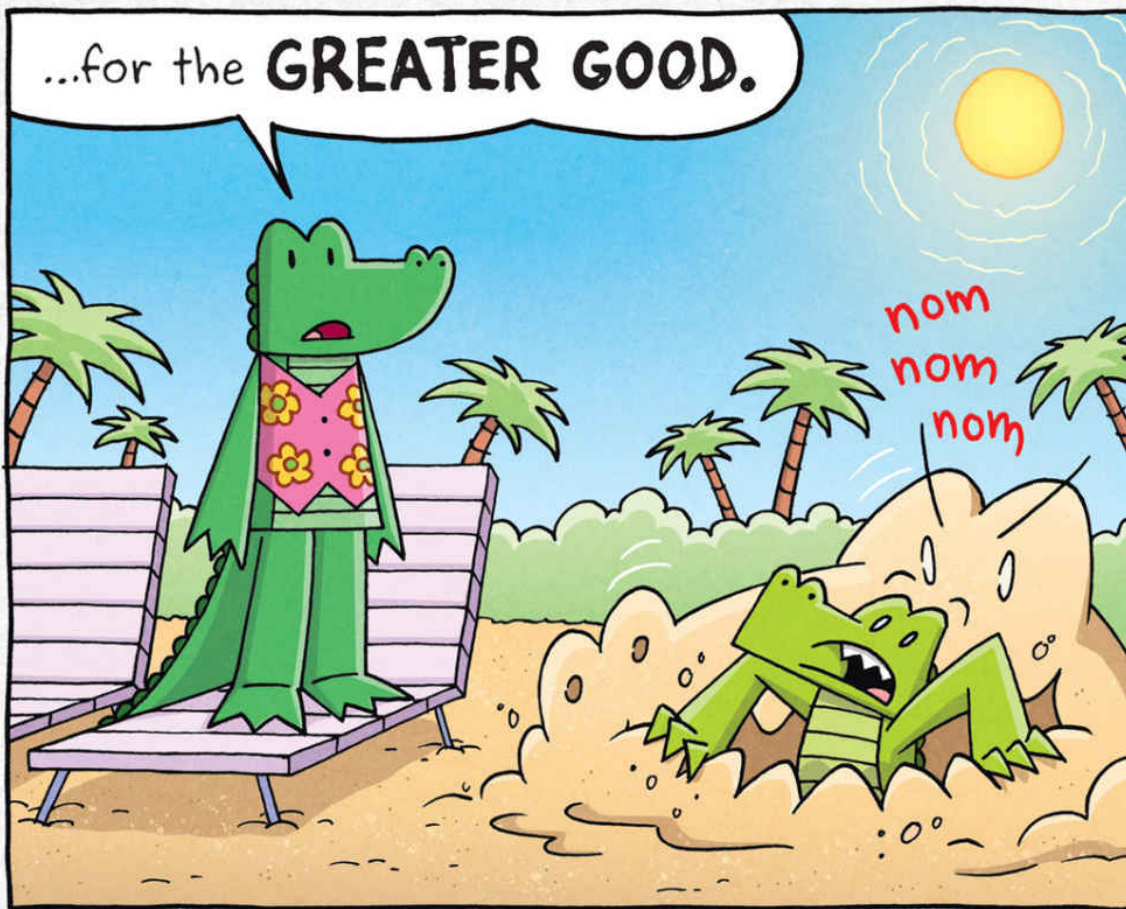




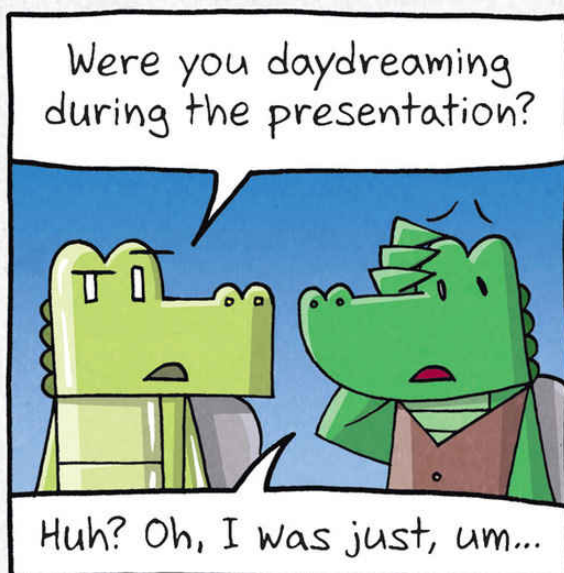
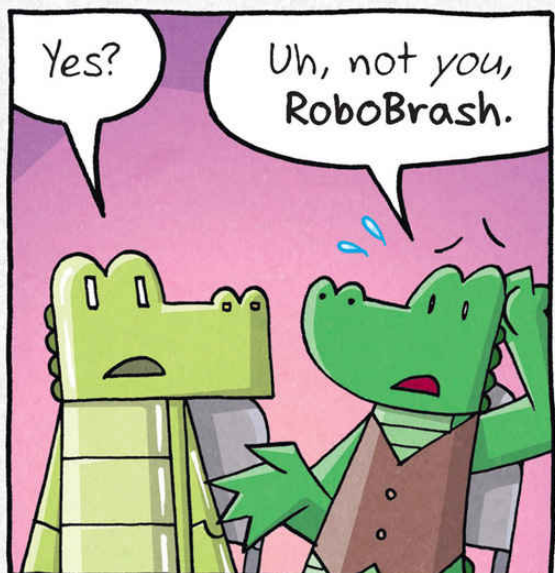
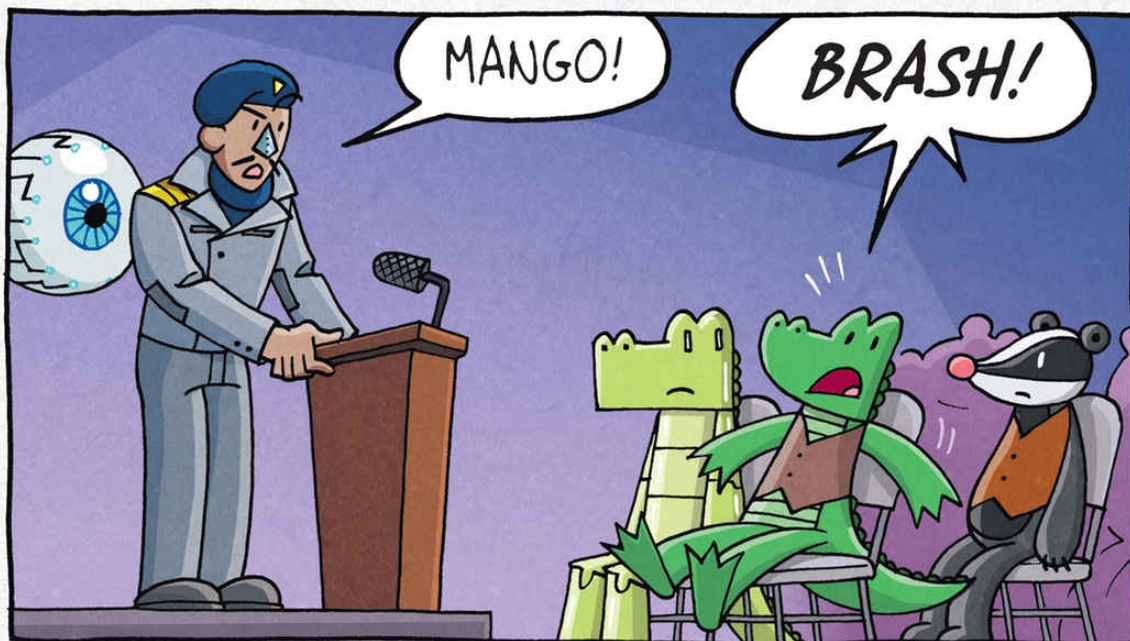




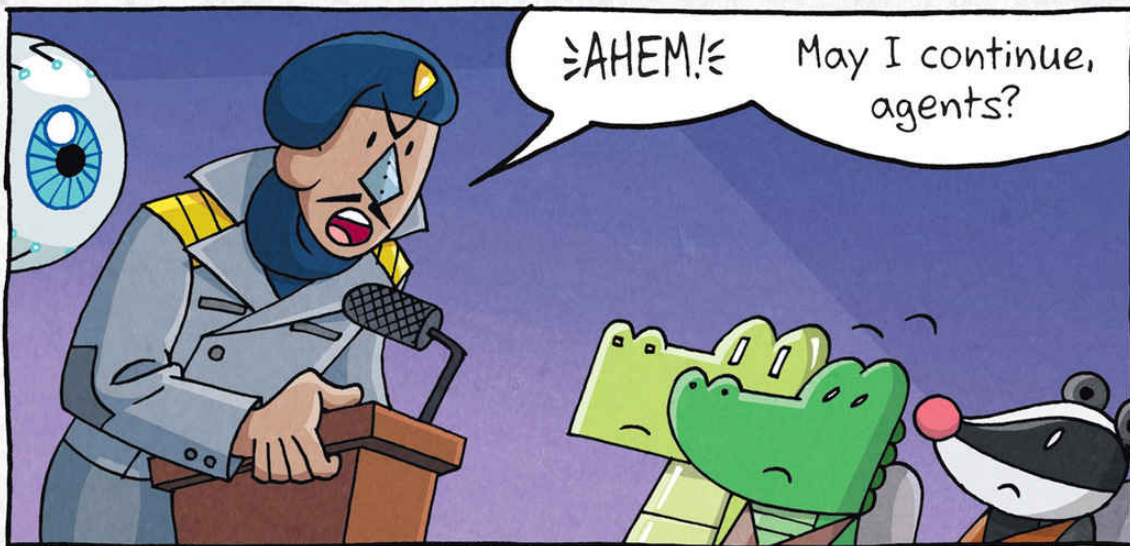












\*Special Undercover Investigation Teams



Had Mango NOT dumped concrete on Crackerdile—er, WAFFLEDile—far more people could be in the hospital than just Agent Brash. However, before Waffledile became a statue-dile, he left the city's residents petrified with fear by this message:

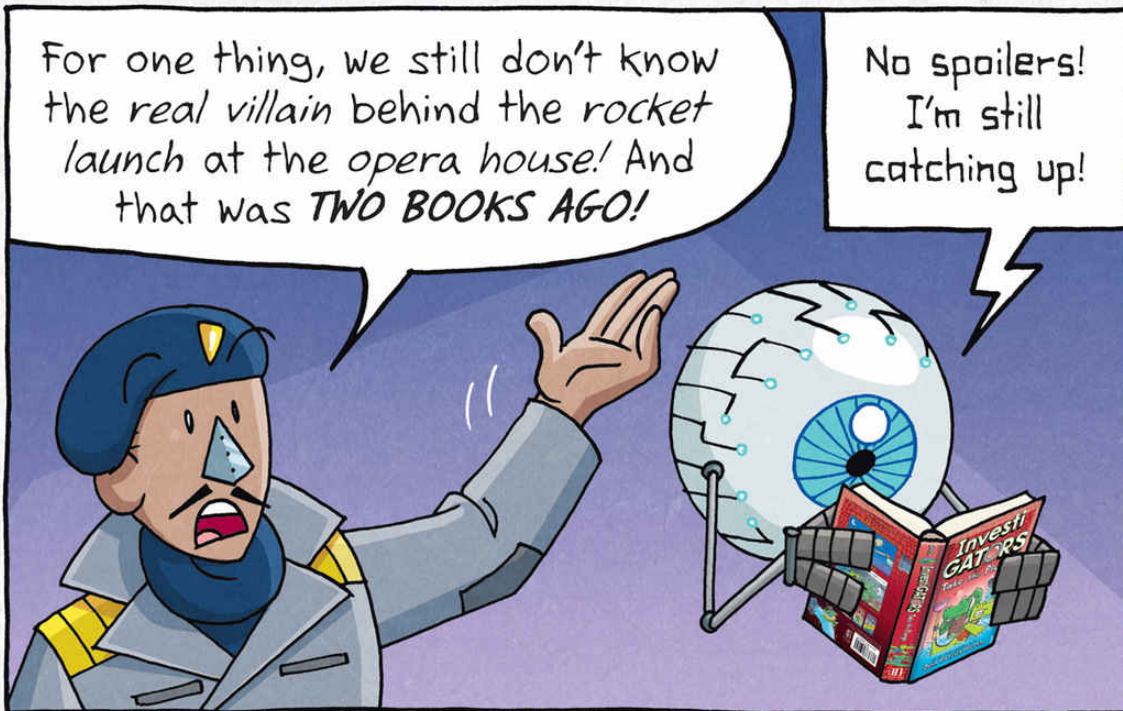
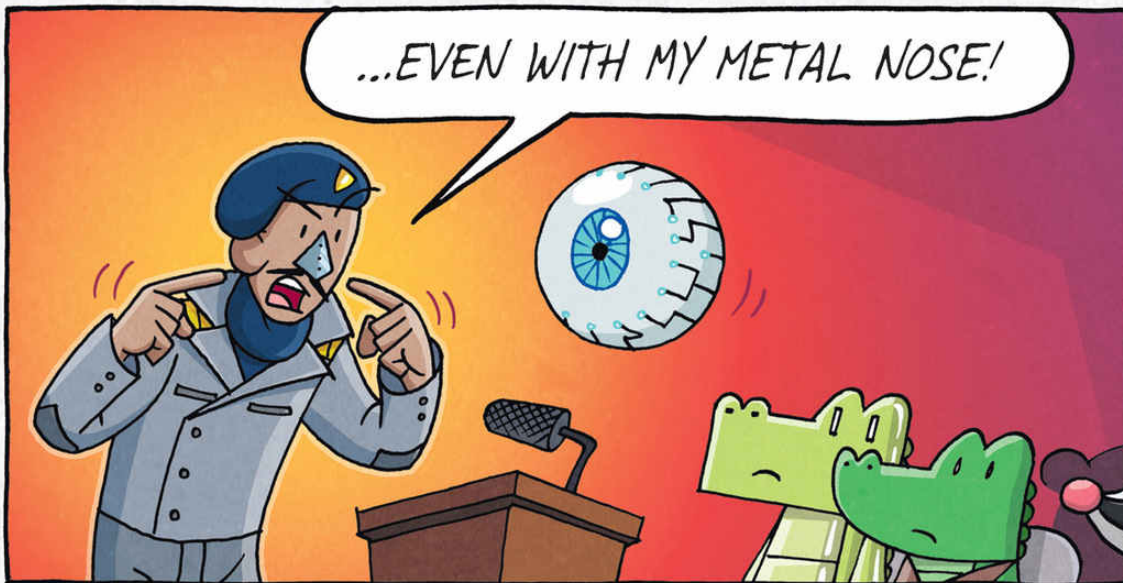


This is the perfect *recruitment* opportunity! *Every* villain will want to join my team if they see me on the news!

The very notion of villains teaming up *alarms* me. A thief such as Houdino, for instance, was formidable enough on his own. But if Waffledile's message inspires criminals like him to join forces, they'd be *unstoppable*!









I remember that mission!  
We were undercover as  
orchestra musicians.

OF COURSE you  
remember. You have  
copies of the **REAL**  
Brash's memories  
stored in your  
brain.

This talk of villains teaming up has reminded me  
of a **heroic** team-up that inspired me as a child:

**Pop and Lock!**



Pop was a superhero who'd *pop* crime in its jaw, and  
Lock was his robot dog who'd *lock* the criminals up!





But even they couldn't *prevent* all the crime in the city.



That's where S.U.I.T.'s new initiative comes in: the **Anti-Crime Unit**.



Usually, you agents are called into action after a crime has occurred. But if villains of Crackerdile's caliber start criming *together*, then **AFTER** will be **TOO LATE**.



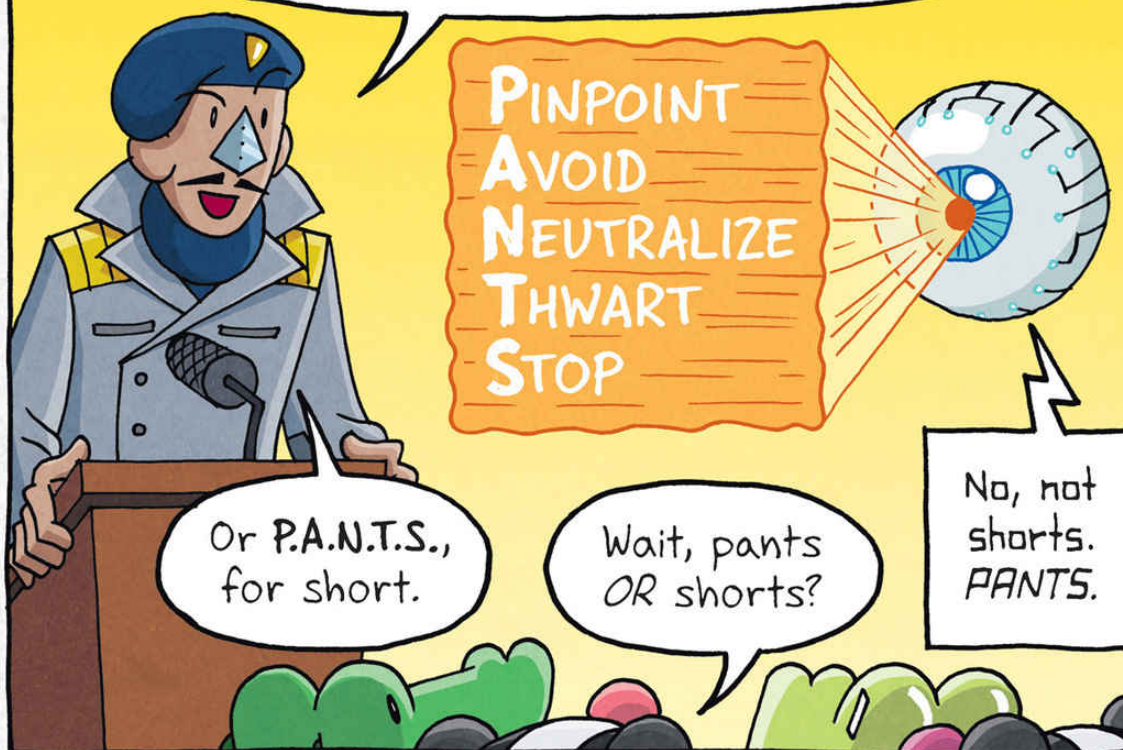
So, rather than *wait* for crimes to occur, the **Anti-Crime Unit** will catch these criminals **BEFORE** they can organize.



How will we do that?



Once we get wind of an evildoer's scheme to form a team, the **Anti-Crime Unit** will go undercover as fellow evildoers and follow this simple procedure: **PINPOINT** the possible perpetrator's position; **AVOID** blowing your cover; **NEUTRALIZE** any superweapons; **THWART** their villainous plan; and **STOP** them from getting away!

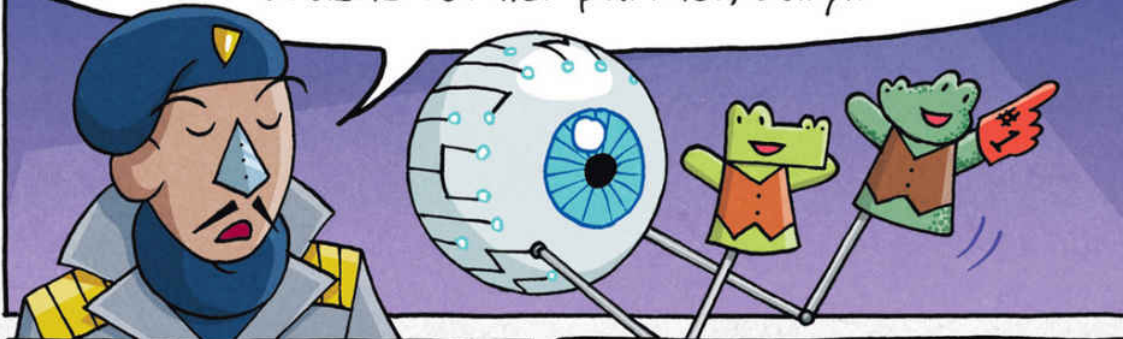


Mango and RoboBrash, as S.U.I.T.'s top agents, you will be the first team to try out P.A.N.T.S. in the field.





Now, I feel I must remind everyone of the harsh truth that good agents can turn *bad*. Before he was Waffledile, and before he was Crackerdile, S.V.I.T.'s **number one enemy** was its **number one agent**: Brash's former partner, Daryl.



It's impossible to tell if Daryl was secretly bad *before* he got turned into a radioactive saltine cracker...

Argh! Splat!



...or if his **evil ways** stem from feeling *betrayed* and obsessed with the desire for *revenge*.

BETRAYAL!  
REVENGE!

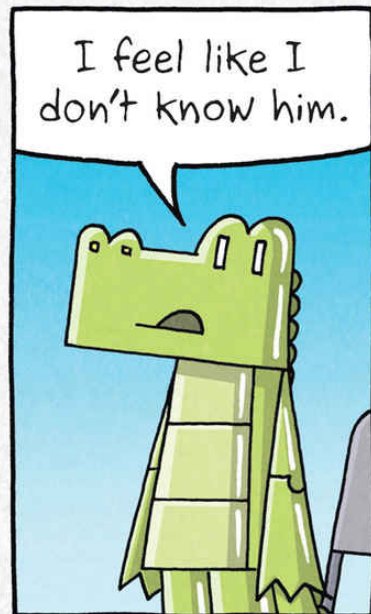
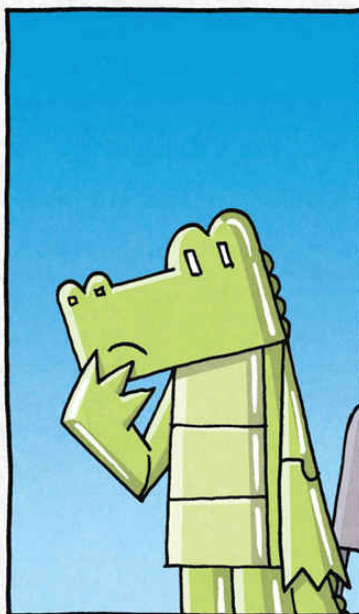
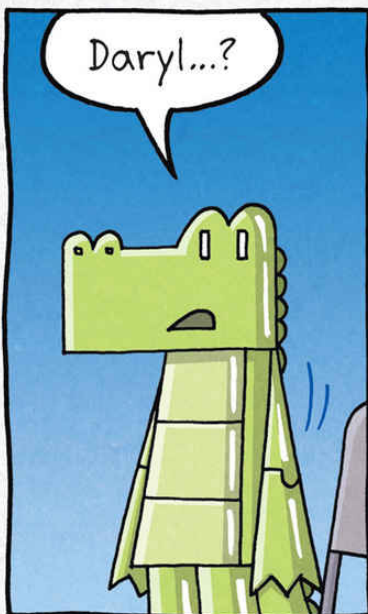
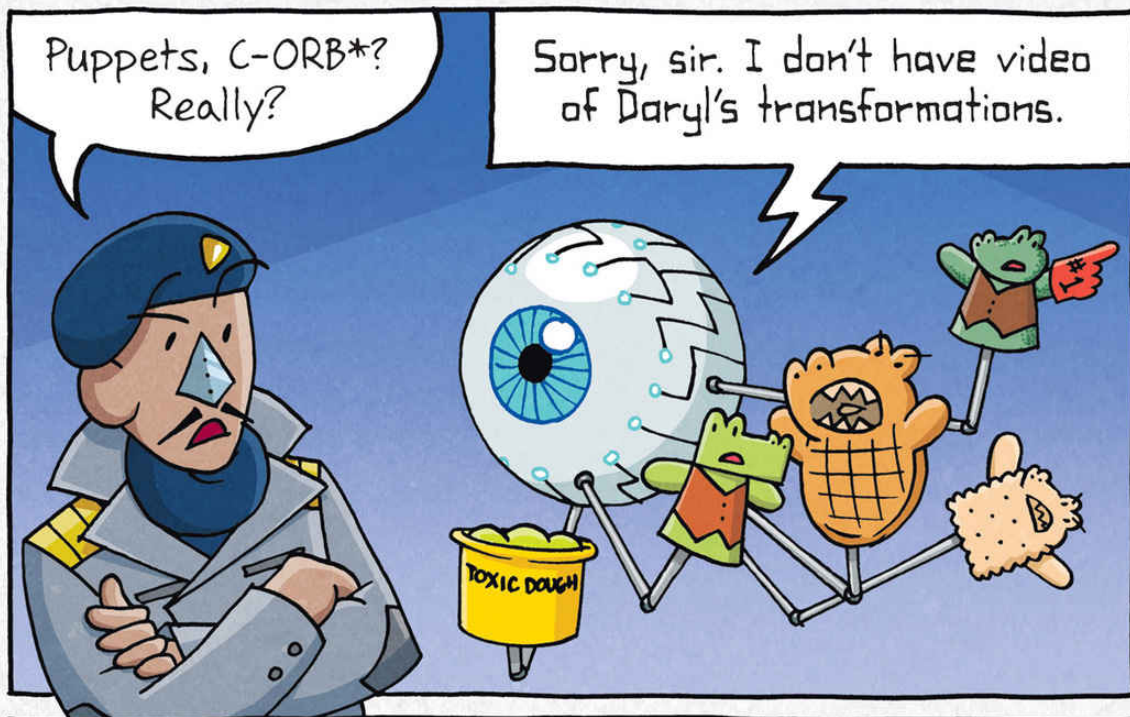


The only one who may know is Agent Brash, but he still hasn't woken up after nearly being *DIGESTED* by waffle-Daryl!

I'mma  
eat you!  
NOM NOM  
NOM!

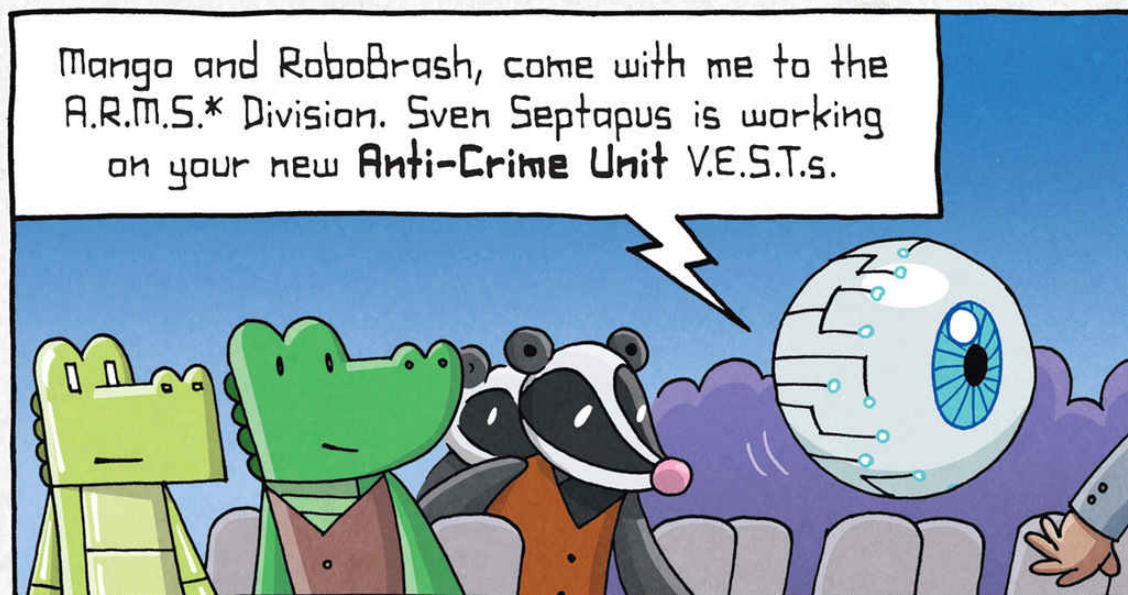






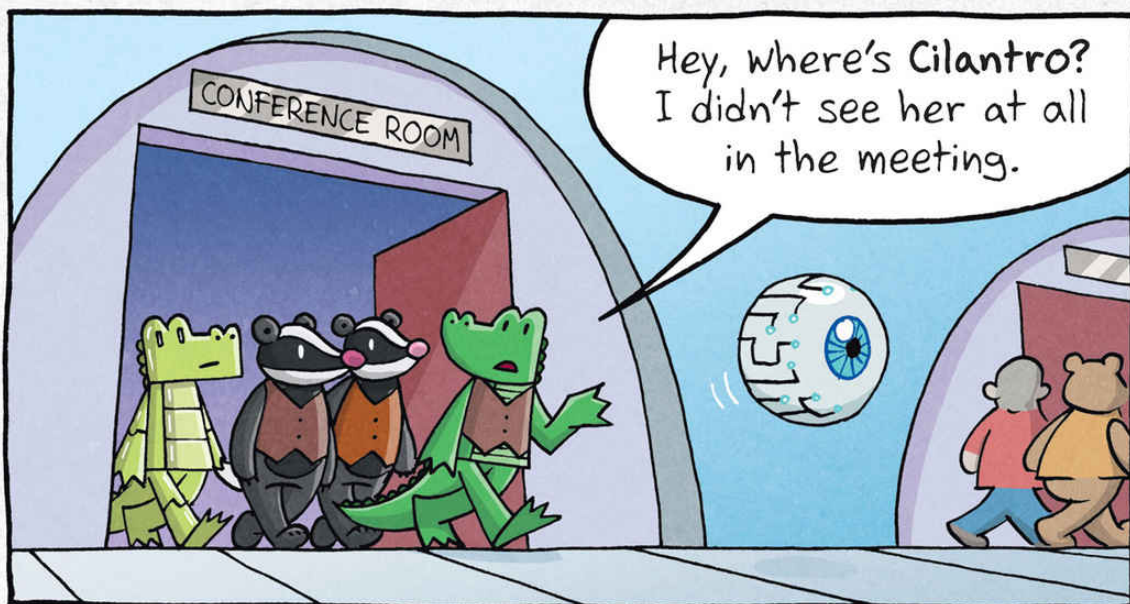
\*Computerized Ocular Remote Butler





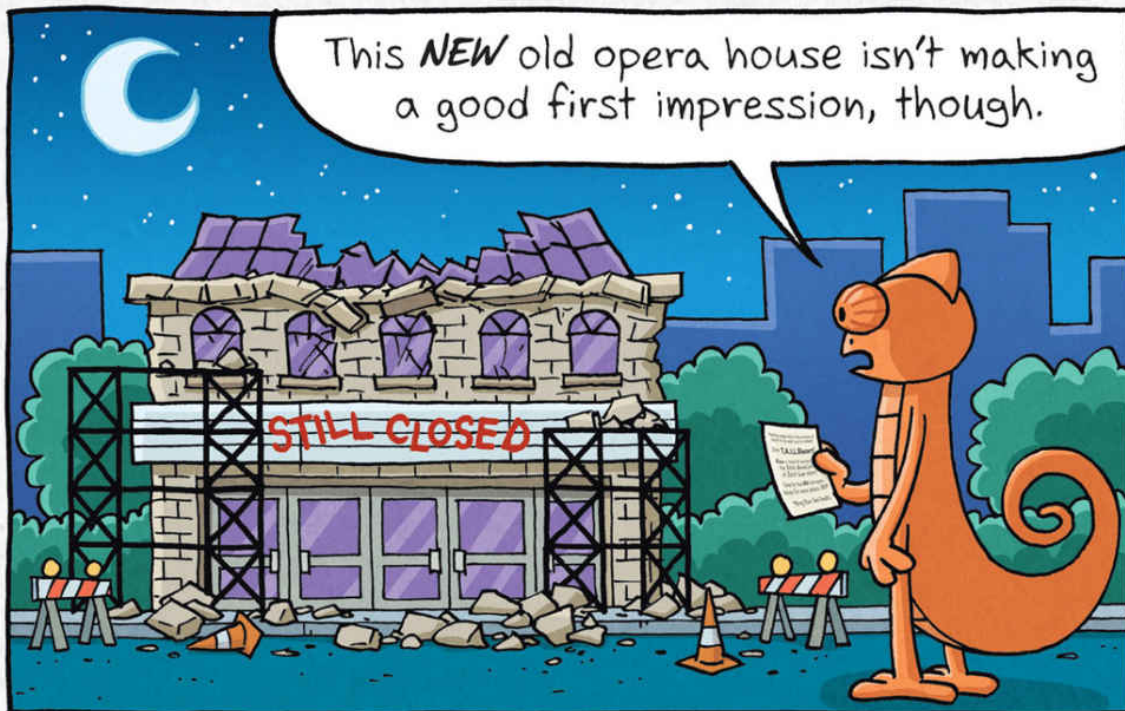
\*Apparel Research and Manufacturing...by Sven!



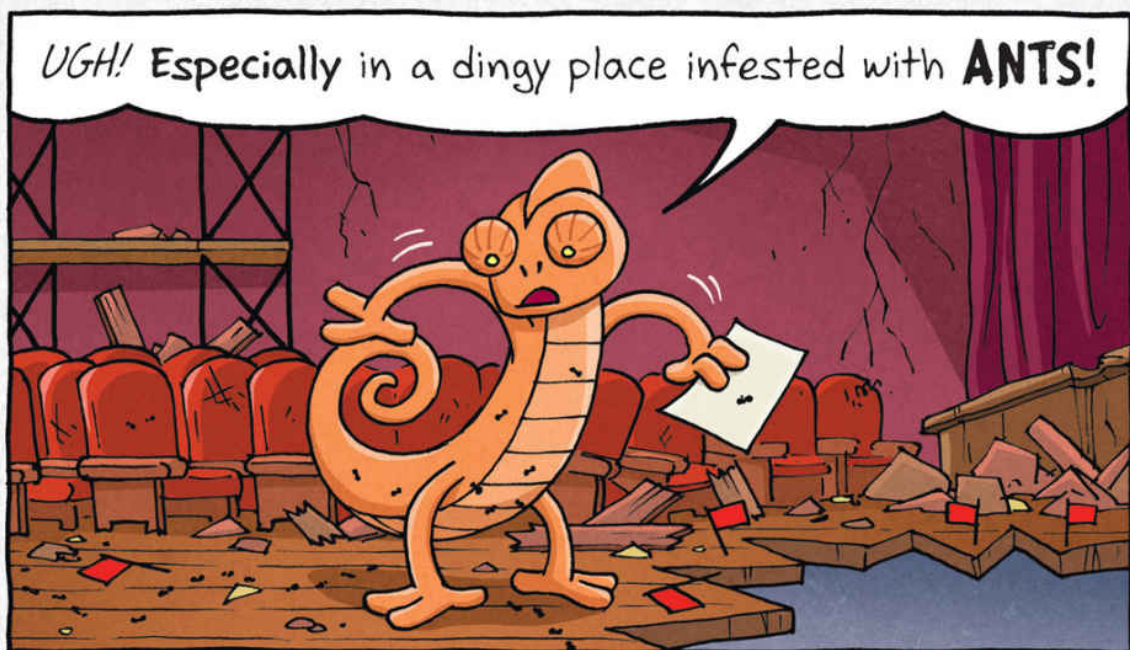
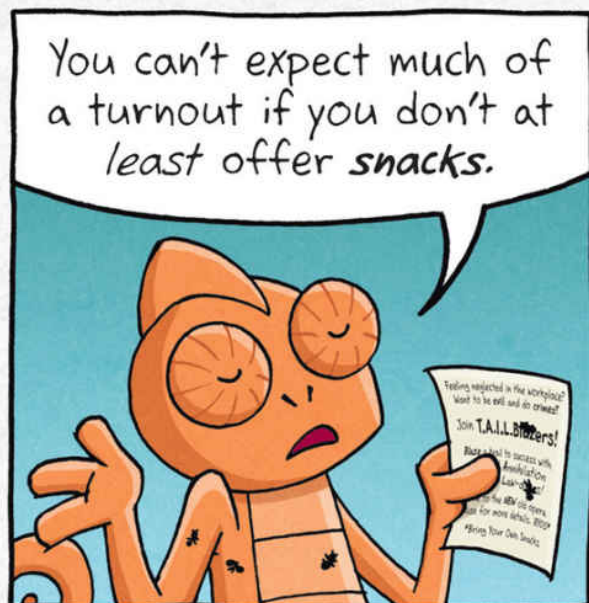
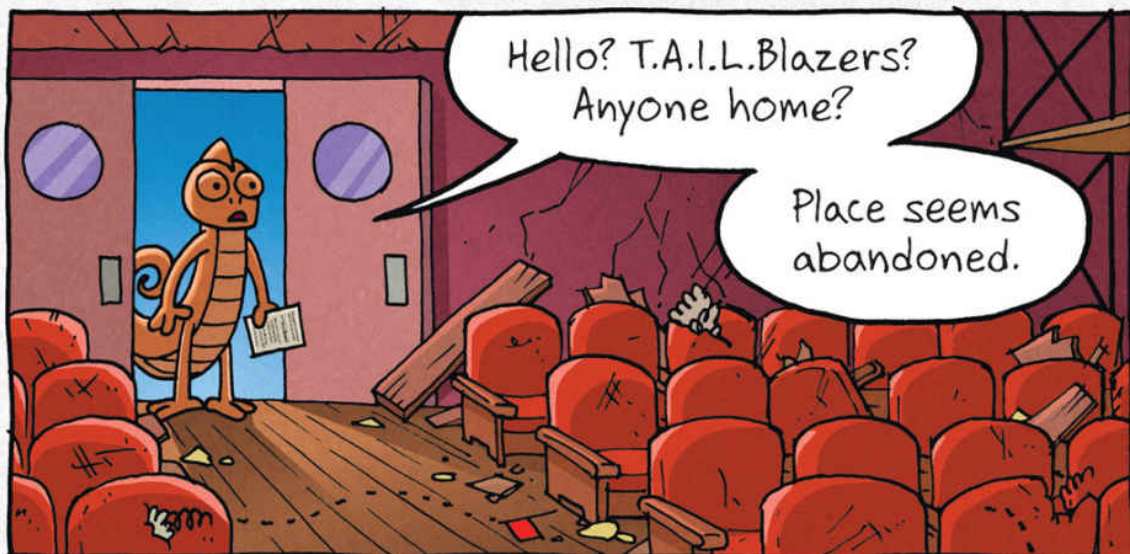




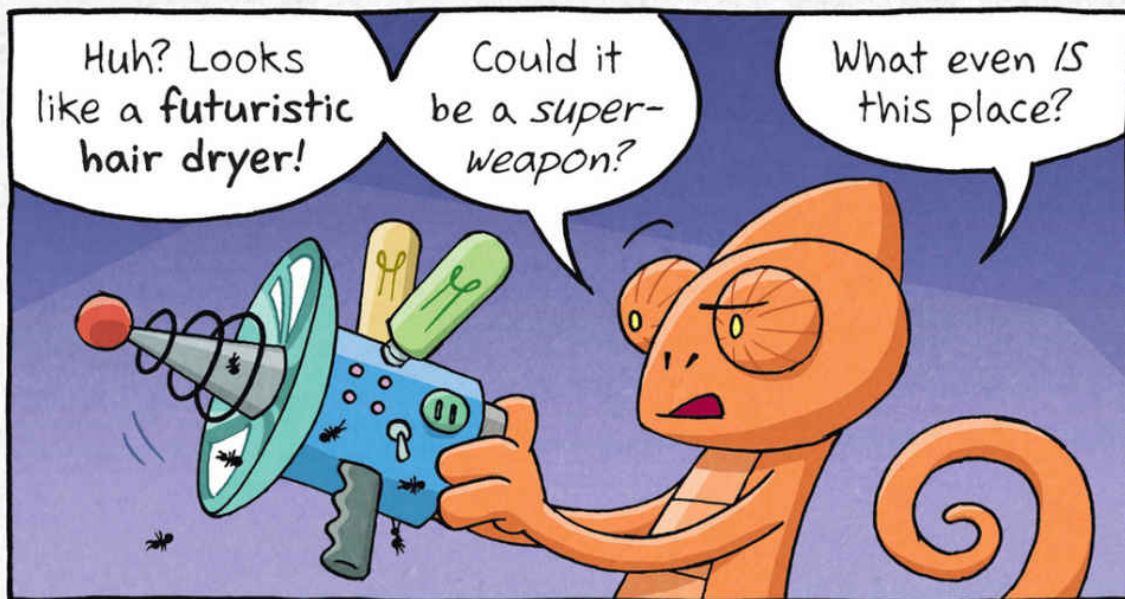
## Chapter 2







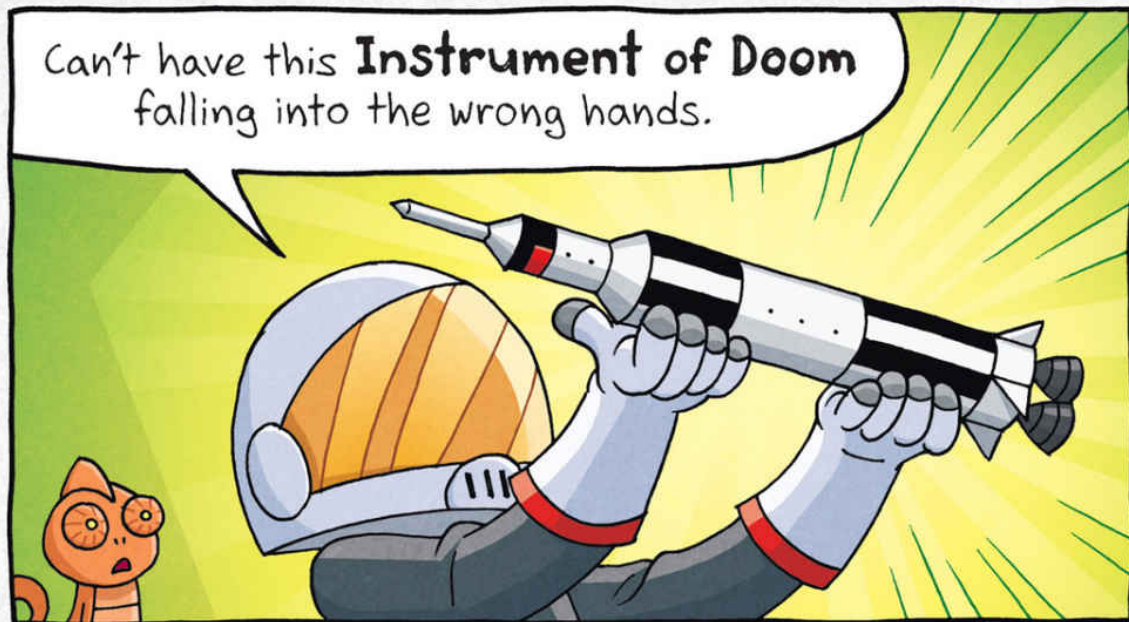
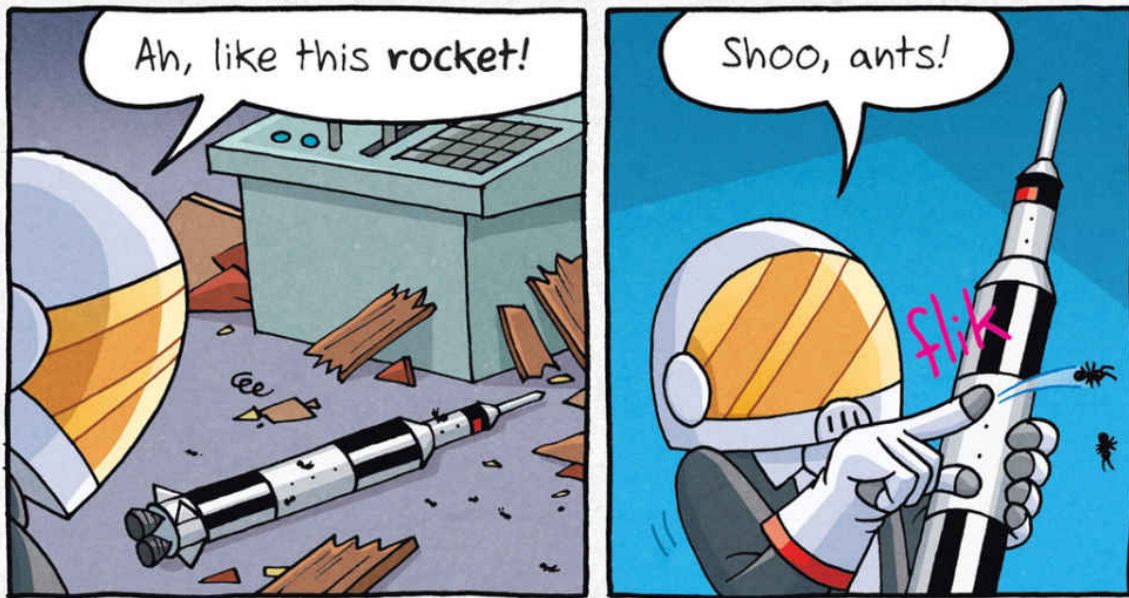






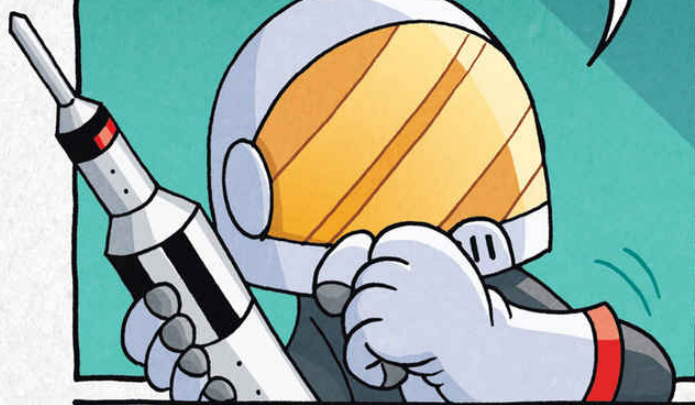








Certainly not *other* villains.  
Or worse: *LAW-DOERS!*



He's an...evil  
astronaut?



If anybody else comes across one of  
these T.A.I.L. Blazers flyers like I did,  
it'll lead them right here!

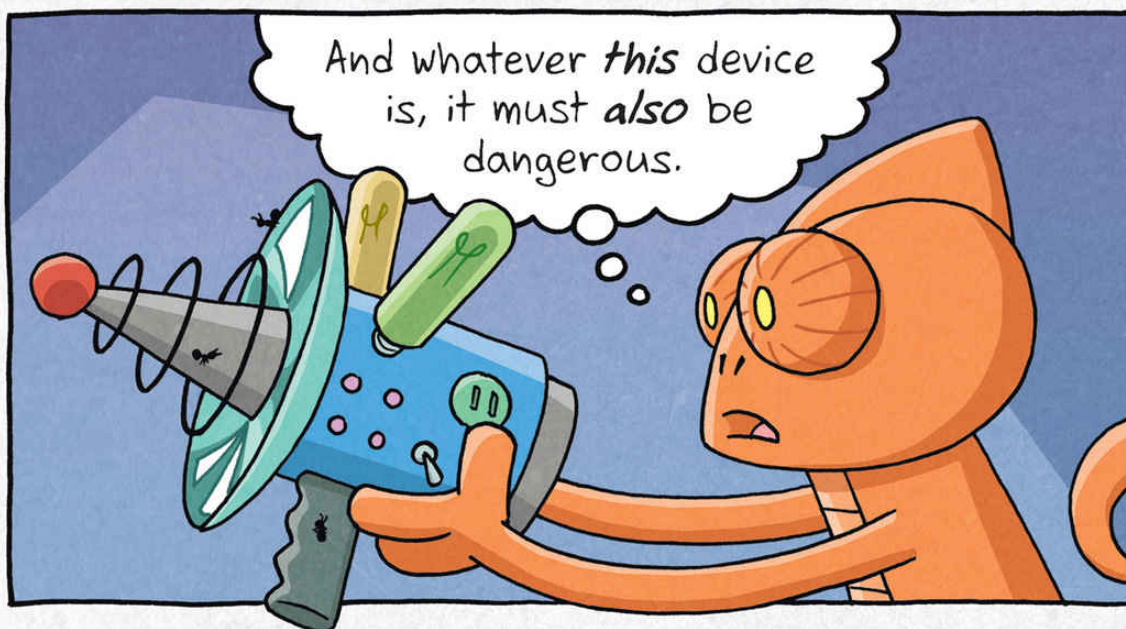
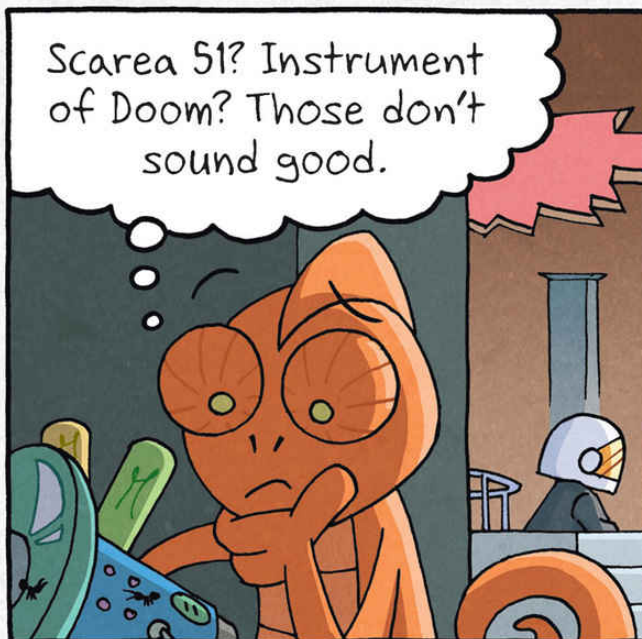
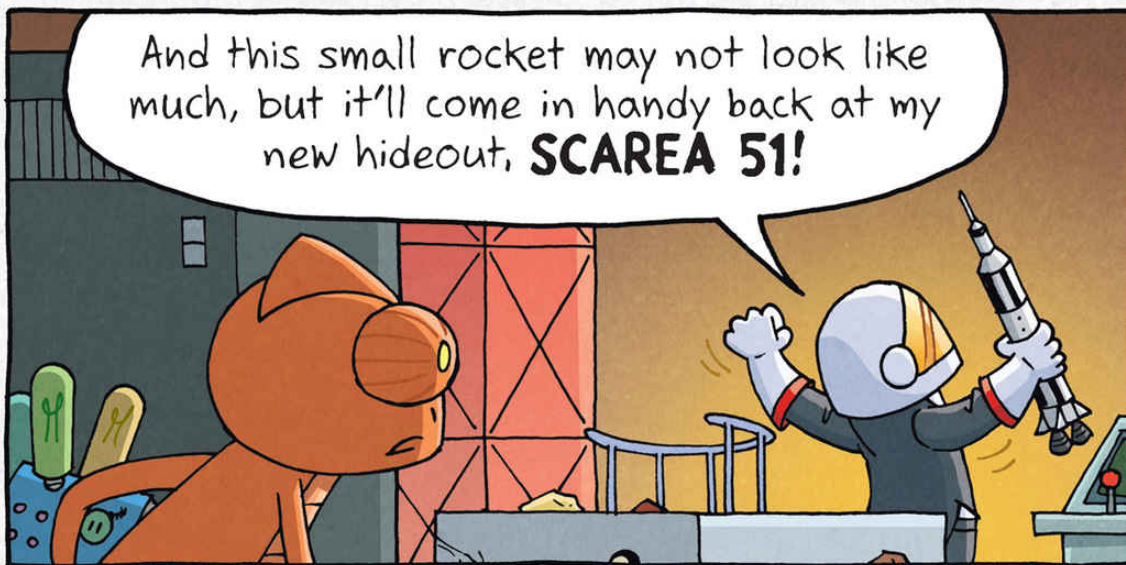


That said, this flyer and that  
*talking waffle* from TV might  
have the right idea...

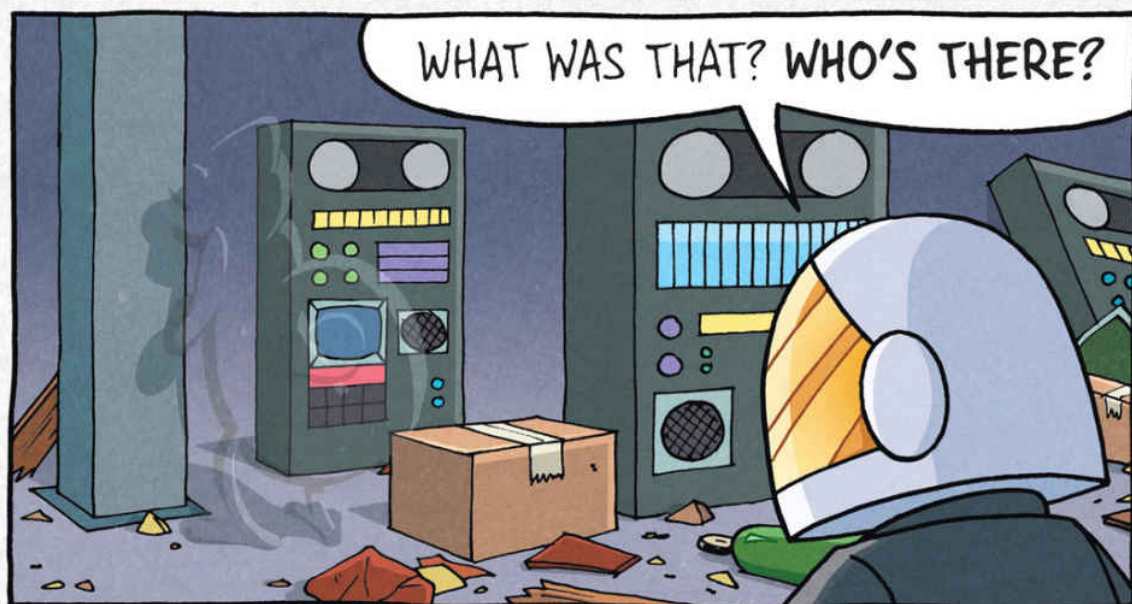
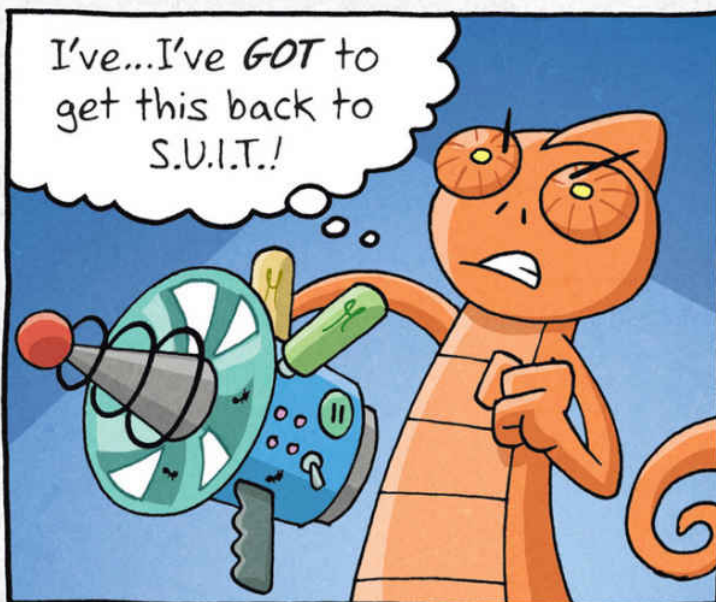
Teaming up with other  
villains *WOULD* make it  
easier to conduct my  
next evil plan. I can't  
perform it *SOLO*.



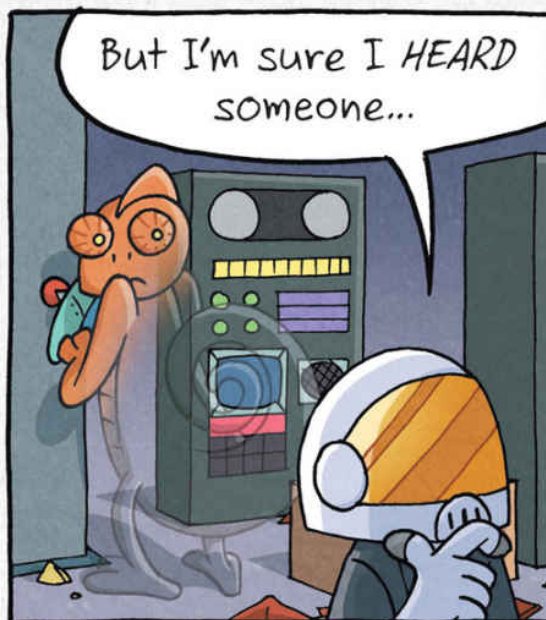






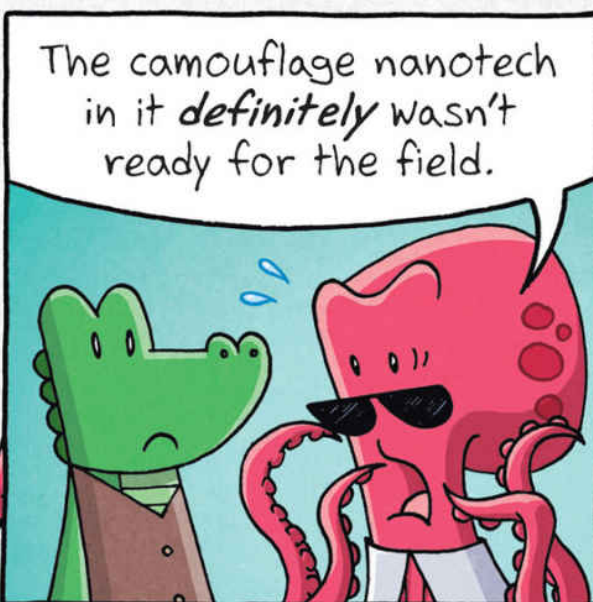
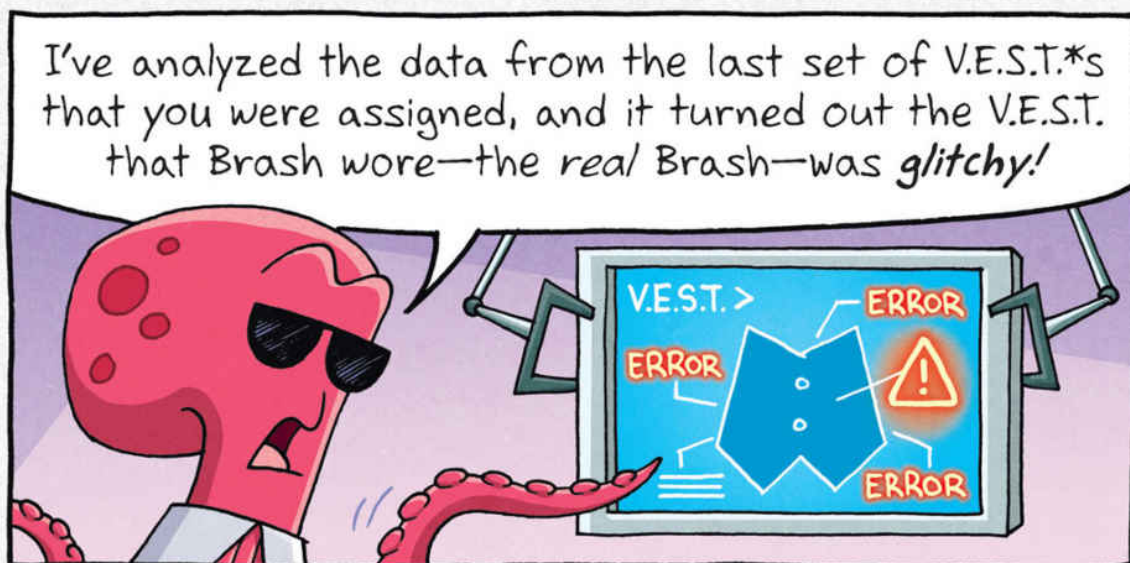
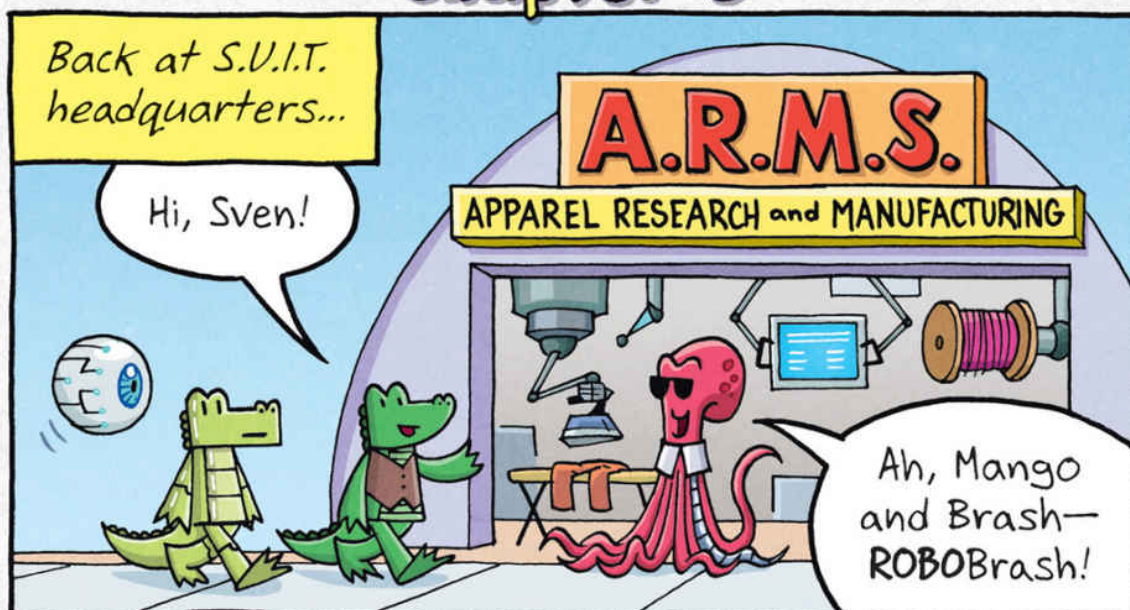








## Chapter 3

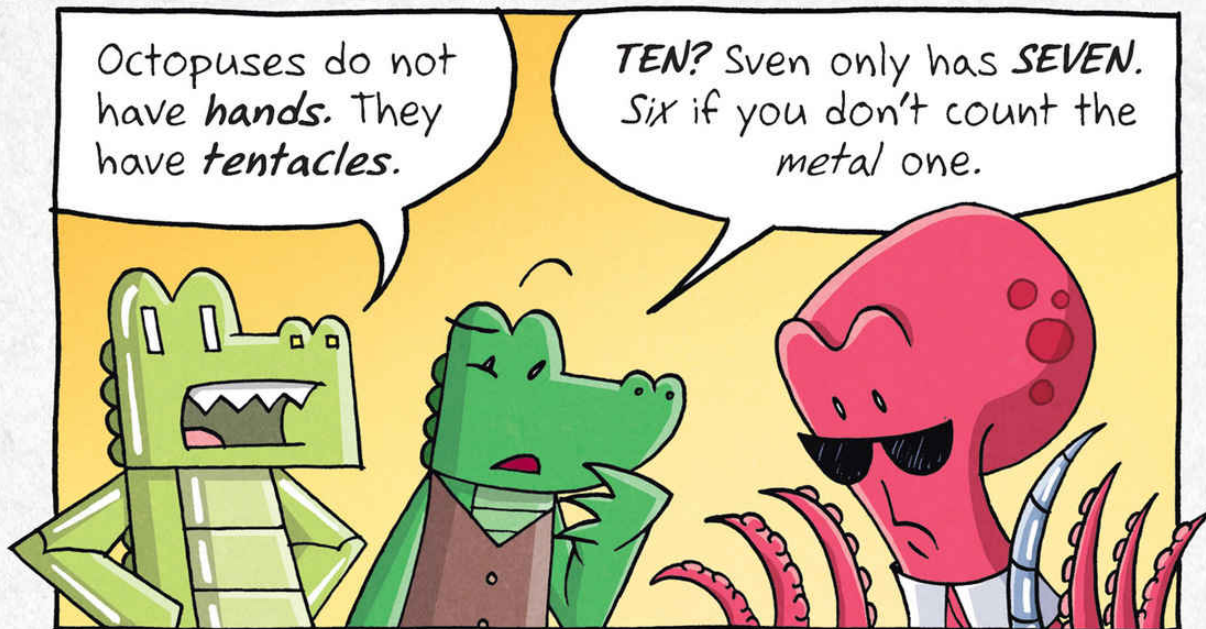
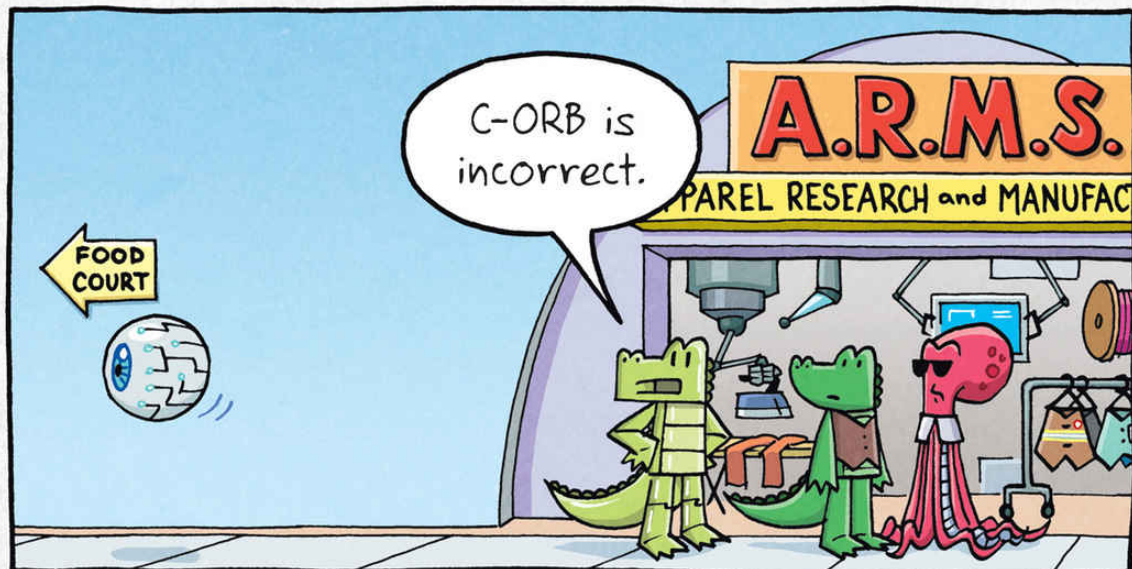


\*Very Exciting Spy Technology

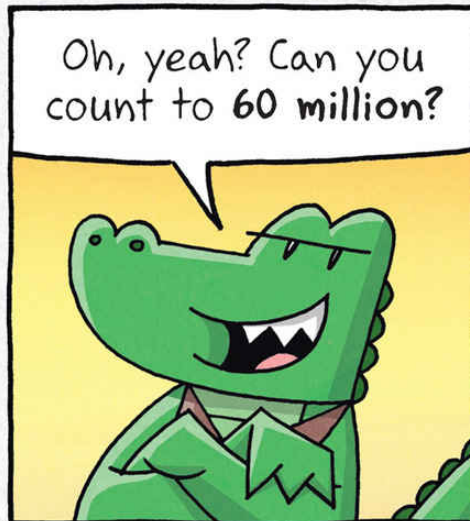
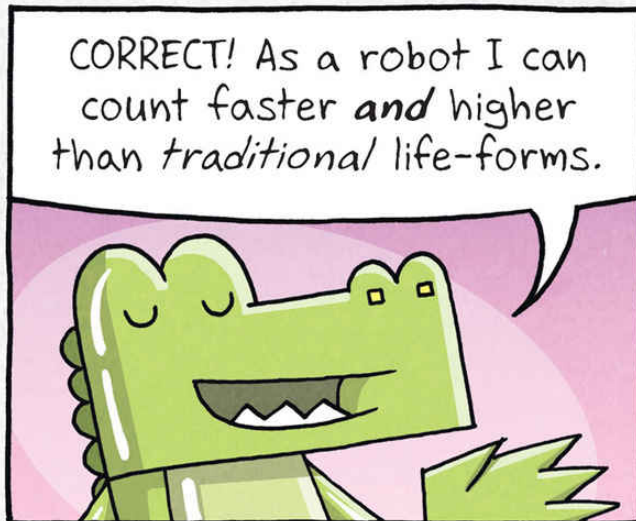
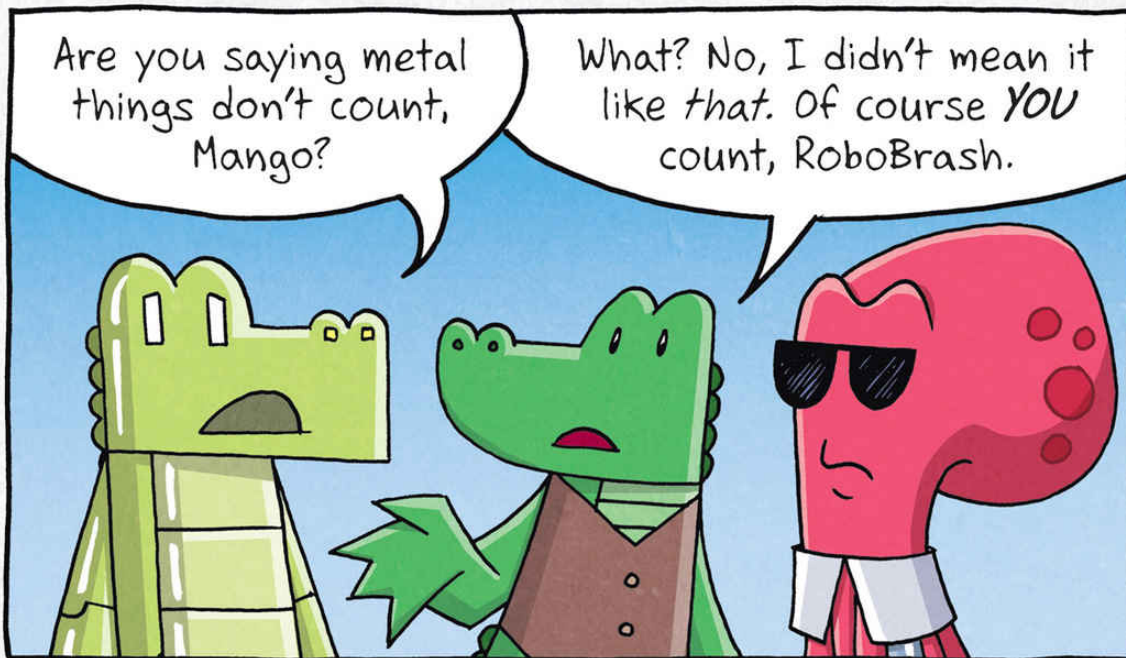




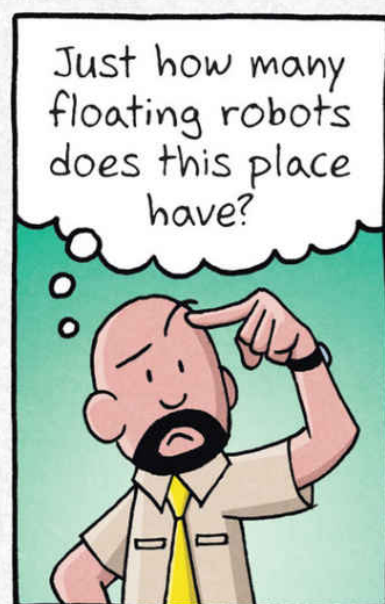
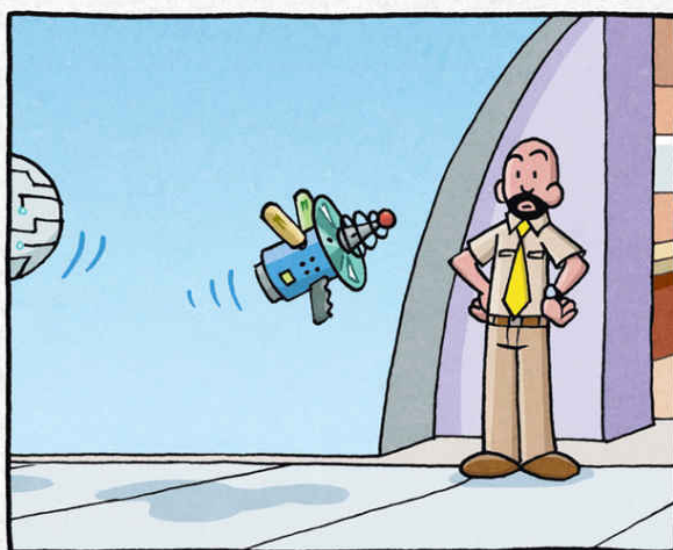
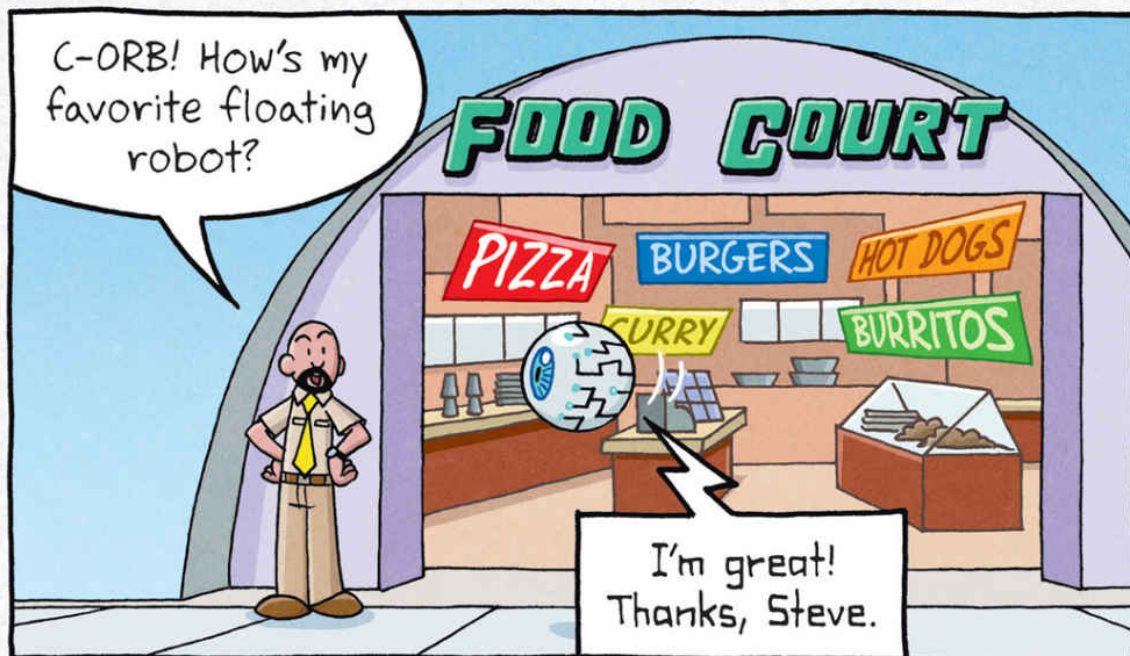




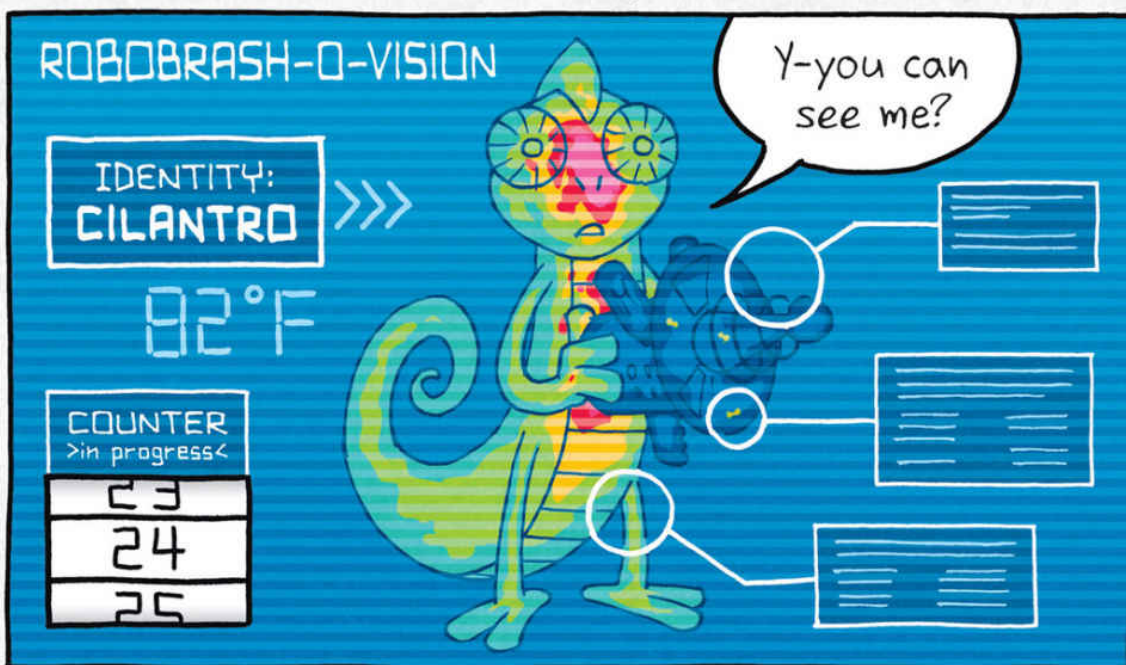
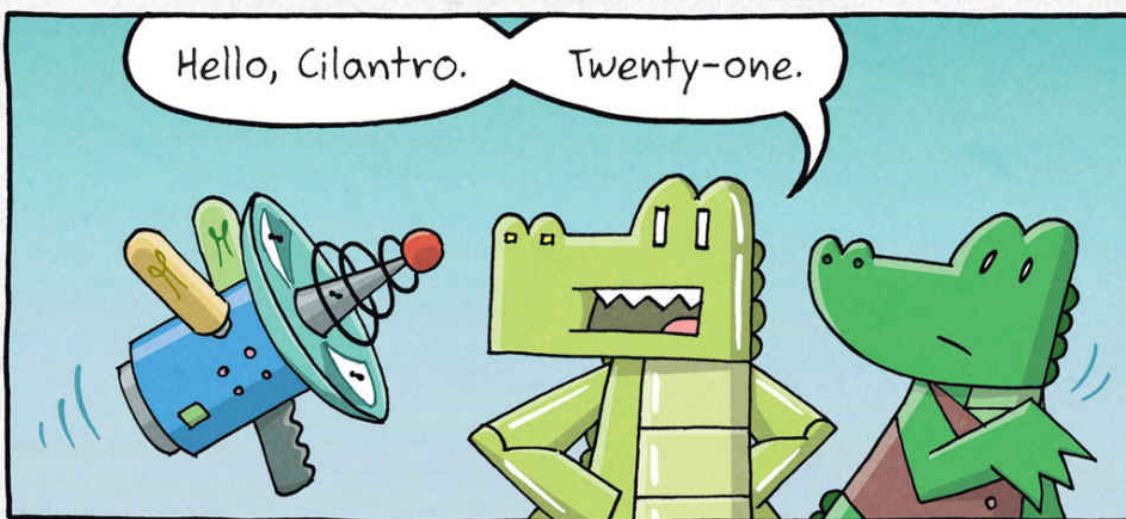




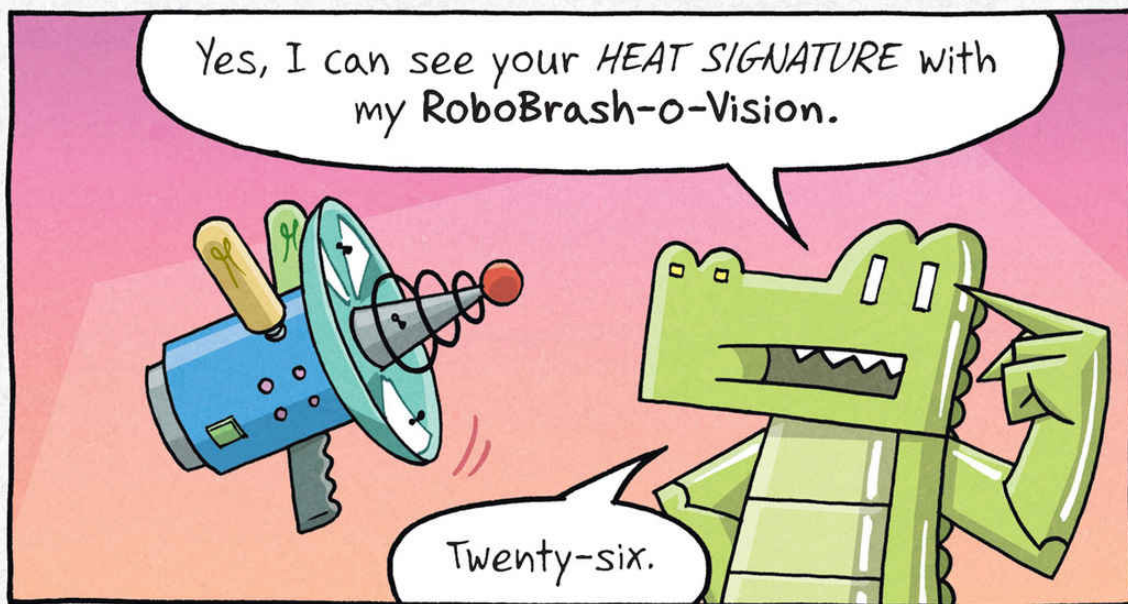








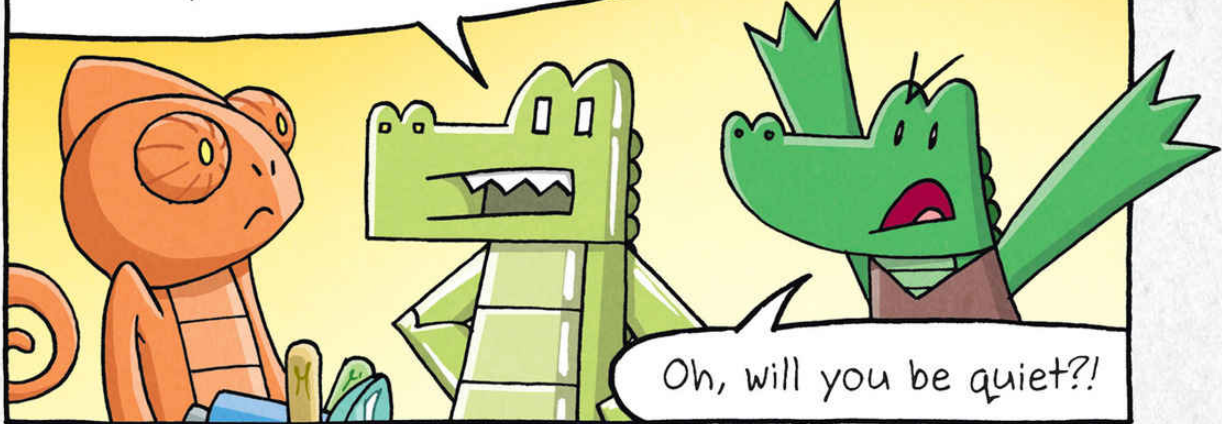




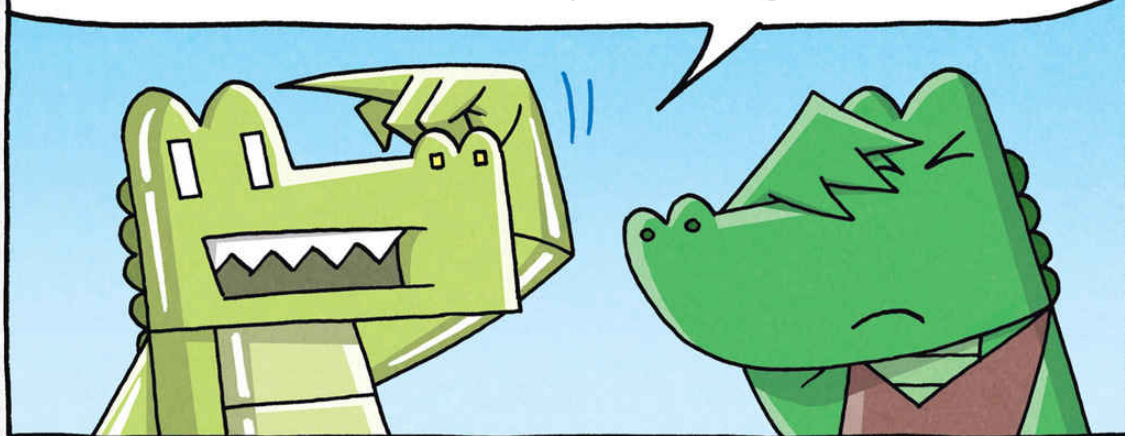


Investigating the opera house?  
You are not cleared for *field work*,  
Cilantro. This goes against  
S.U.I.T. protocol.

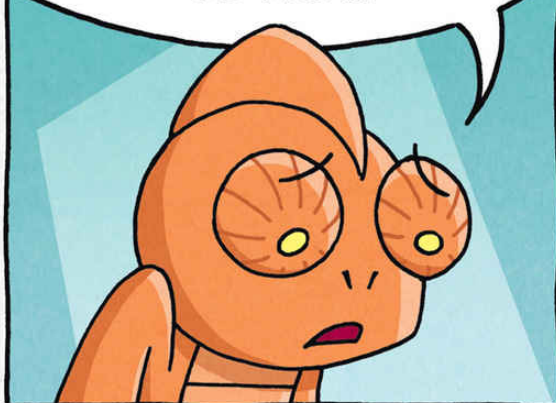
Thirty-four.



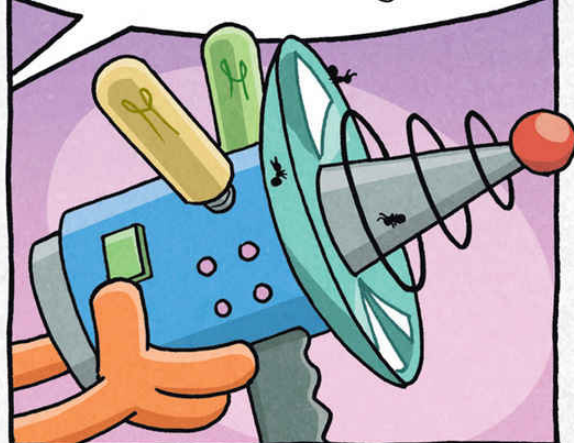
Affirmative. I shall keep counting *IN MY HEAD!*



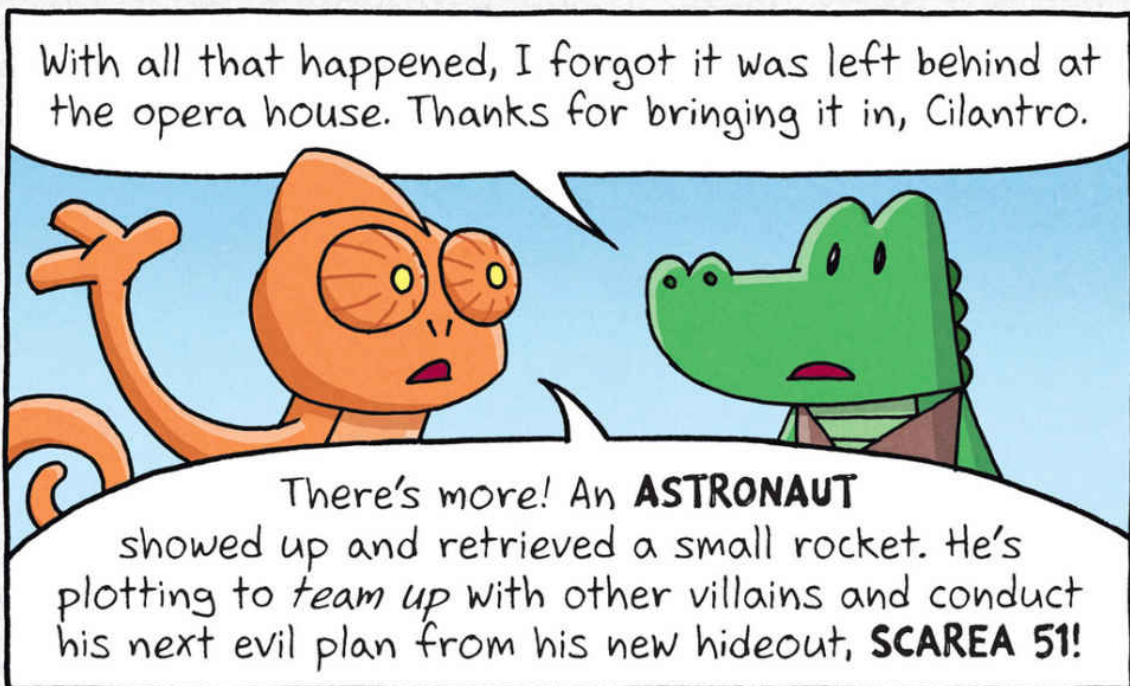
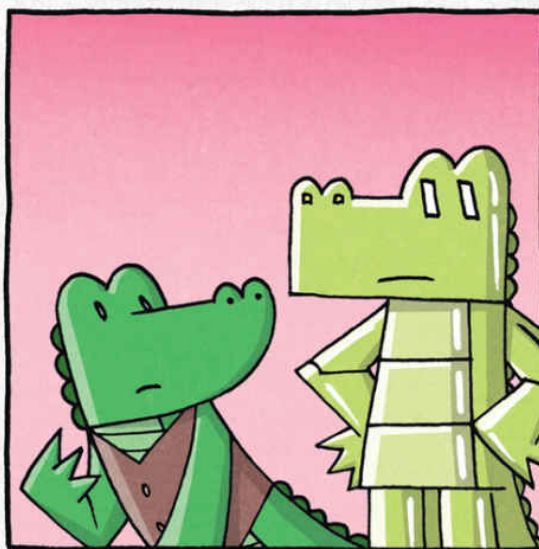
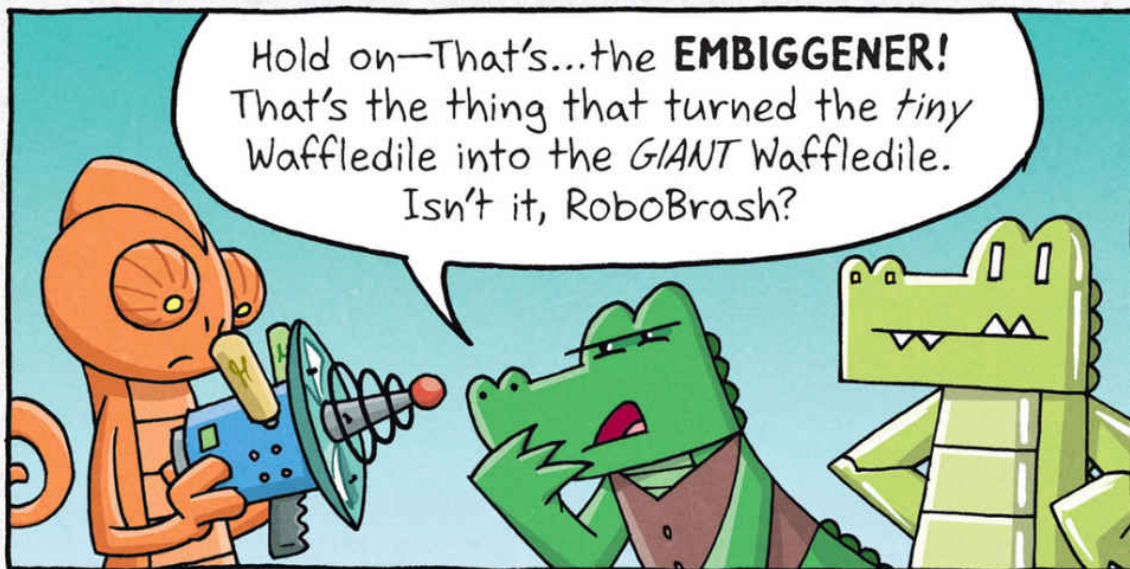
RoboBrash is right. I'm  
not a field agent. I know  
I wasn't supposed to  
be there.



But I found this! I'm  
sure it's a **superweapon**  
or something—

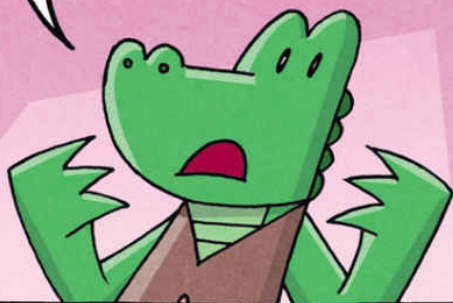






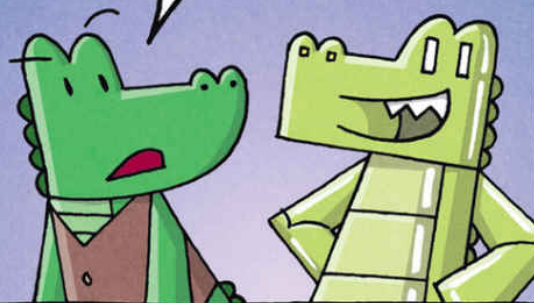


EVIL ASTRONAUT? At the  
OPERA HOUSE?! *≡GASP!≡*  
He must have been  
the villain behind that  
rocket launch!



I remember that mission!  
We were undercover as  
orchestra musi—

YES, I was there!



We need to stop  
him *before* he has  
a chance to put his  
*devious scheme*  
into action.

This is the perfect job for  
the **Anti-Crime Unit**! We'll  
find Scarea 51, convince him  
we're *ALSO* evil astronauts,  
and once he reveals his  
plan, **WE NAB HIM!**



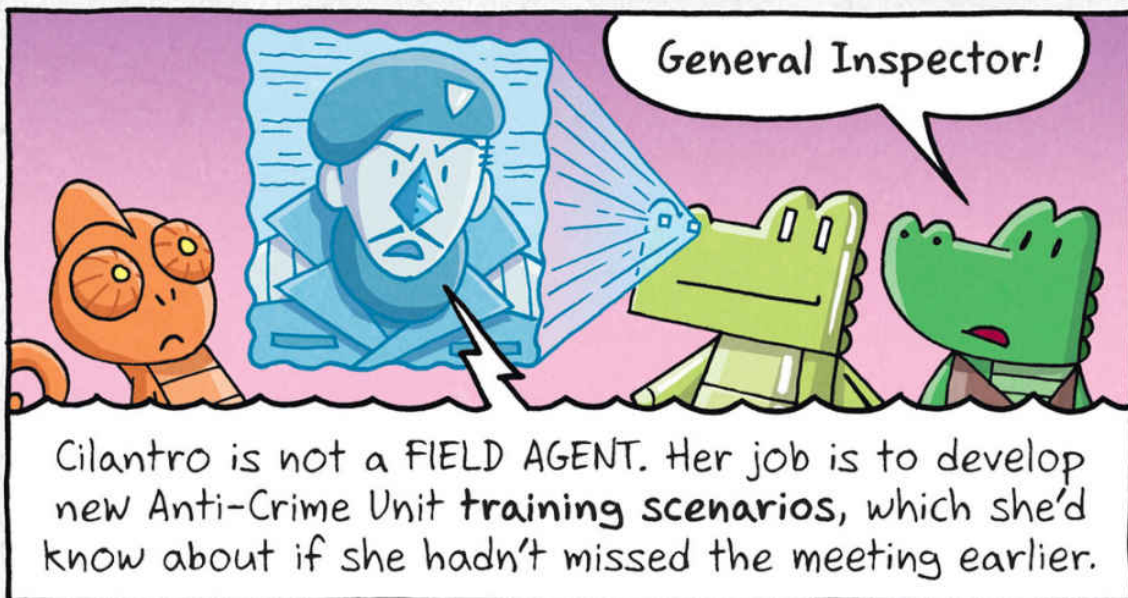
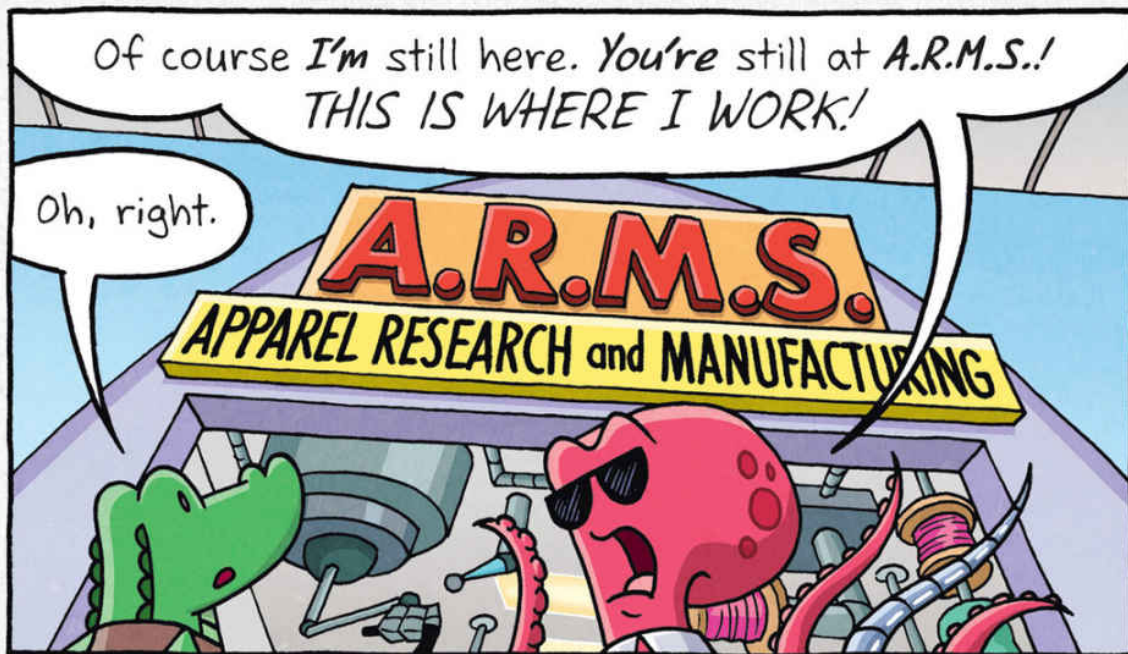
Ooh, I've never designed an  
astronaut outfit. How exciting!

Sven!  
You're still  
here!

~ vmm









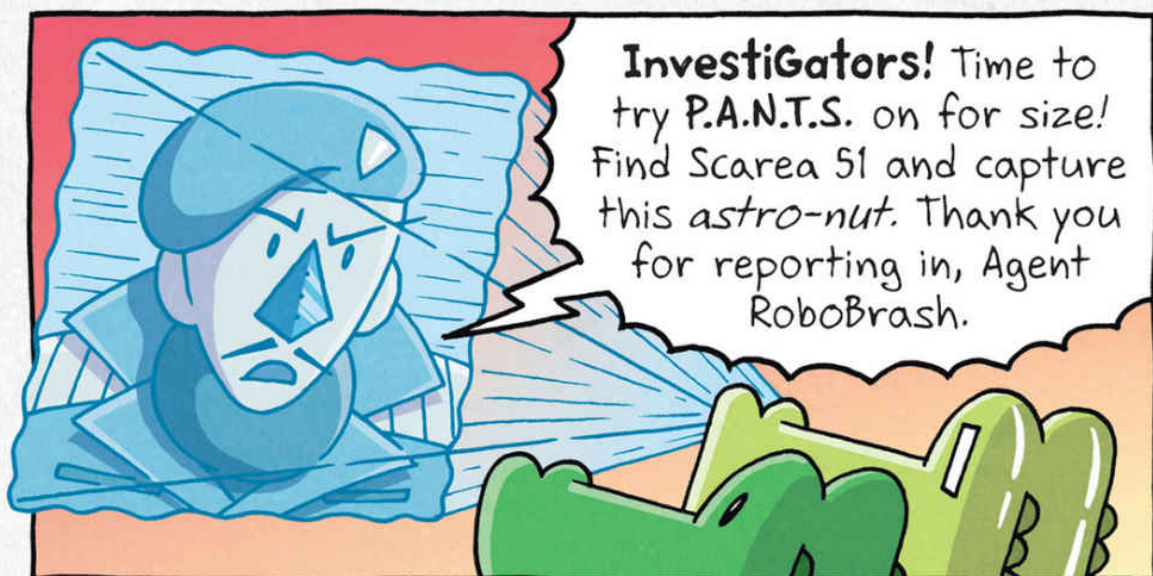
Cilantro, take that thing you found to **Agent Monocle** for analysis, and then report to your station.

Yes, sir.

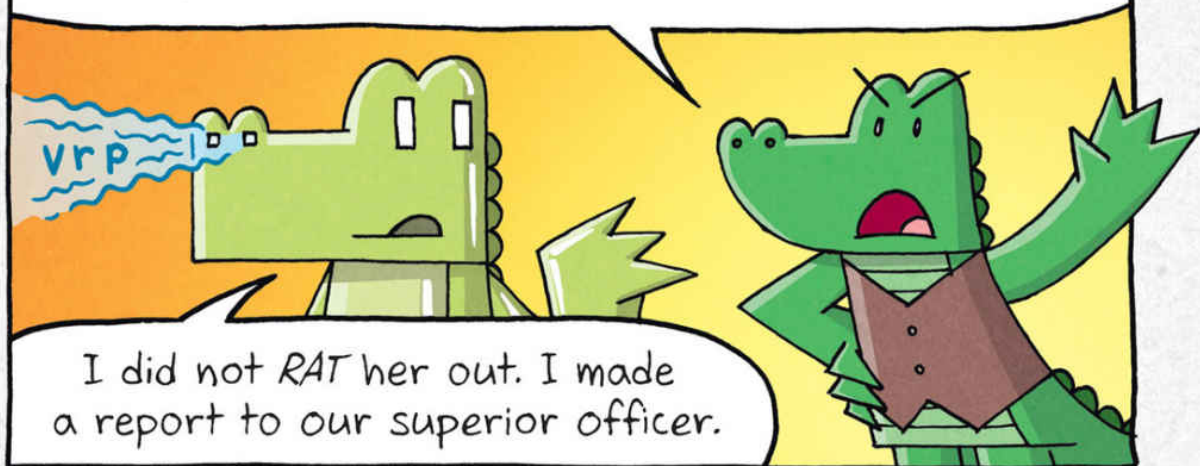
Cilantro...



**InvestiGators!** Time to try P.A.N.T.S. on for size! Find Scarea 51 and capture this astro-nut. Thank you for reporting in, Agent RoboBrash.



*Really*, RoboBrash? I know you *THINK* like the real Brash, but he wouldn't rat out Cilantro like that.



I did not *RAT* her out. I made a report to our superior officer.



That is the proper procedure, according to Brash's memories.

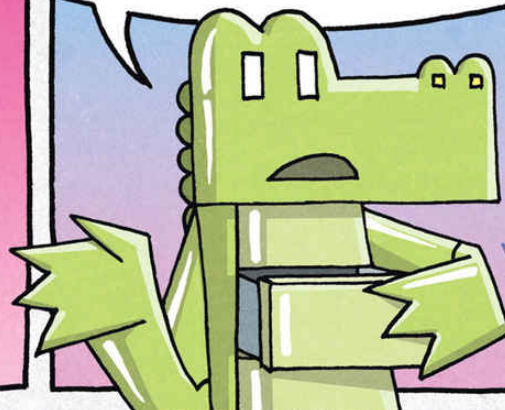
Well, you may have a **BRAIN** like Brash, but you don't have a **HEART** like Brash.

Correct.

Instead of a heart, I have a network of cooling fans that keep my processors from overheating.



Mango, even though I am a robot, I can still make *mistakes*. Just like the *real* Brash.

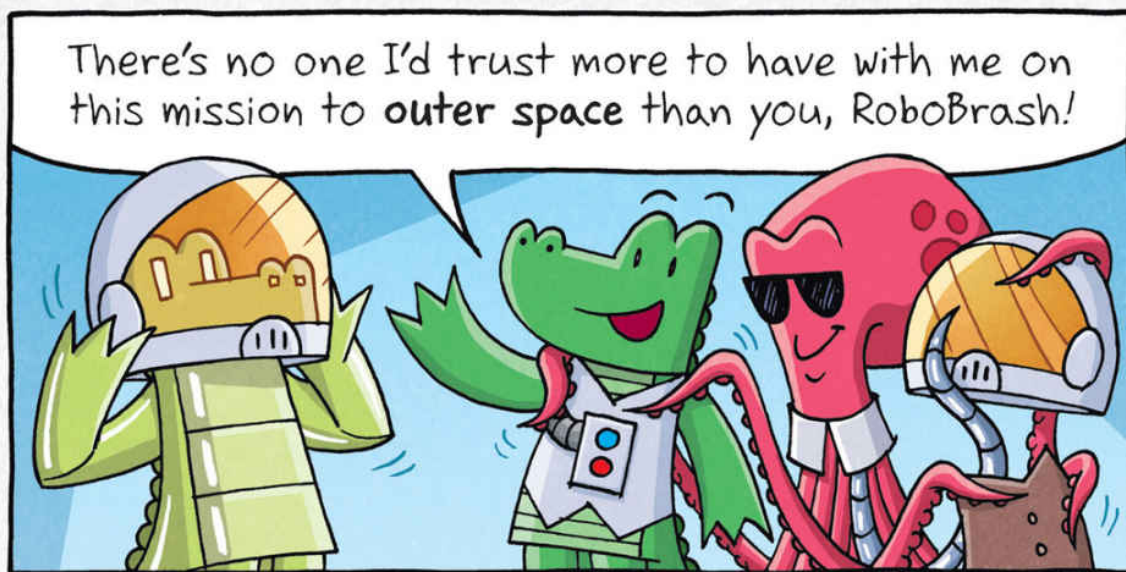
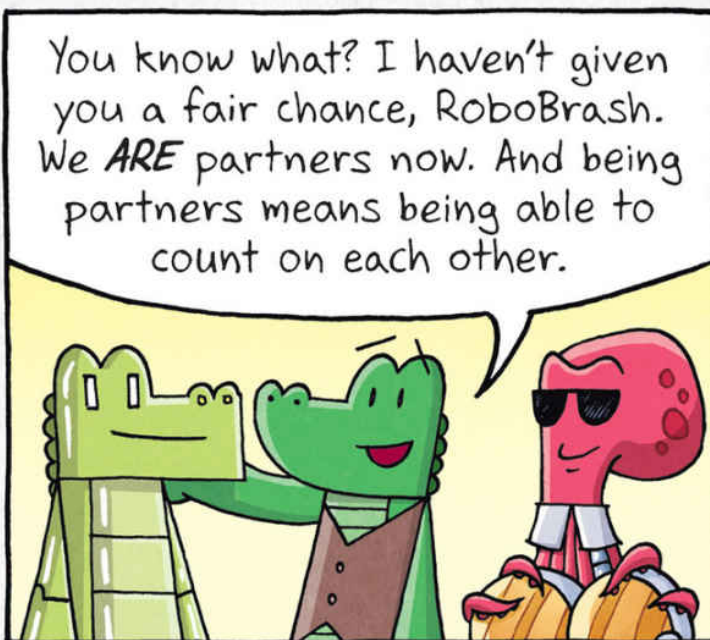
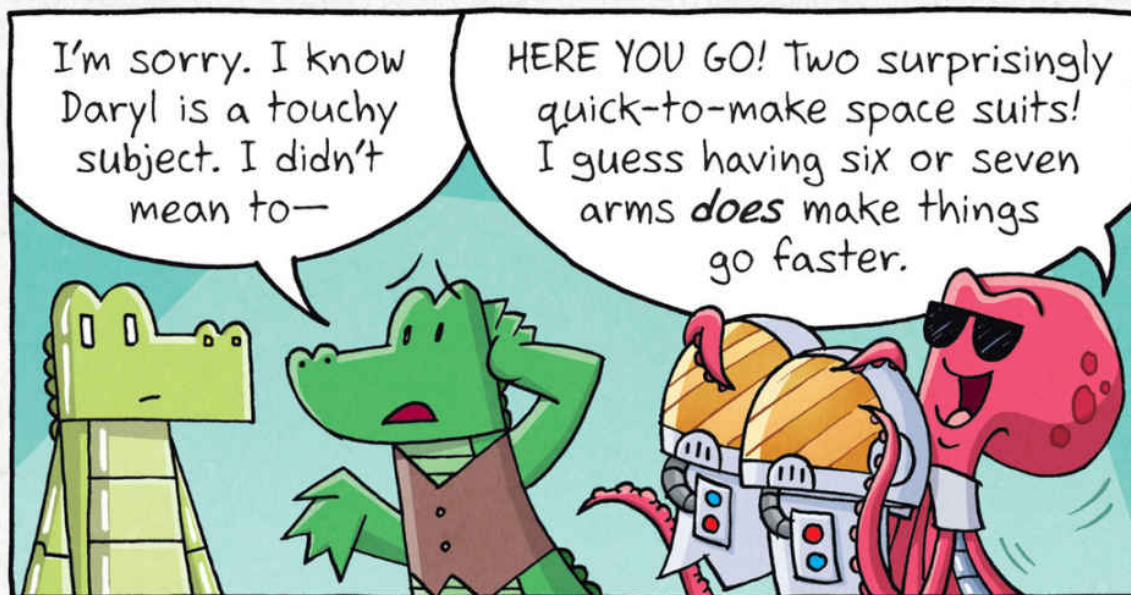


But I *am* your partner, and I know that I—Brash—will **NEVER** let my partner down.

You mean aside from your old partner, Daryl?

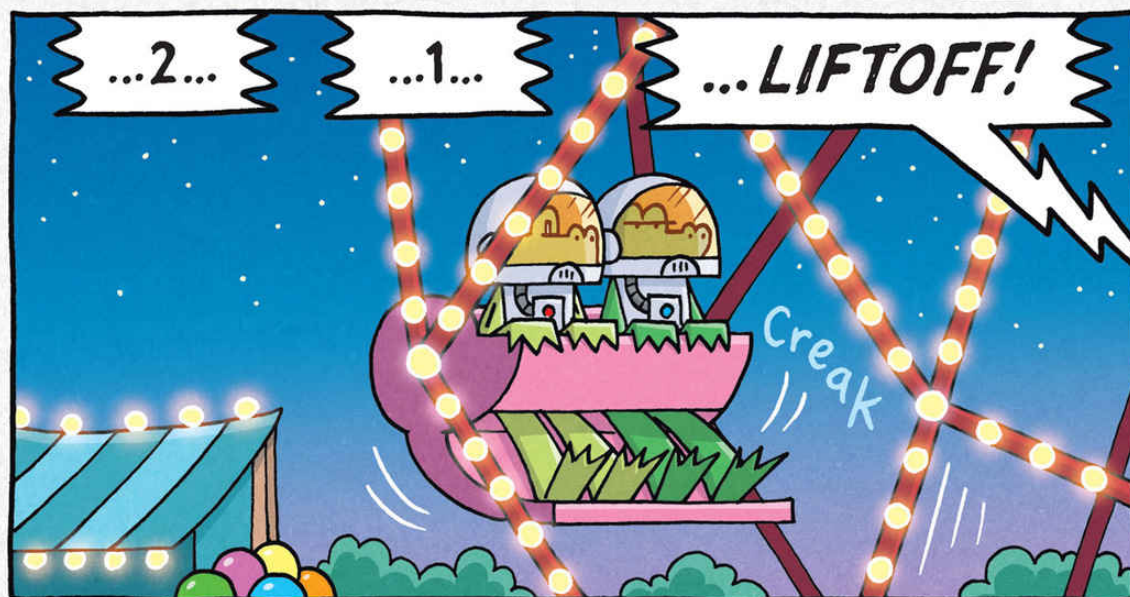
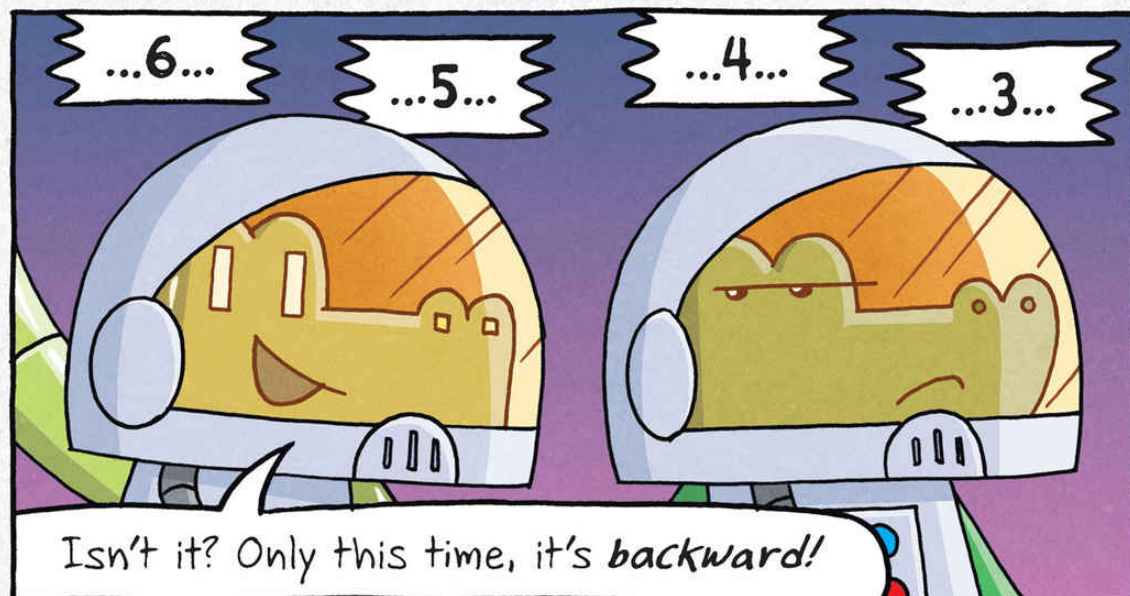
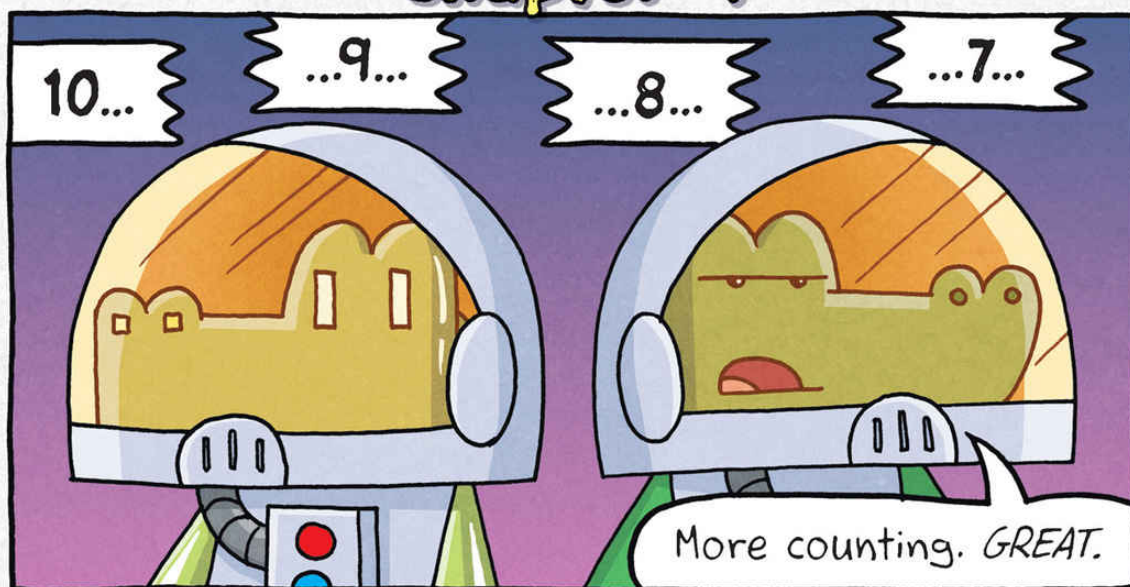
What?







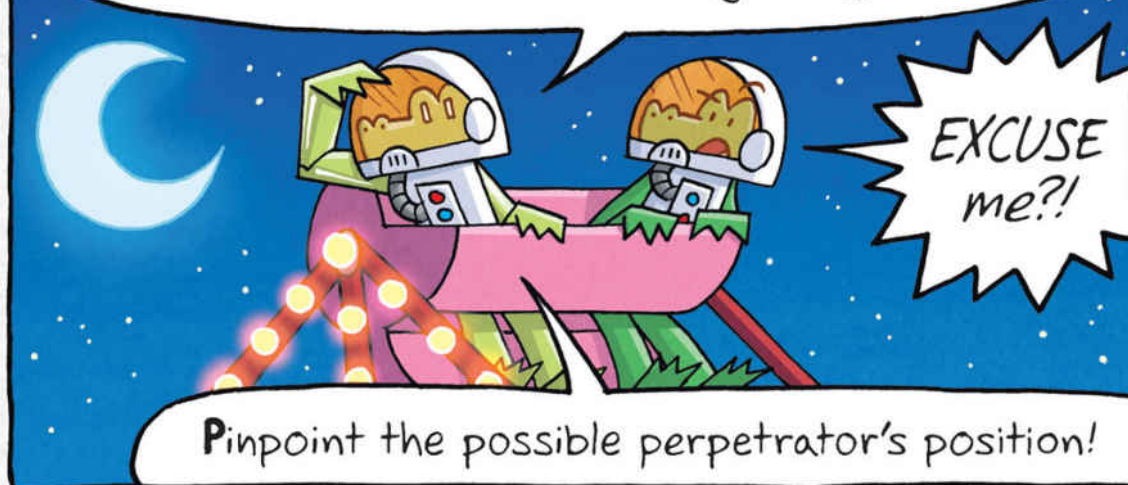
## Chapter 4



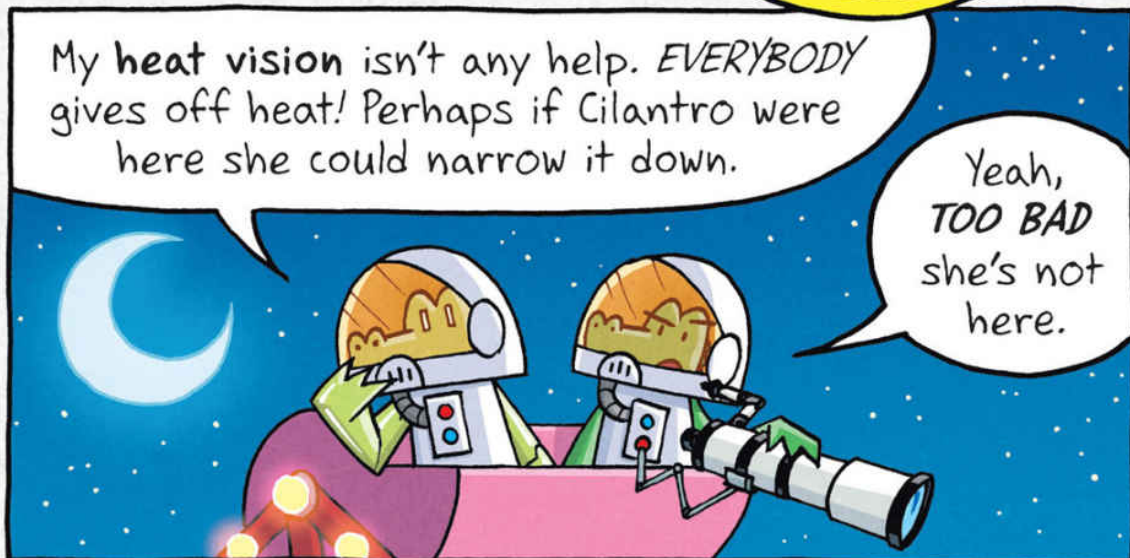
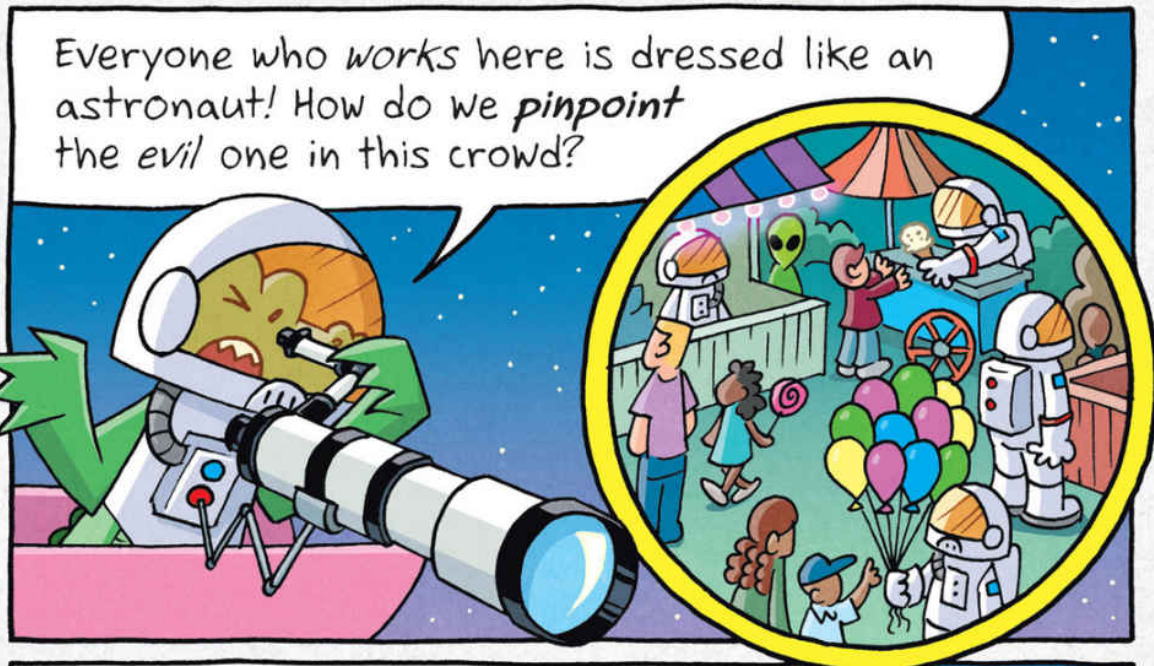
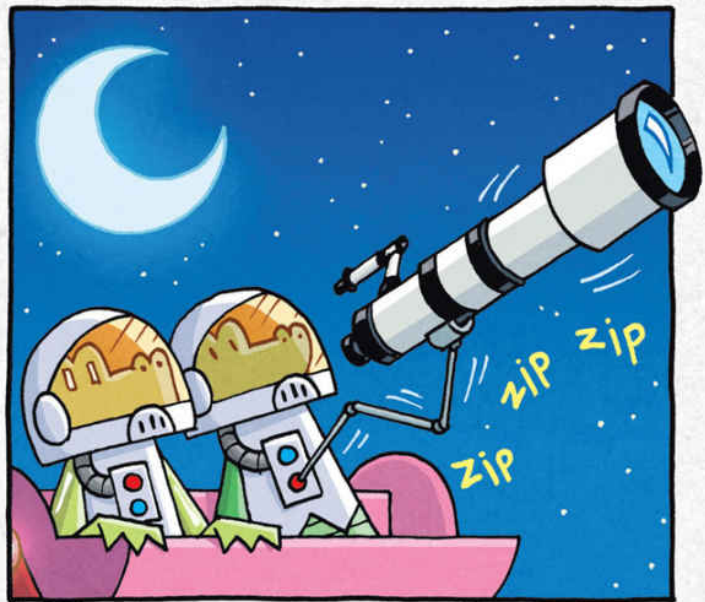
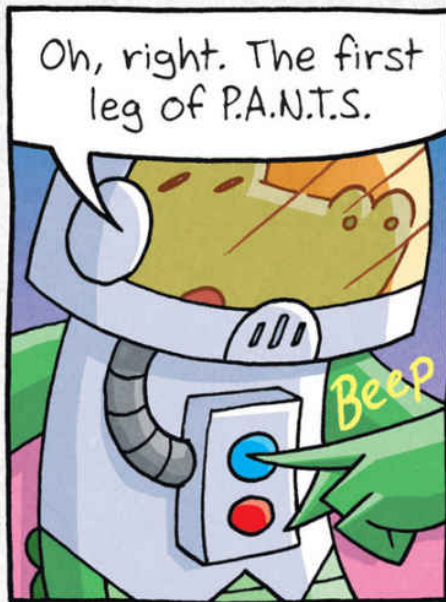




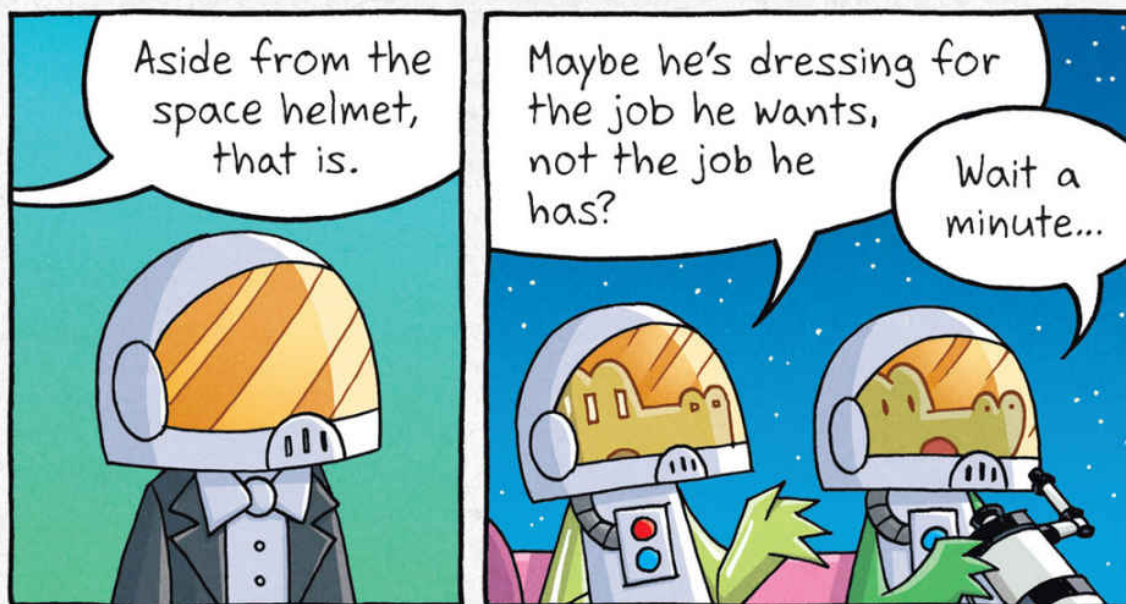
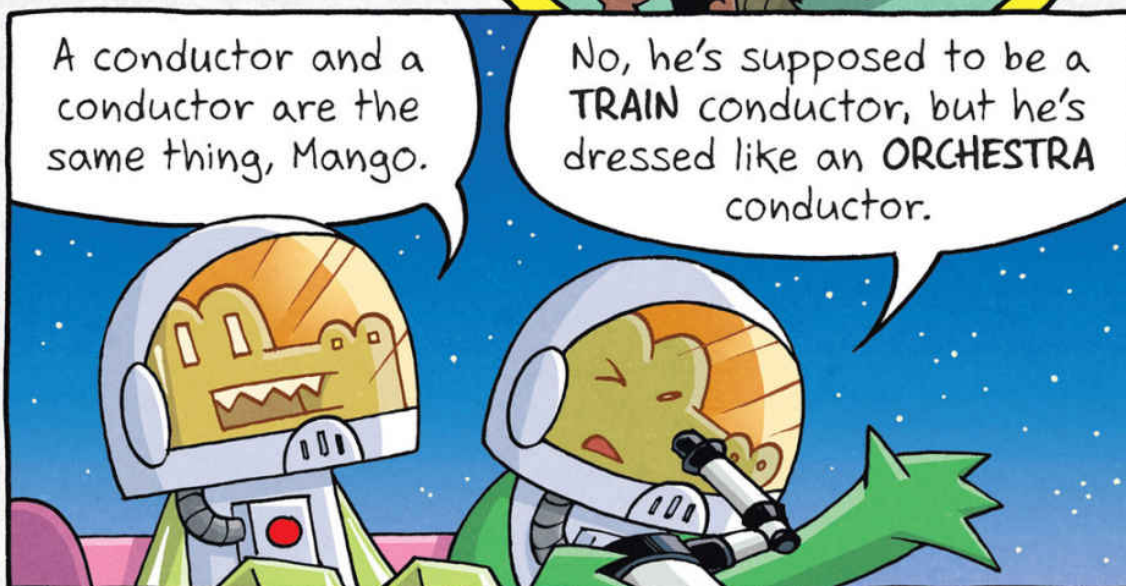
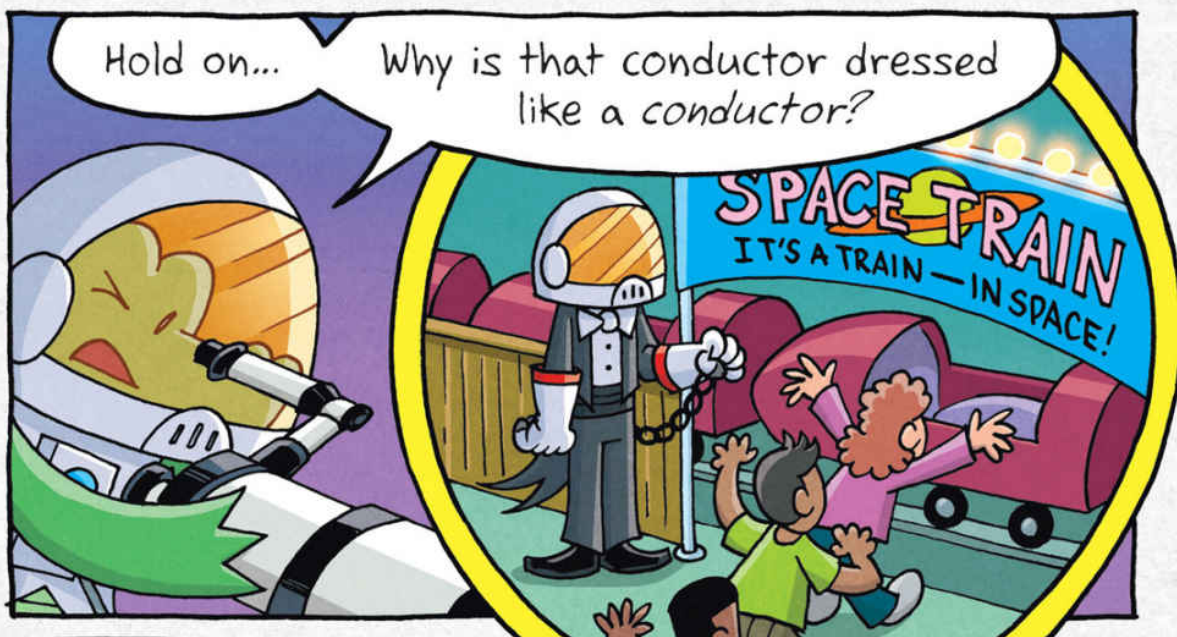
We didn't know Scarea 51 would turn out to be an **amusement park**. But it doesn't mean our evil astronaut isn't using this place as a hideout. We'll have a better chance at spotting him from up here. Time to start **P-ing, Mango!**





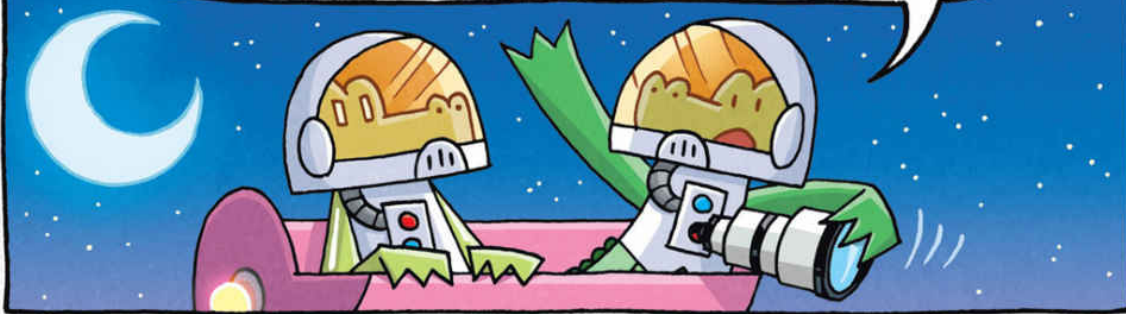








The villain we're looking for is an **ASTRONAUT** who had a rocket base under the **OPERA HOUSE**! That **HAS** to be the space man we're after!



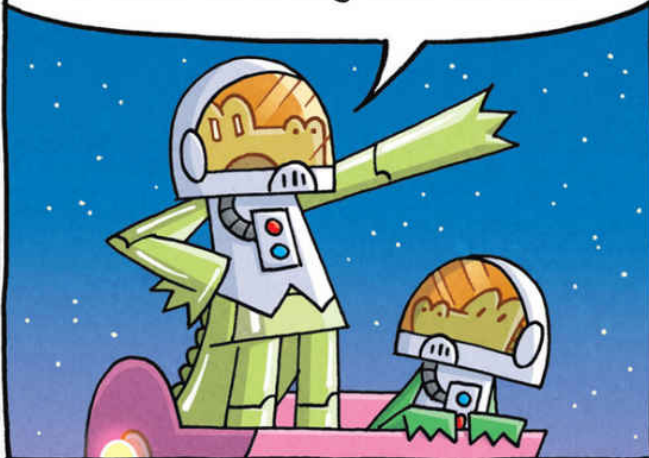
Cilantro did say he plans to **conduct** an evil scheme.



Our villain's not just an astronaut... He's a **MAESTRONAUT!**



Then our **P** is taken care of, so that leaves our A.N.T.S.! Let's get down there and **AVOID** blowing our cover!



Once this thing starts moving again.



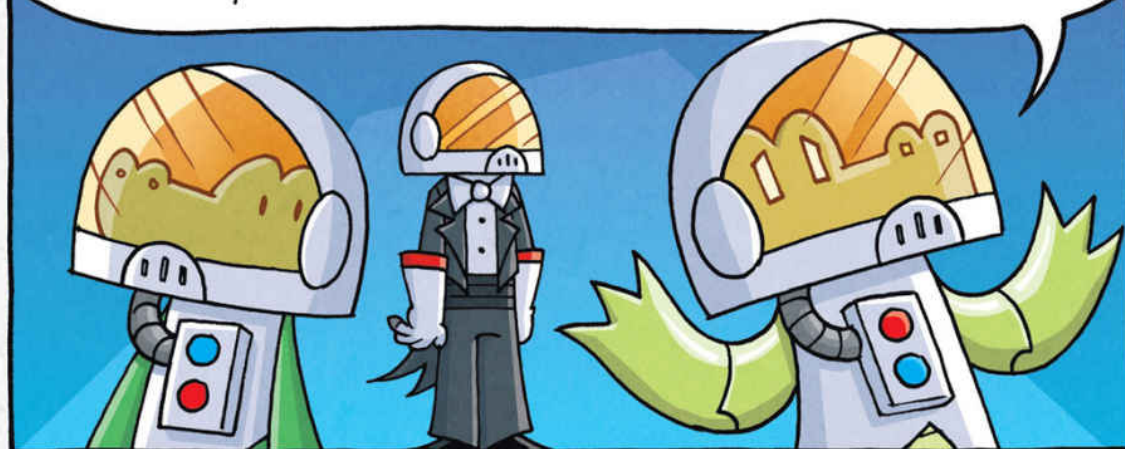




WOE IS ME! It's so much work being **EVIL** all by myself.  
Such is the life of a villainous astronaut, it seems!

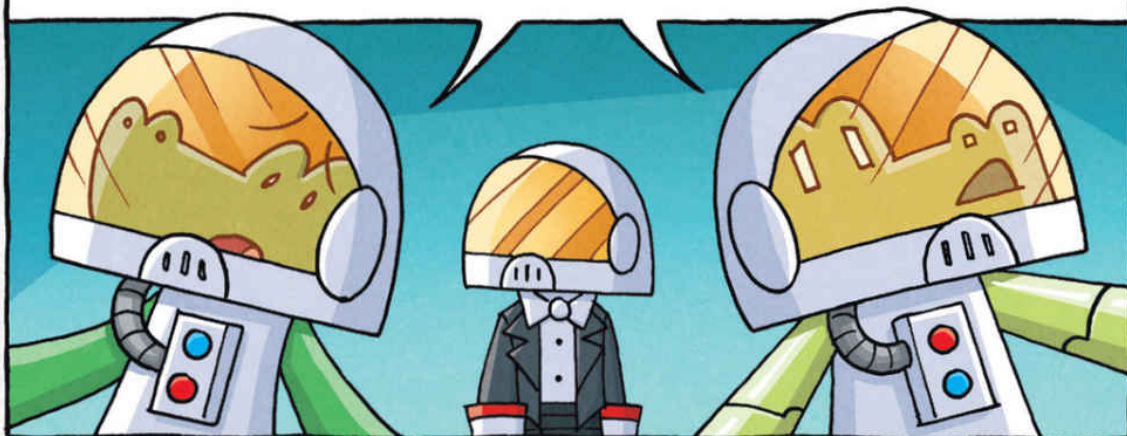


**INDEED!** My criminal ploy is delayed yet again, for  
no one shares my **EVIL ASTRONAUTICAL INTERESTS**.  
If only I could find other like-minded villains!





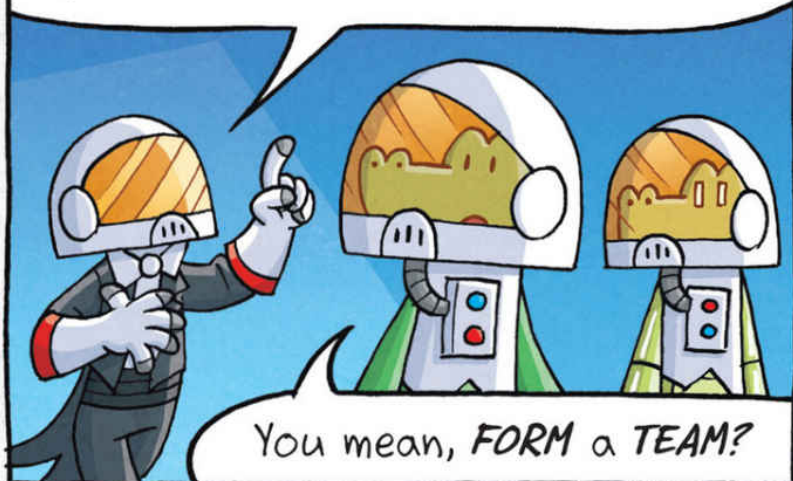
I GUESS US EVILDOERS ARE DESTINED TO BE ALONE!



Hmm...

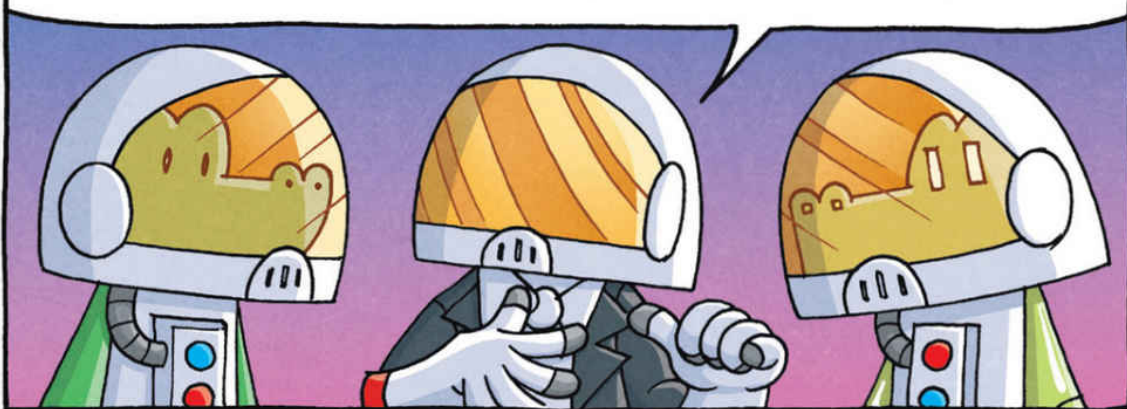


Excuse me! I couldn't help but overhear. I am *ALSO* evil. Would you like to...become an **ensemble**?



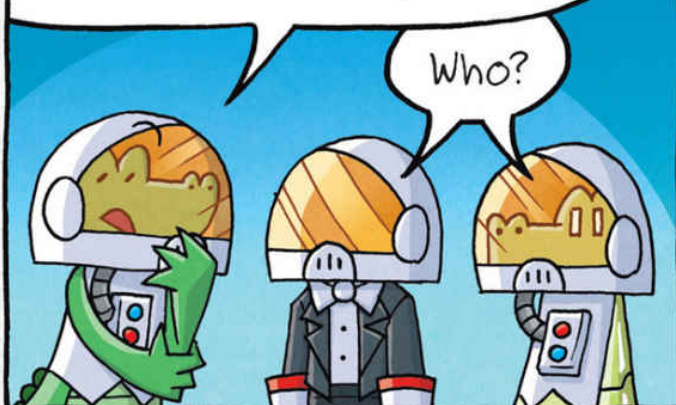
You mean, **FORM** a **TEAM**?

YES! In fact, I even have a name for this team: **T.A.I.L. Blazers!** It stands for *Total Annihilation of Idiot Law-doers*. I came up with it all on my own!





T.A.I.L. Blazers? That sounds familiar... Wasn't that one of CRACKERDILE'S plans?

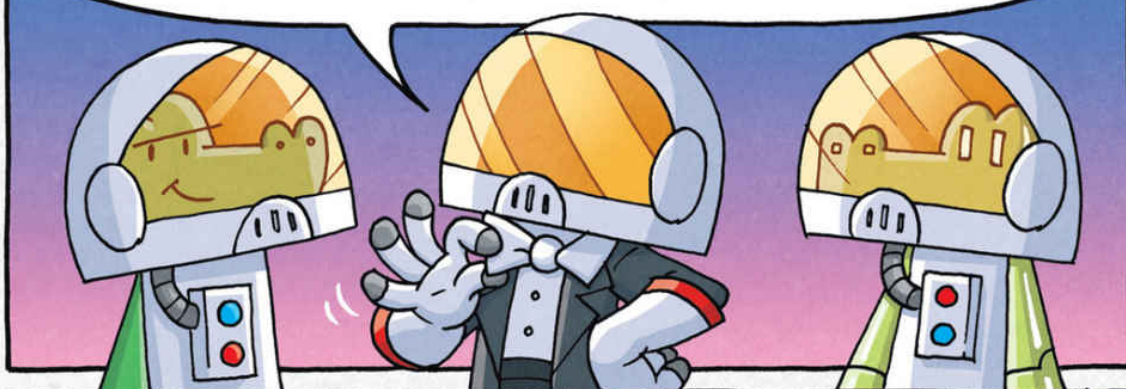


Who?

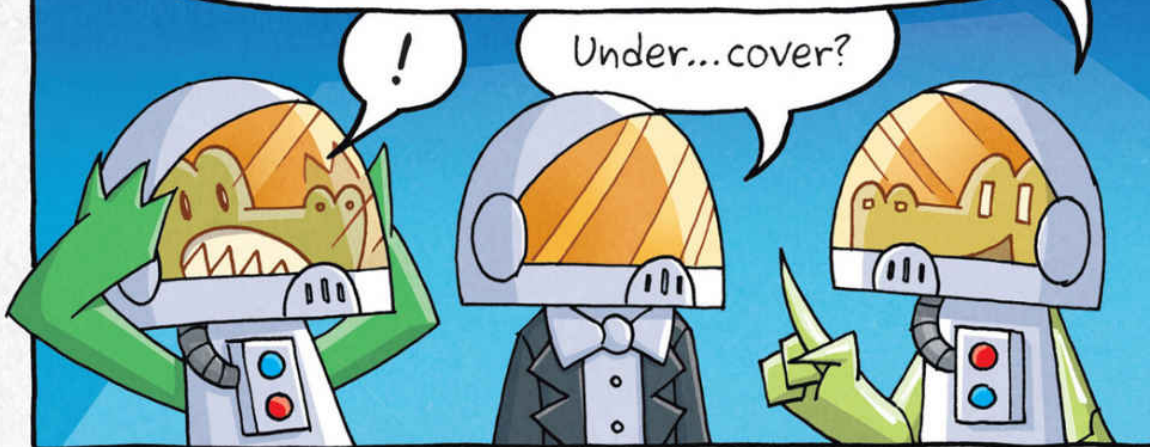
I MEAN—have you ever, um, taken a crack at an evil plan?



Well, I'm working at this amusement park to save up money for my next plan... But I, uh, just so happen to be the villain responsible for the **ROCKET LAUNCH** that destroyed the opera house.



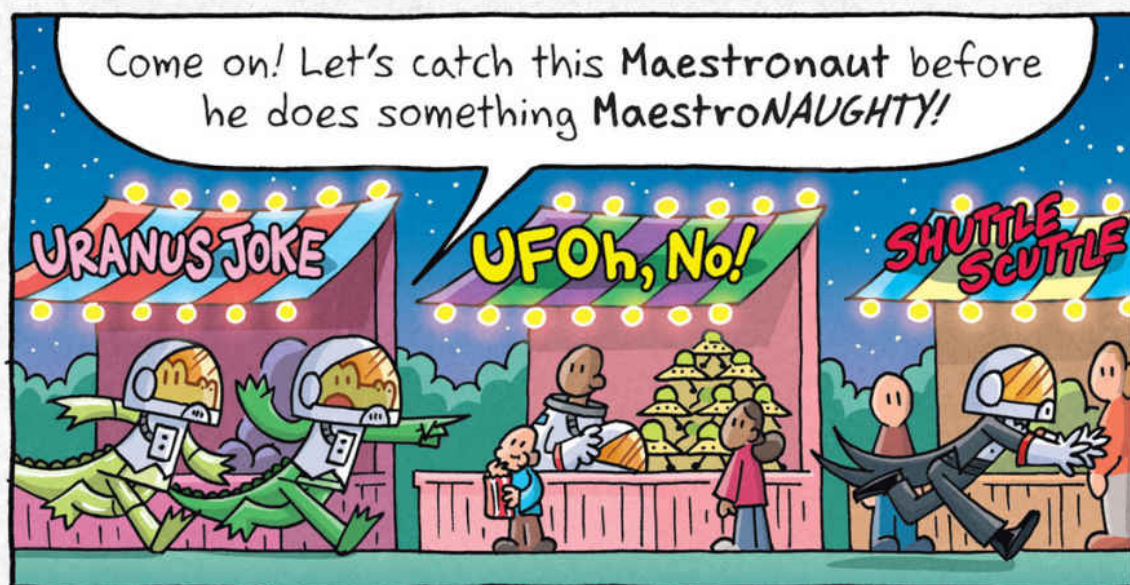
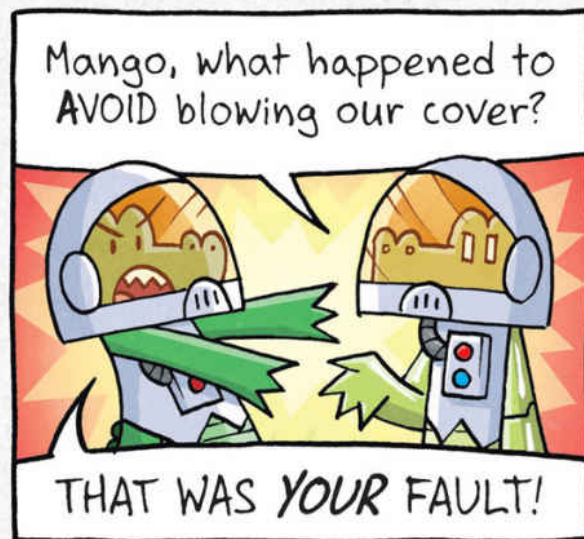
I remember that mission! We were undercover as orchestra musicians.



!

Under...cover?







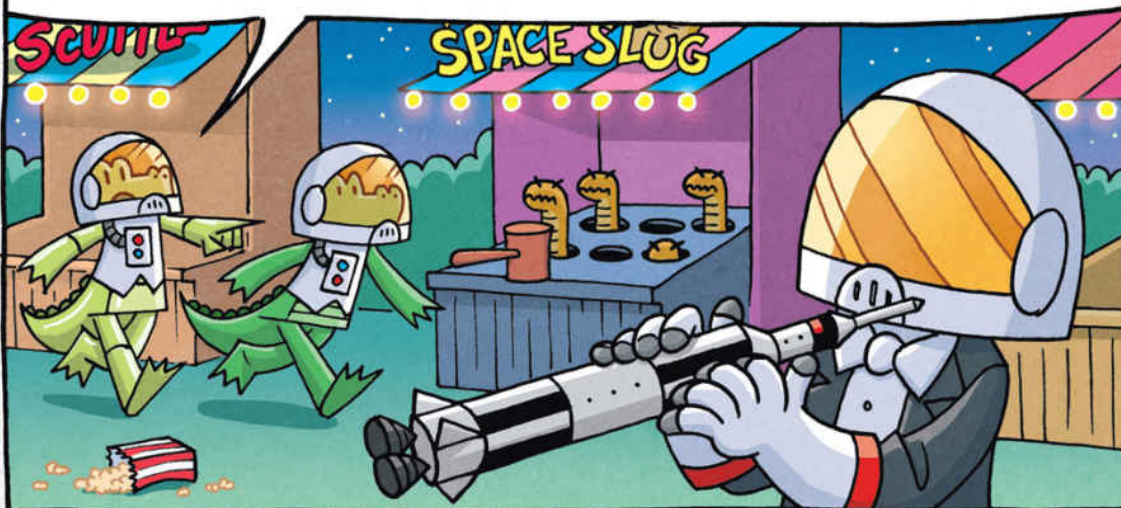
I know what'll get me  
out of this jam...



Behold, my  
**INSTRUMENT of DOOM!**



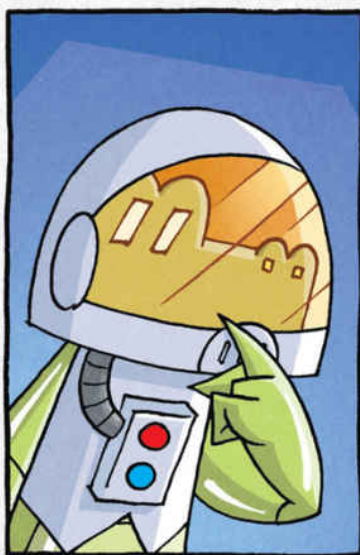
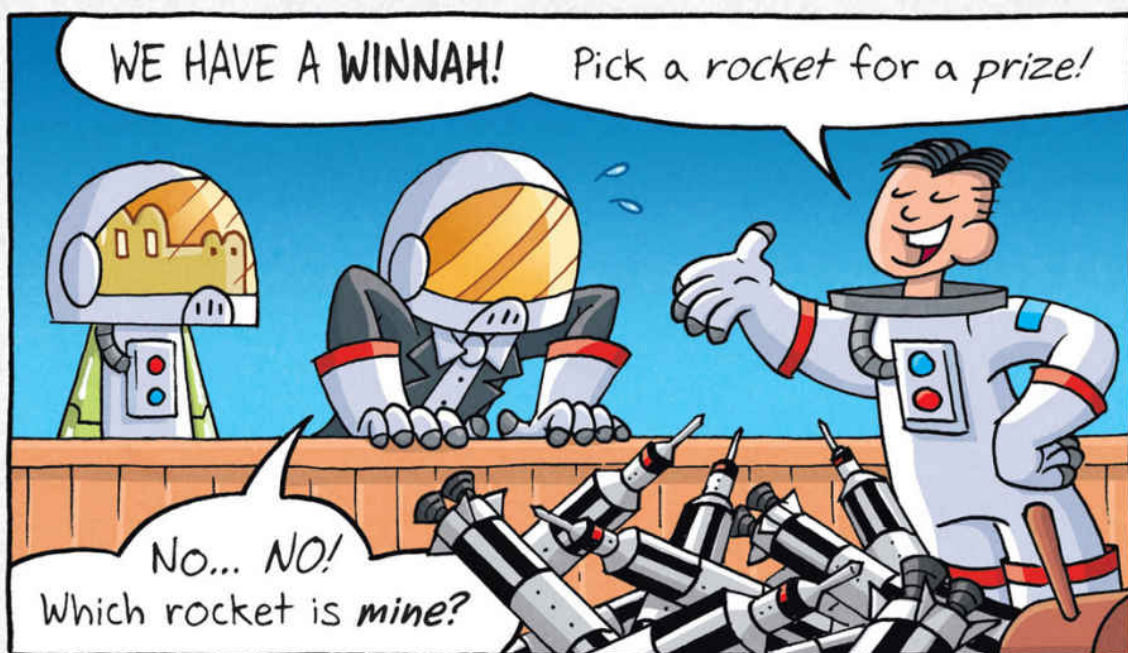
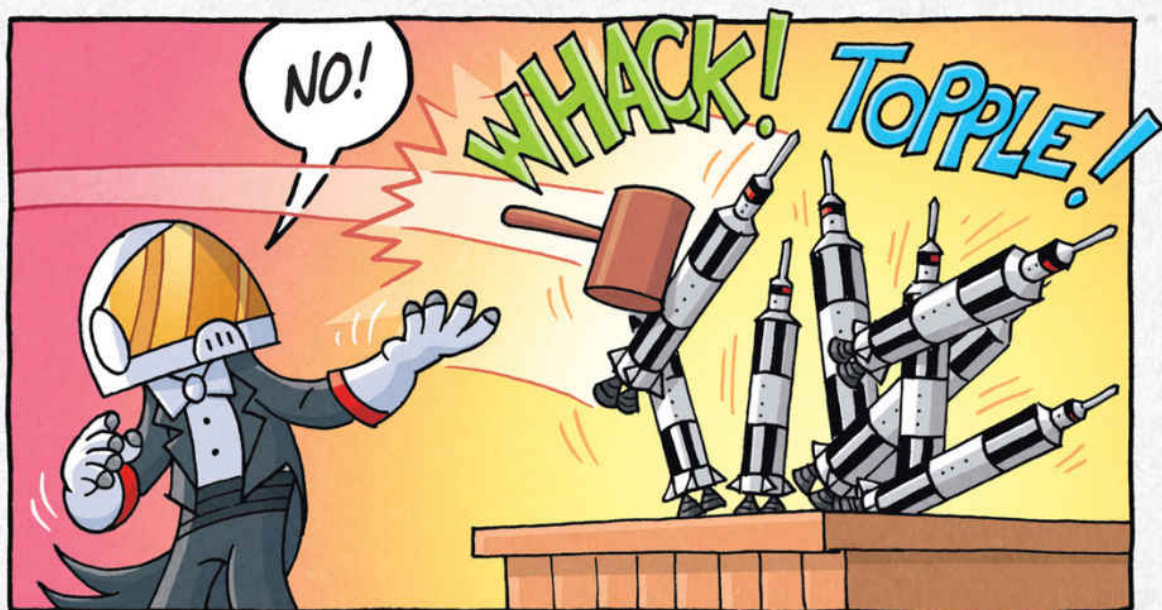
His rocket super weapon! We have to **NEUTRALIZE** it!



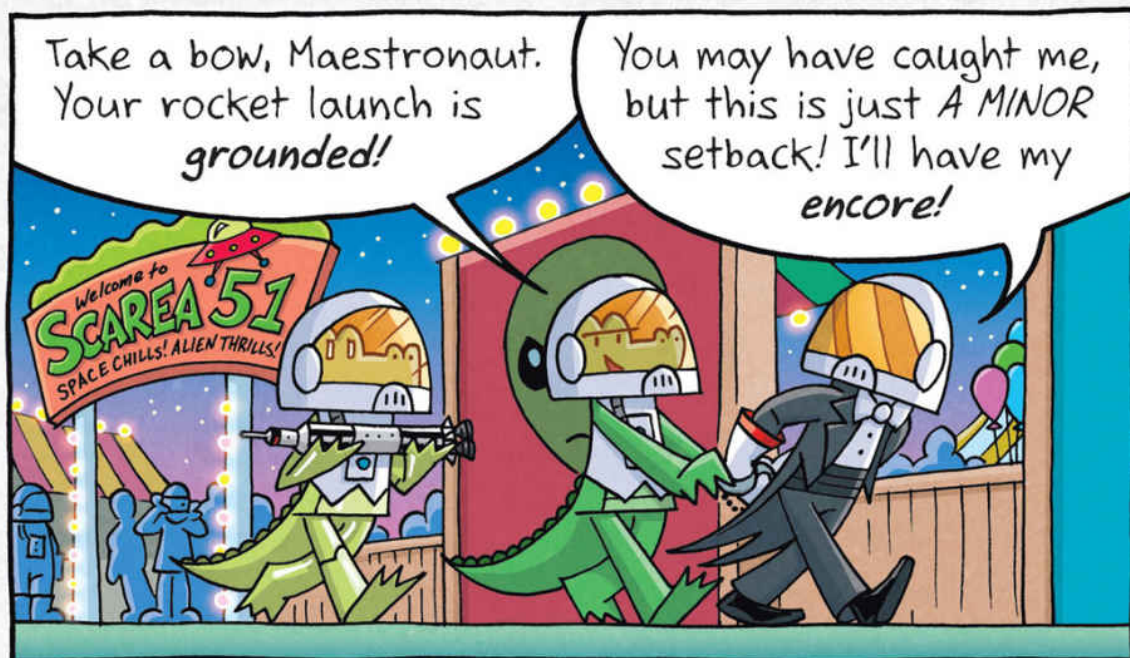
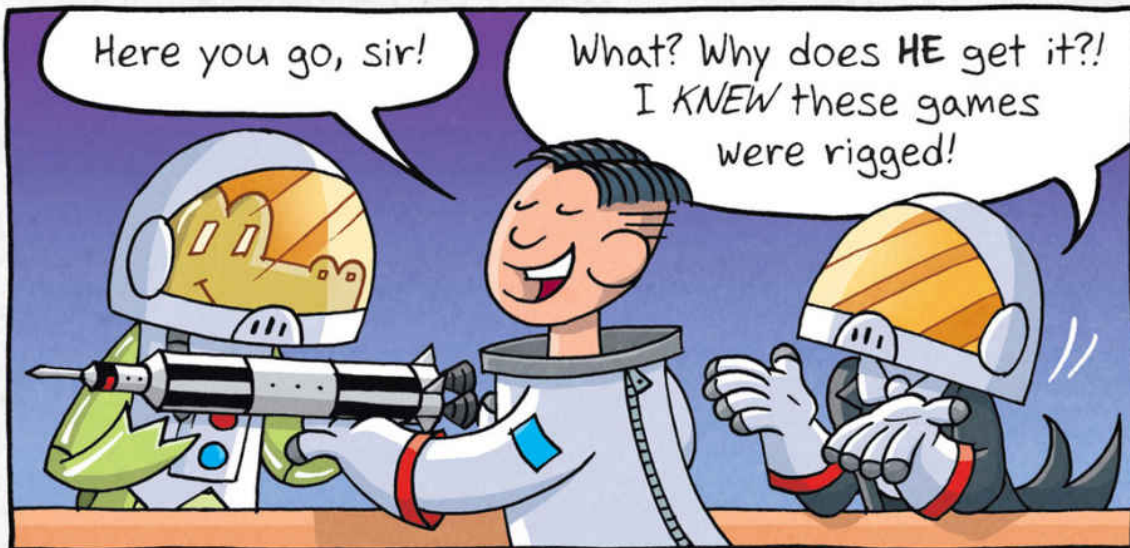
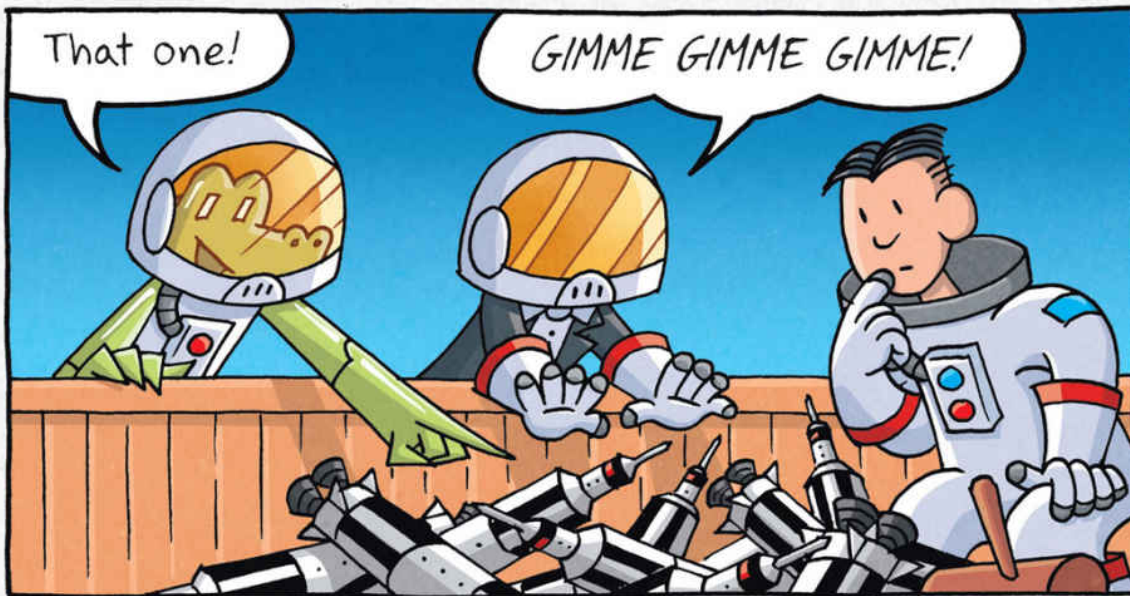
**WHACK-A-ROCKET!**











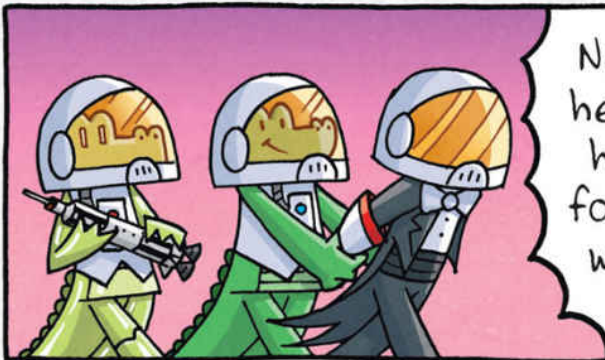


## Chapter 5

Late last night, a villain called the **MAESTRONAUT** had his plan to launch an instrument of doom **THWARTED!**



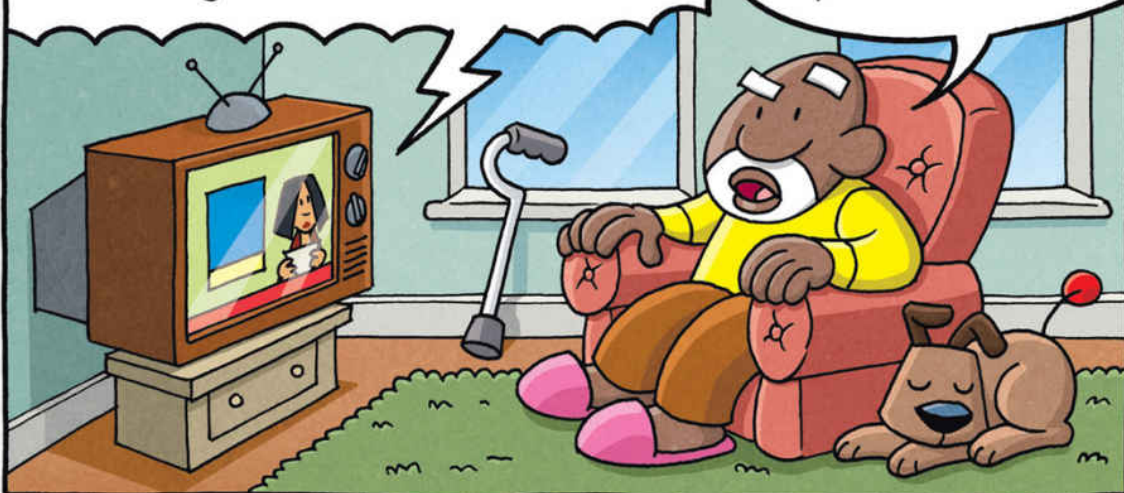
ION NEWS NOW — EVENING UPDATE — ACTION NEWS NOW — EVE



No one knows what crime he was orchestrating with his tiny rocket, but lucky for us, the evil astronaut was stopped by two **NOT-**evil astronauts.

Whoever this do-good duo is, catching bad guys *before* they commit their evil deeds makes them a great **ANTI-CRIME UNIT!**

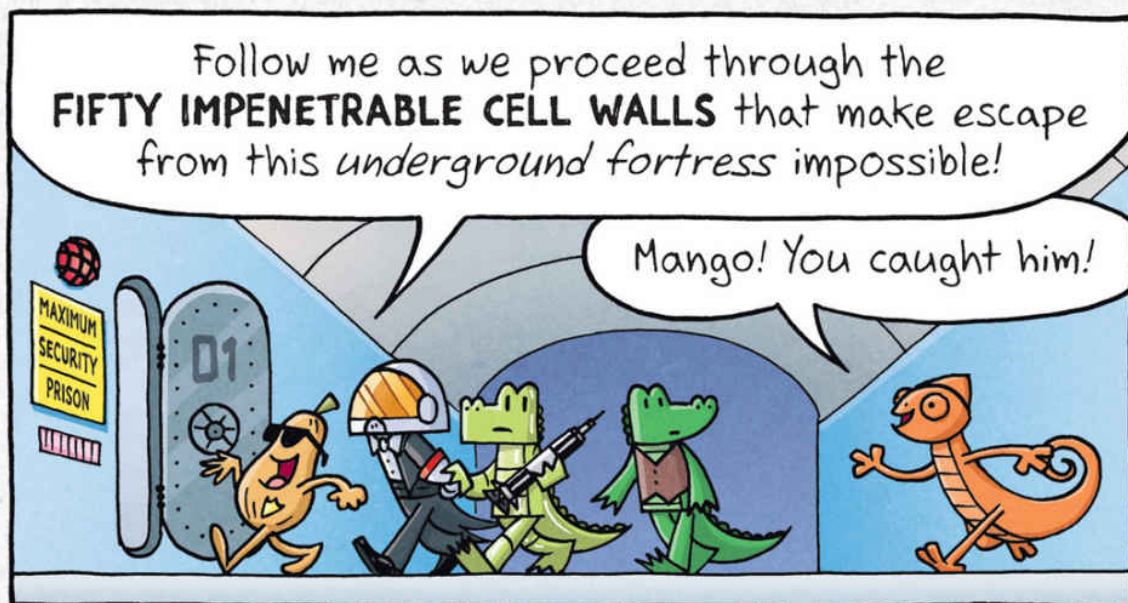
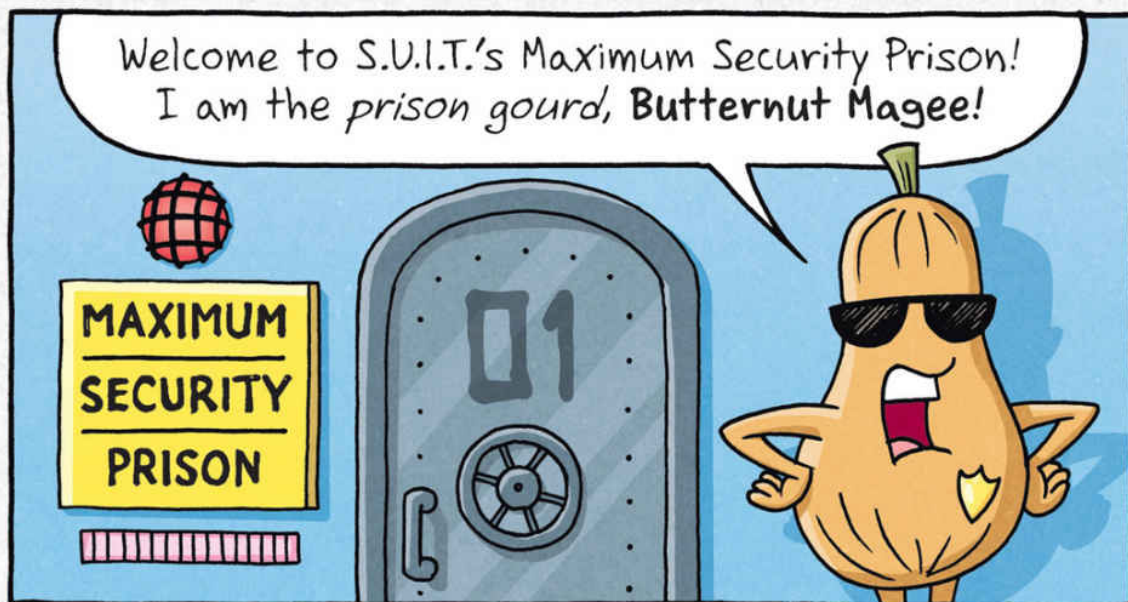
Evil astronaut? Villains these days are a buncha *space cases!*





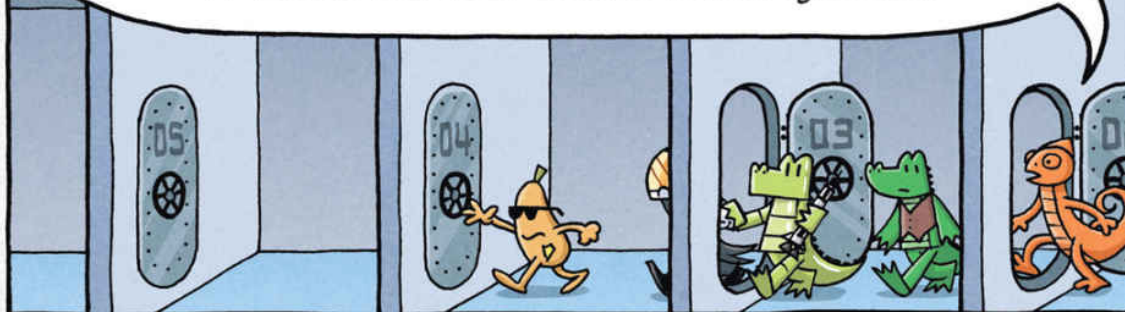








After RoboBrash was chosen to be your partner,  
it made me feel somewhat...rejected.

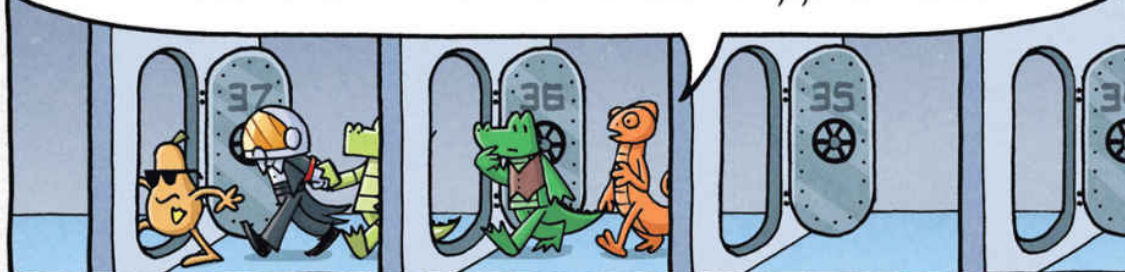


I'm so sorry, Cilantro.  
I didn't know that's  
how you felt.

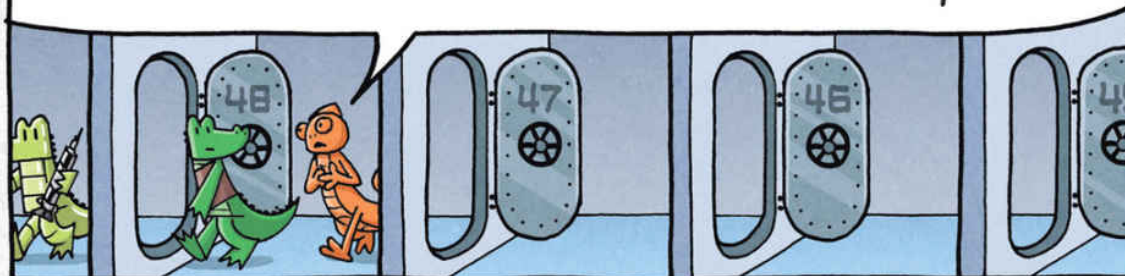
Well, I ran away, I dunno,  
to clear my head.



I came across a **flyer** that made me wonder if  
maybe there was a...different path I could take...  
Somewhere I'd be a little more appreciated.



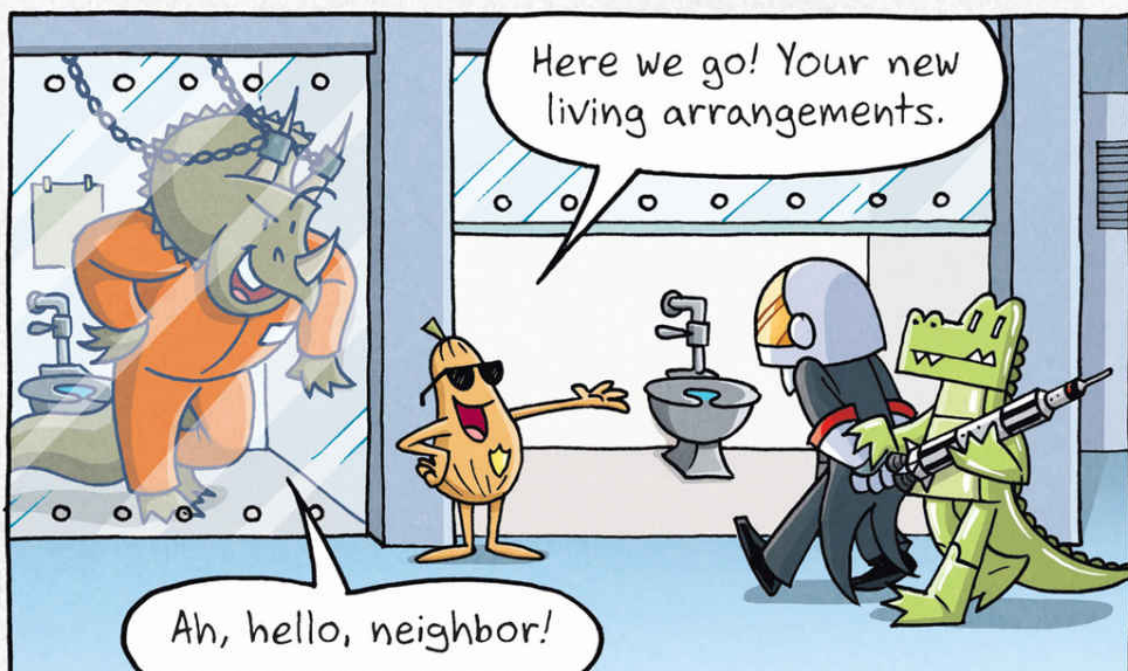
But when I discovered the **Embiggener** and heard  
that astronaut talk about evil plans, I *knew* in my  
heart that I had to do what I could to **stop** him.





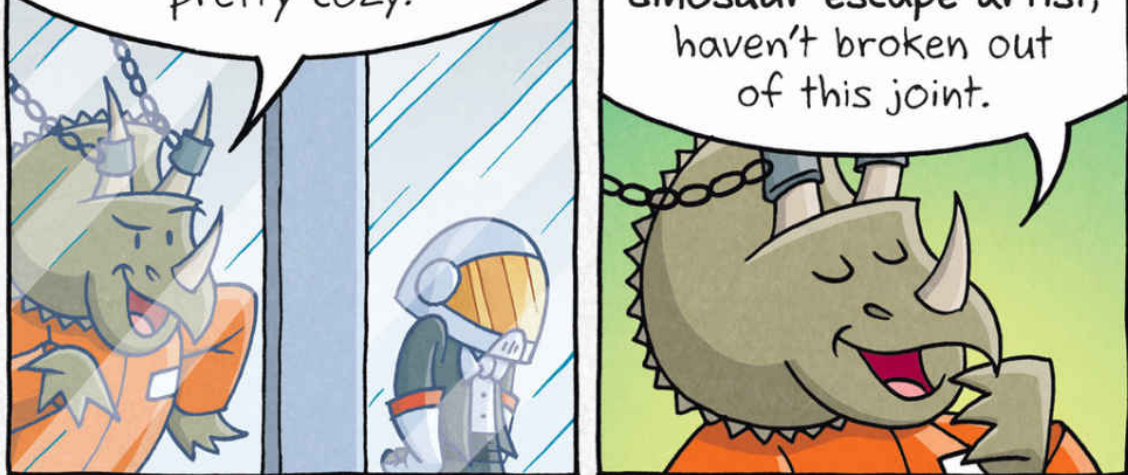
And that desire to do what's right for the **GREATER GOOD** reminded me of why I joined S.U.I.T. in the first place!

Well, the important thing is that you came back, Cilantro.



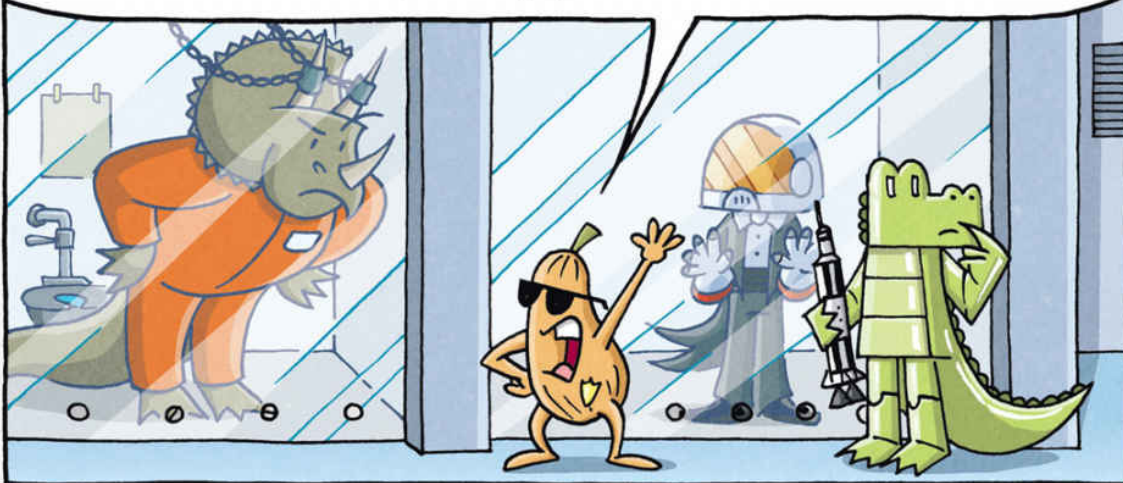
Don't look so downbeat. This place is actually pretty cozy.

It's the only reason why I, **Houdino**, the dinosaur escape artist, haven't broken out of this joint.

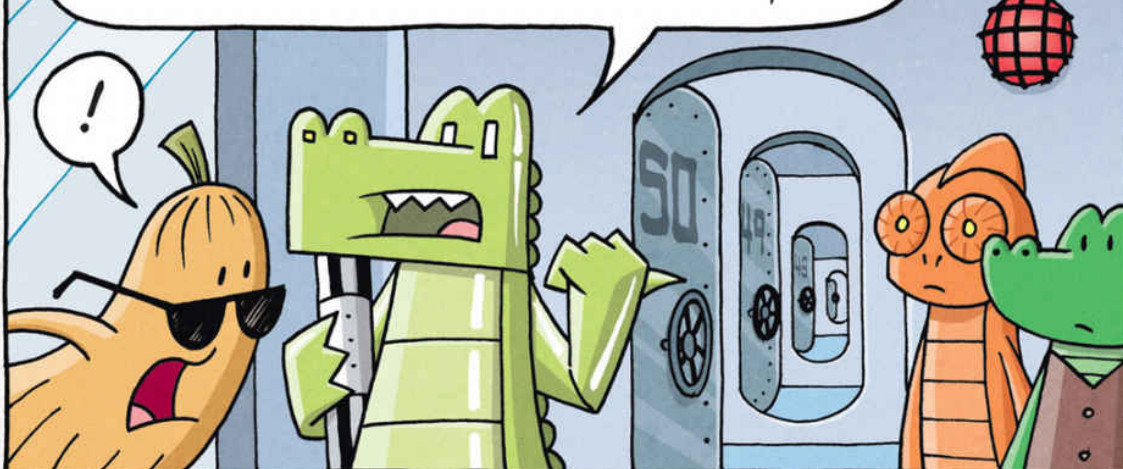




HA! There's no escaping *THIS* place, Houdino. Nobody can break through fifty prison cell walls. *NOBODY!*

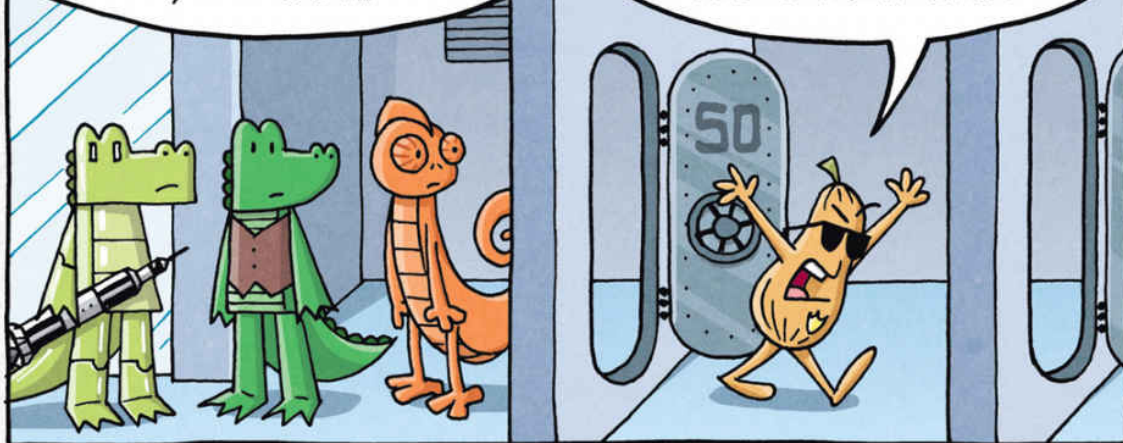


What if all the doors were left open?



None of you thought to lock the doors behind you? **UGH!**

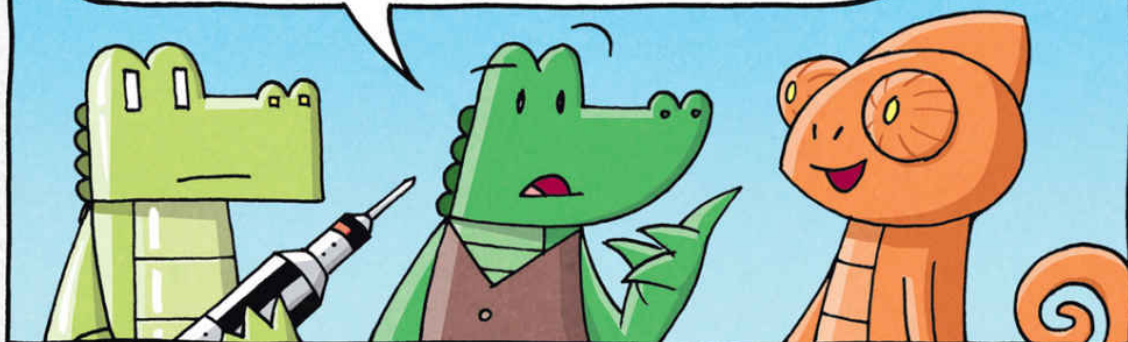
Now I gotta walk **ALL THE WAY BACK TO THE OTHER END!**





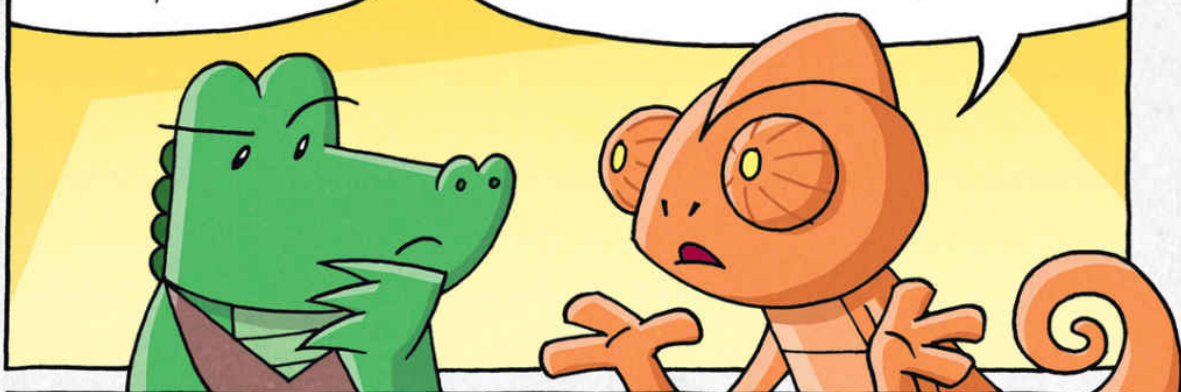
Anyway, sorry about not telling you all of this earlier, Mango. Especially about the flyer for T.A.I.L.Blazers.

Wait, the flyer was for *T.A.I.L.Blazers*?



It's what led me to the opera house in the first place.

OH! And I just remembered! It's also why the Maestronaut showed up. *He* found a flyer for T.A.I.L.Blazers, *too*!



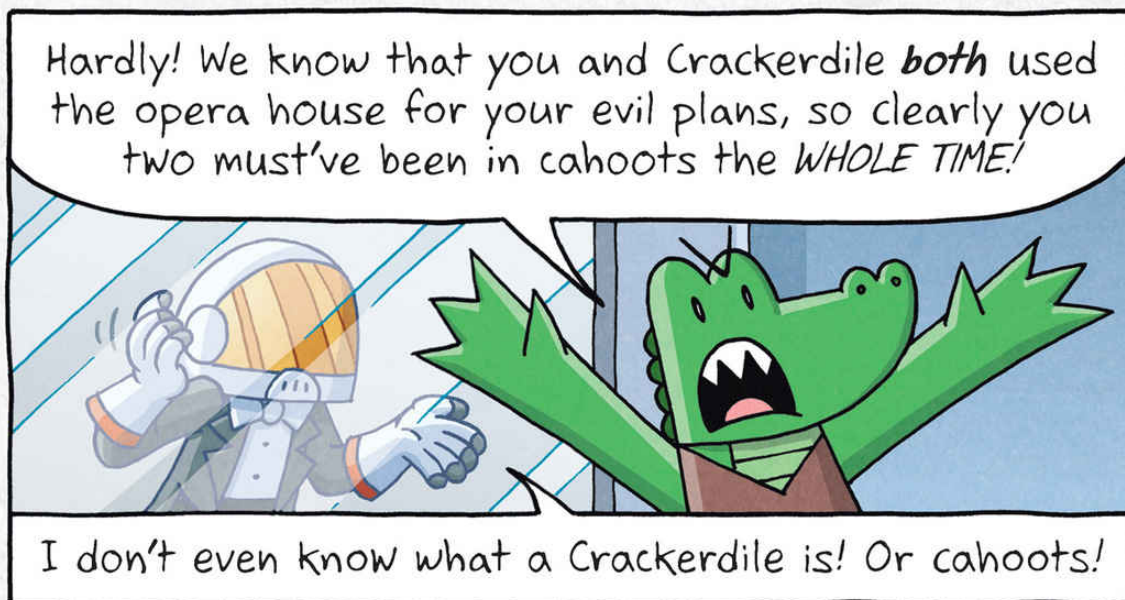
HEY, YOU! You told us T.A.I.L.Blazers was all your idea. Did you come up with it on your *own* or *what*?



I—I didn't...!

Oh, so you had help! *EVIL* help!



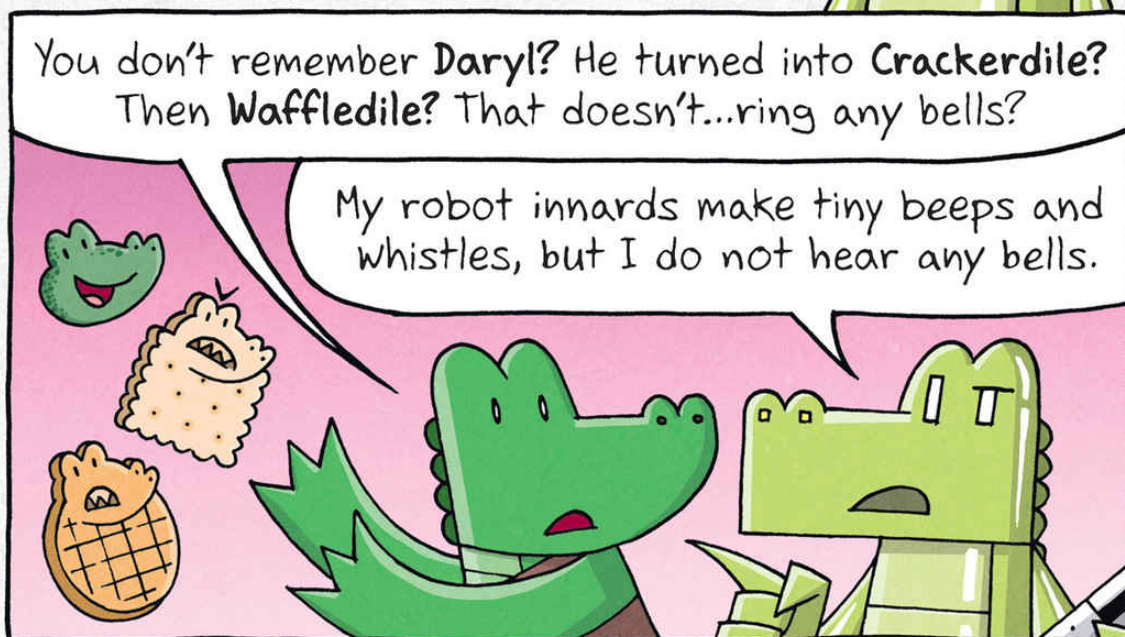
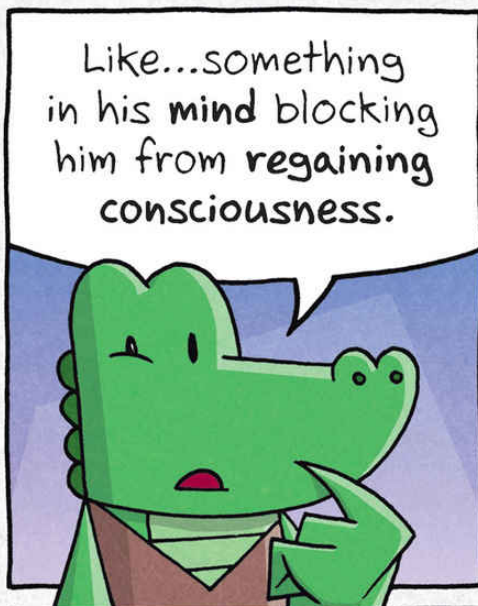






Well, *obviously* this historical record is inaccurate, unless there's something about these events that blocks me from accessing Brash's memories of them.

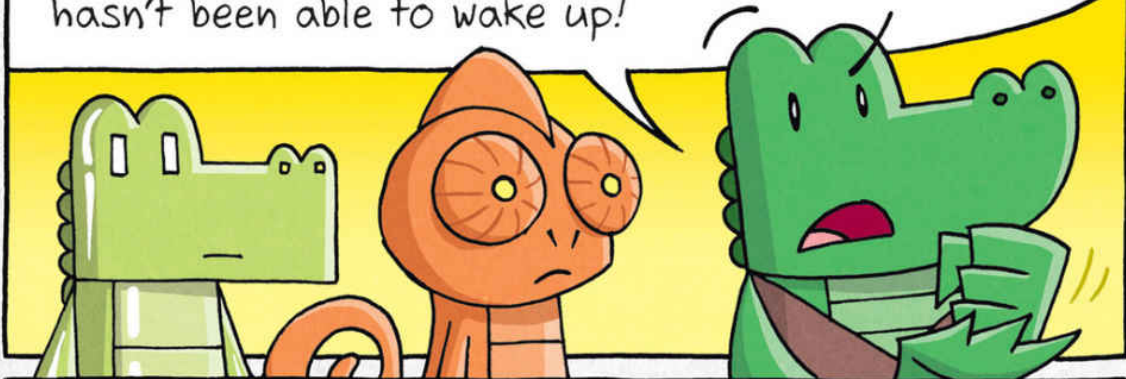




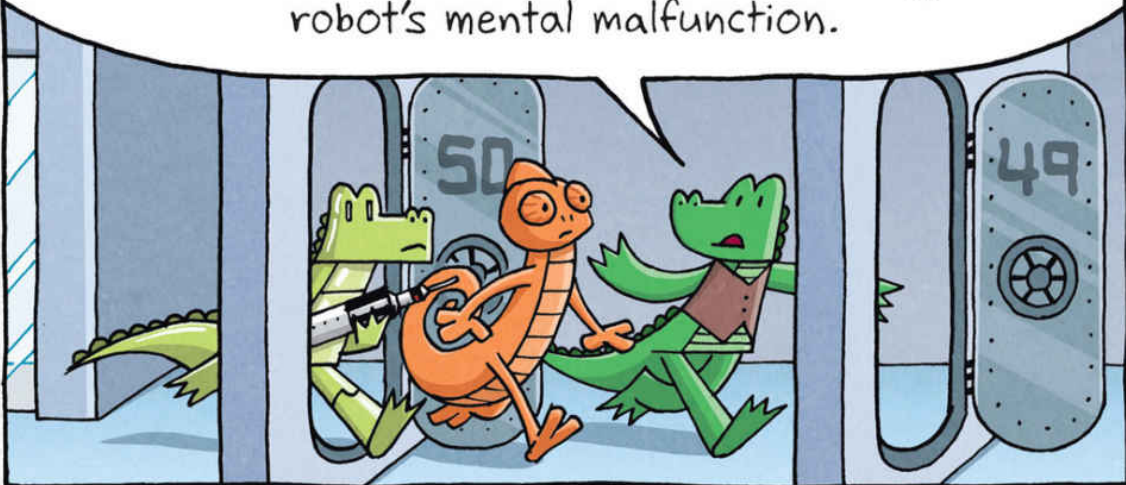




Somehow, RoboBrash has no memory of *anything* that involves his former partner. And I'm guessing it has *some connection* to why the real Brash hasn't been able to wake up!



Cilantro, take RoboBrash to Monocle. Since she built him using downloads of the real Brash's memories, she *should* be able to find what's causing the robot's mental malfunction.

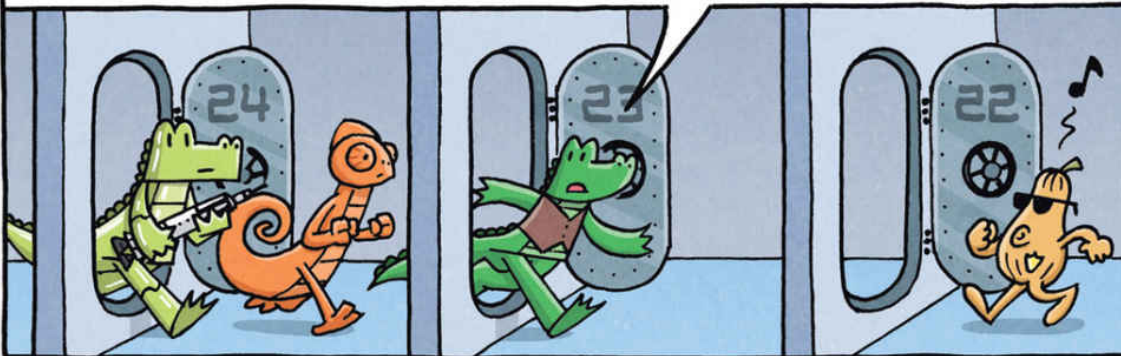




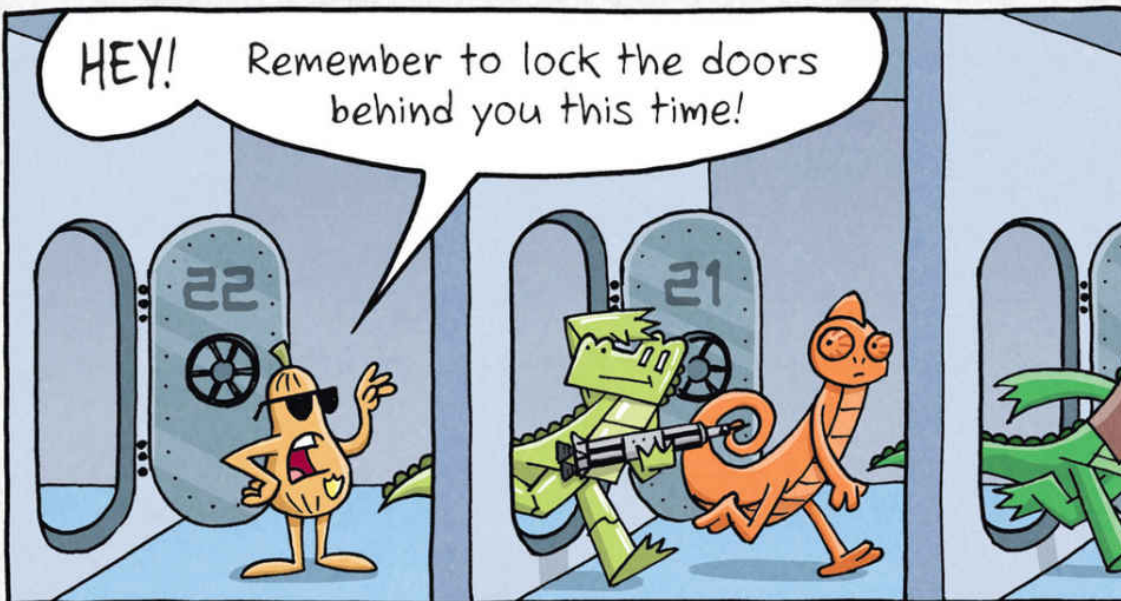
The solution to getting Brash to wake up *could* involve a **memory** that's locked inside RoboBrash's mind. And take that **rocket** while you're at it. Maybe Monocle can figure out what it's supposed to do.

Where will you head to?

I'll head to the **HEAD SCIENTIST** to see if there's anything more that can be done for the *REAL* Brash!



HEY! Remember to lock the doors behind you this time!





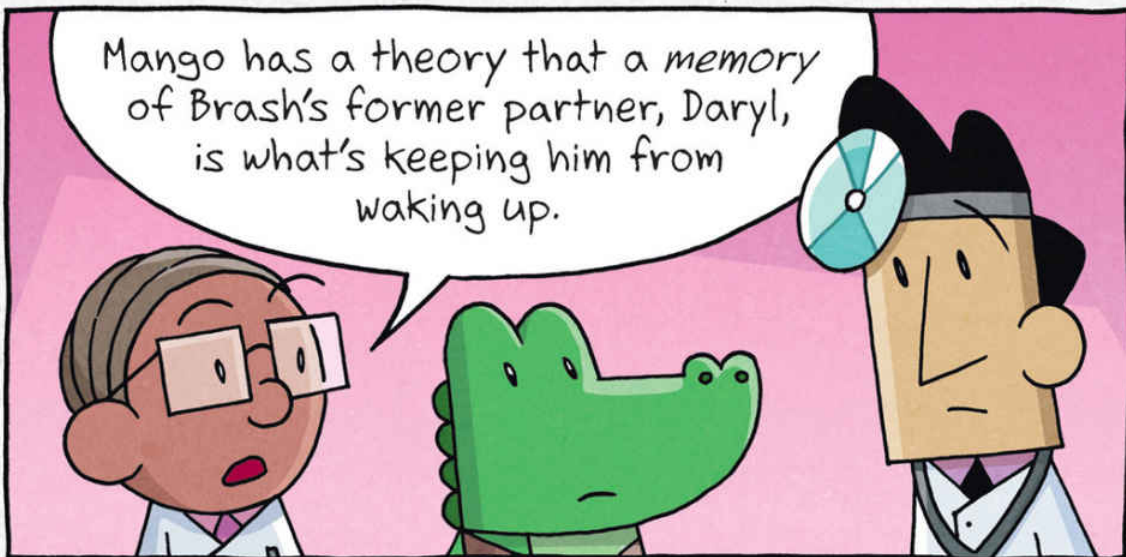
## Chapter 6



Dr. Hardbones! I've brought the Head Scientist from the Science Factory. Any change in Brash's condition?



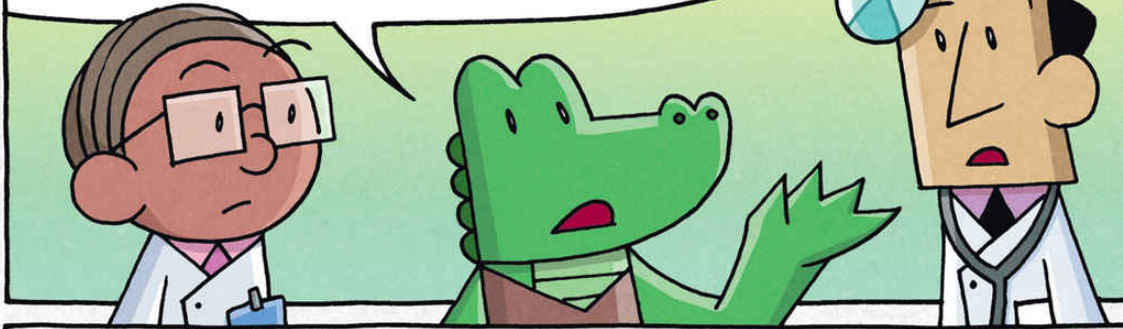
Mango has a theory that a *memory* of Brash's former partner, Daryl, is what's keeping him from waking up.





Can that robot copy tell you *which* memory it is?

That's just it. RoboBrash seems to have all of Brash's memories **EXCEPT** any memories related to Daryl!



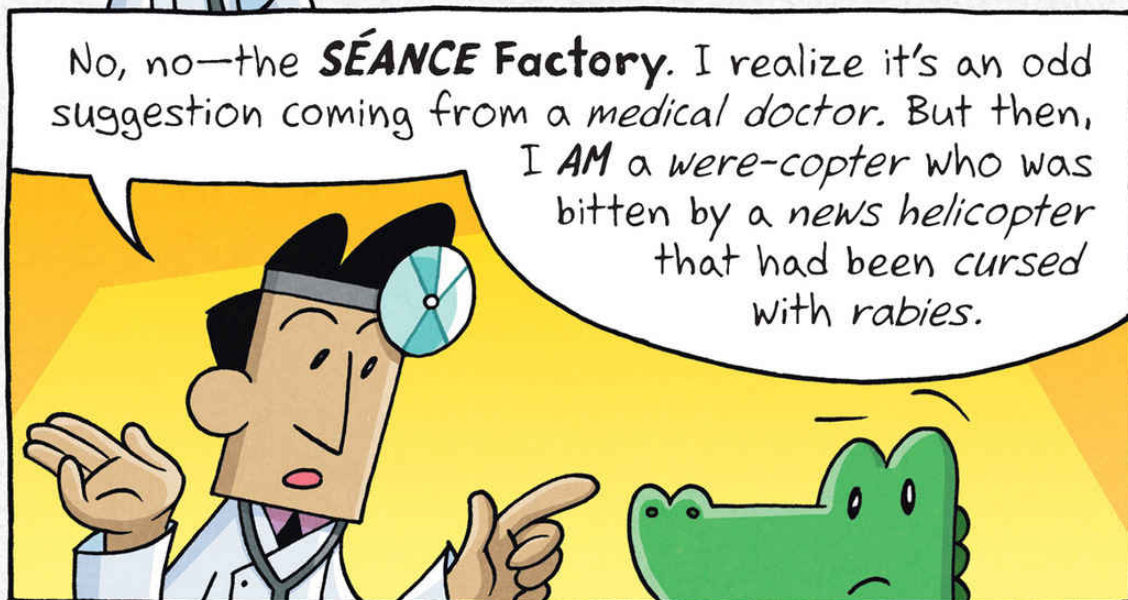
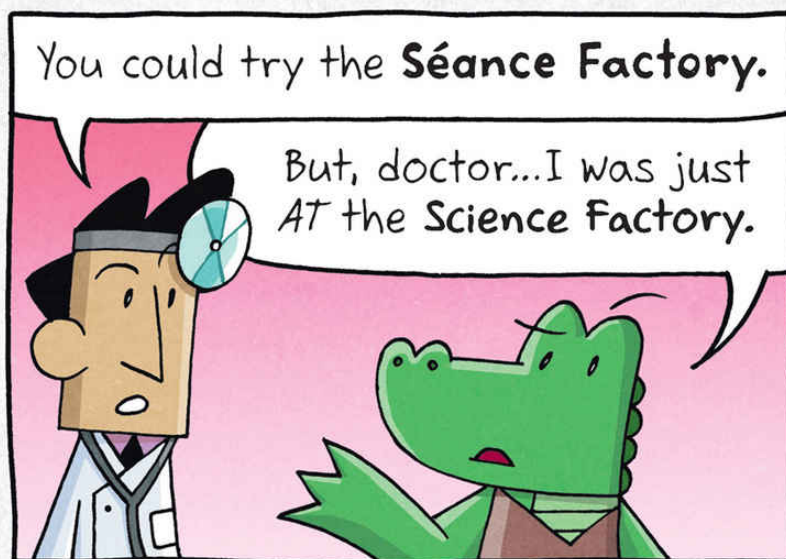
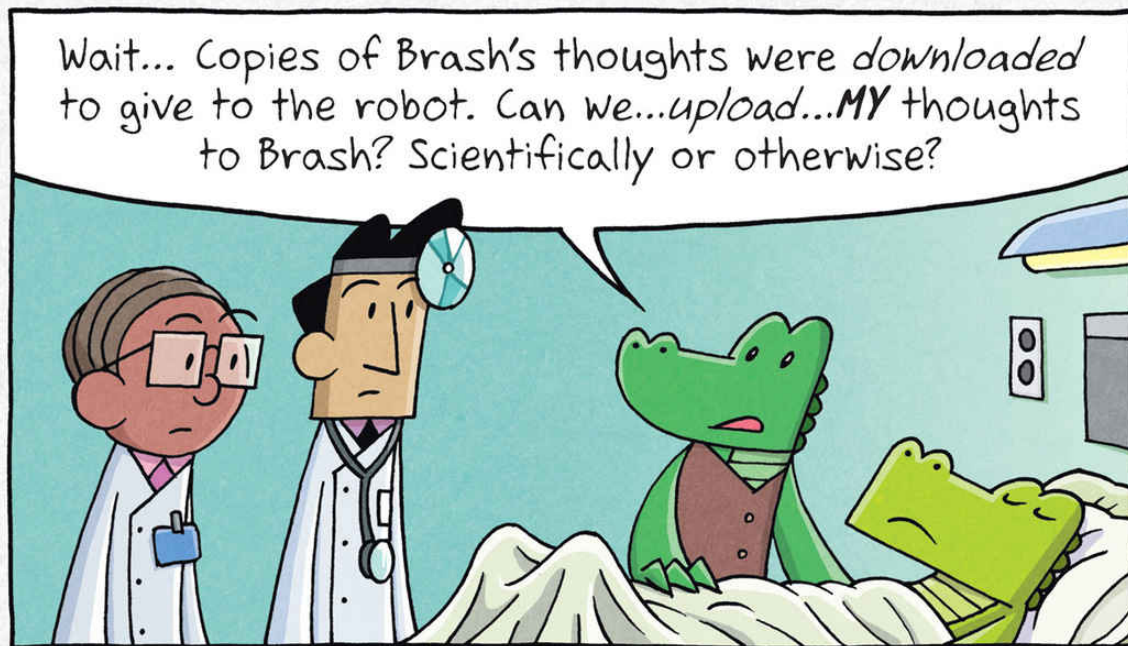
These memories must be so traumatic for Brash that not only are they keeping him from *waking up*, but his mind may have **blocked** them from getting copied over to the robot.



Monocle is having a look at RoboBrash back at S.U.I.T. But even if she discovers the memory that's the cause of RoboBrash's problems...how do we find that **SAME** memory inside **THIS** Brash's mind?

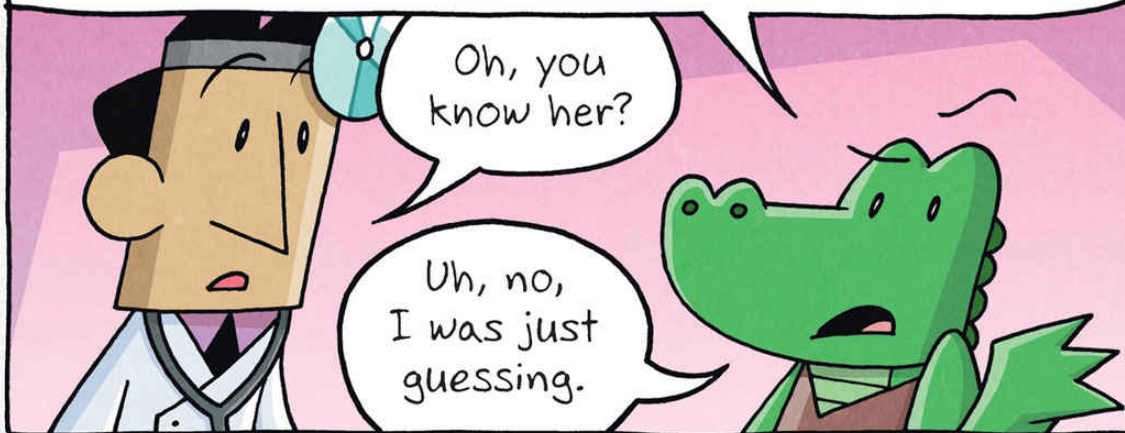




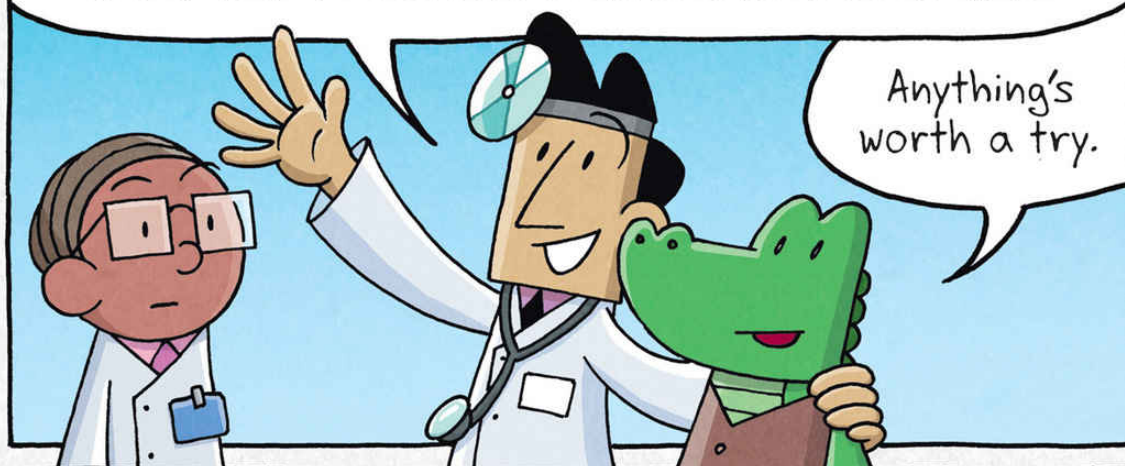




So, at this Séance Factory I'll be helped by a...mystic?



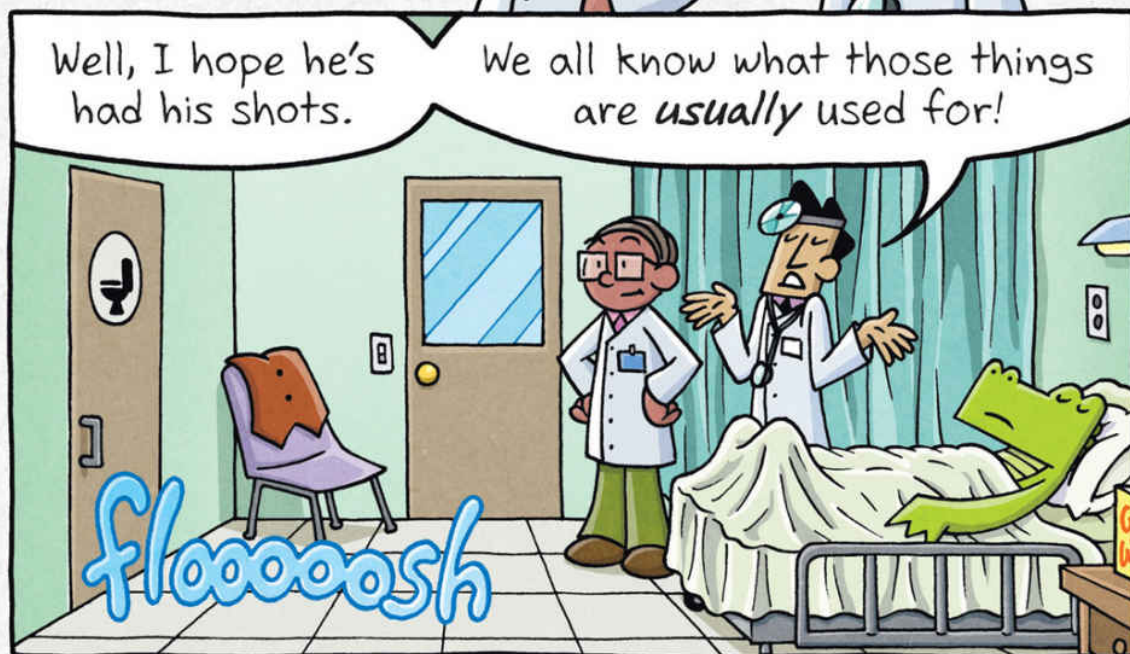
Well, yes, the **MEDIUM** there may have some ideas about how to see into Brash's *unconscious mind*.



Thanks, Dr. Hardbones! I'll head to the Séance Factory right away!









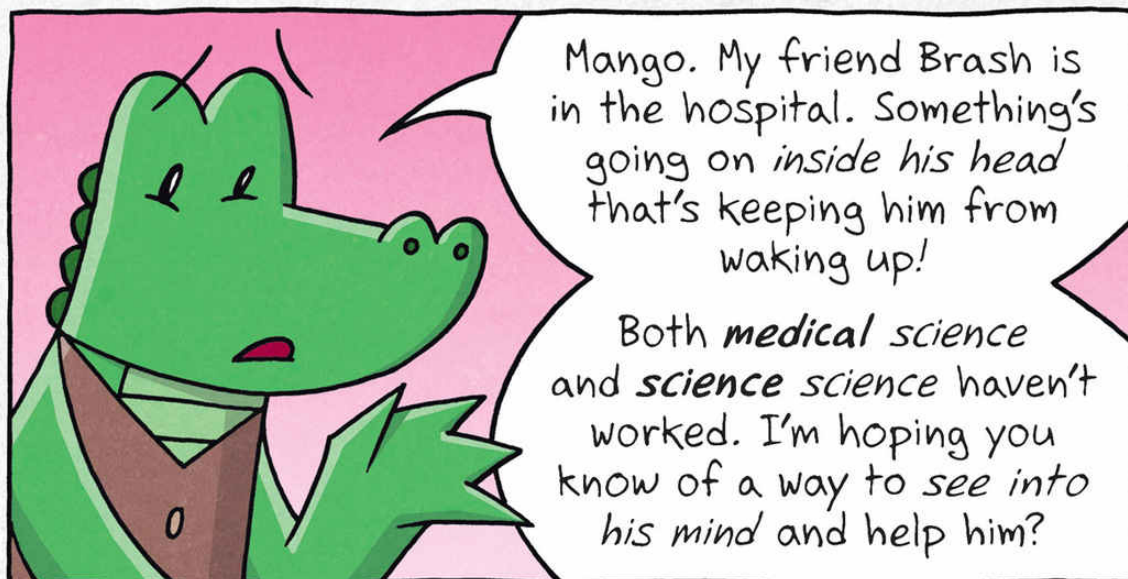
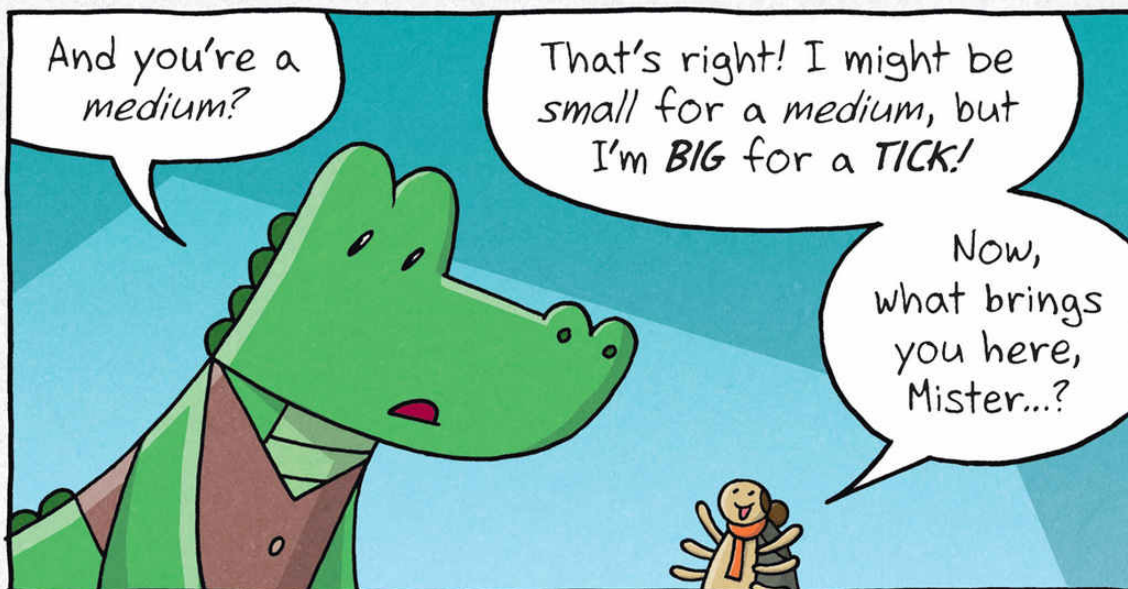
## Chapter 7



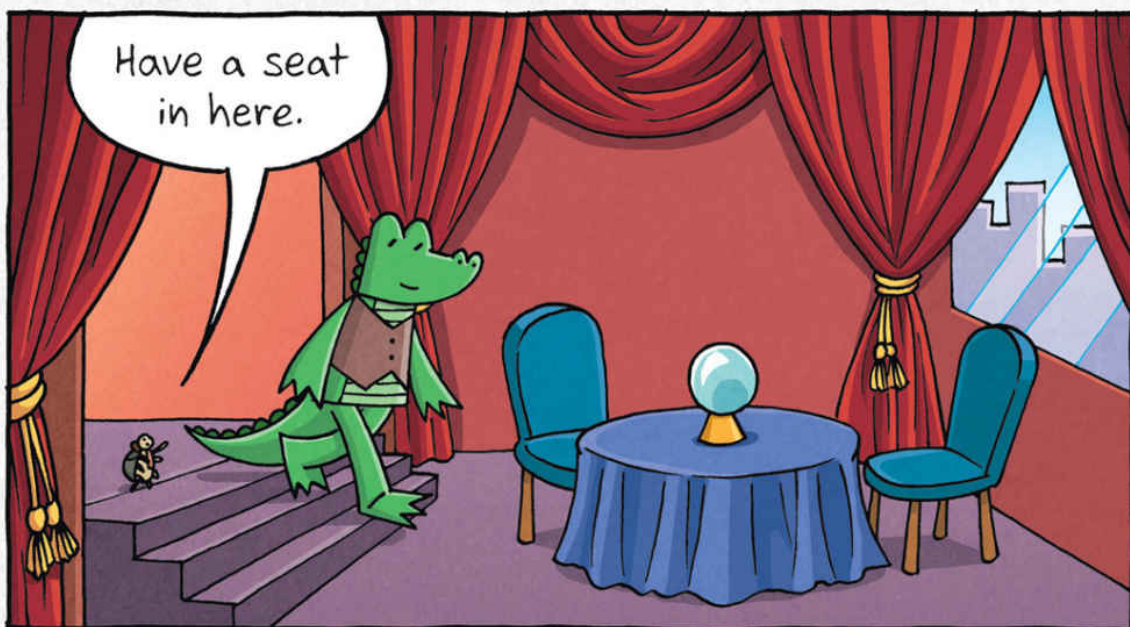
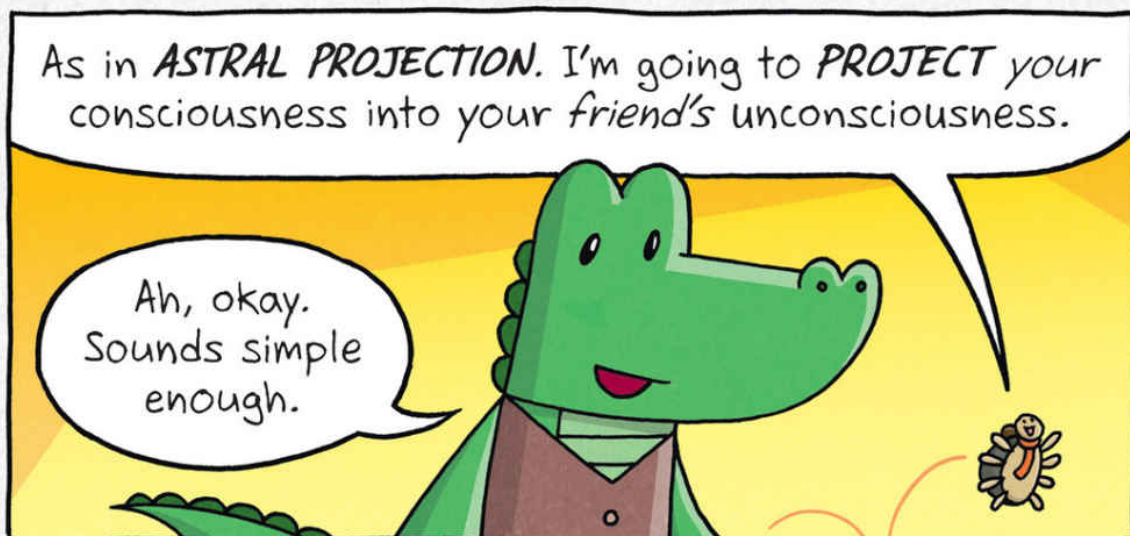
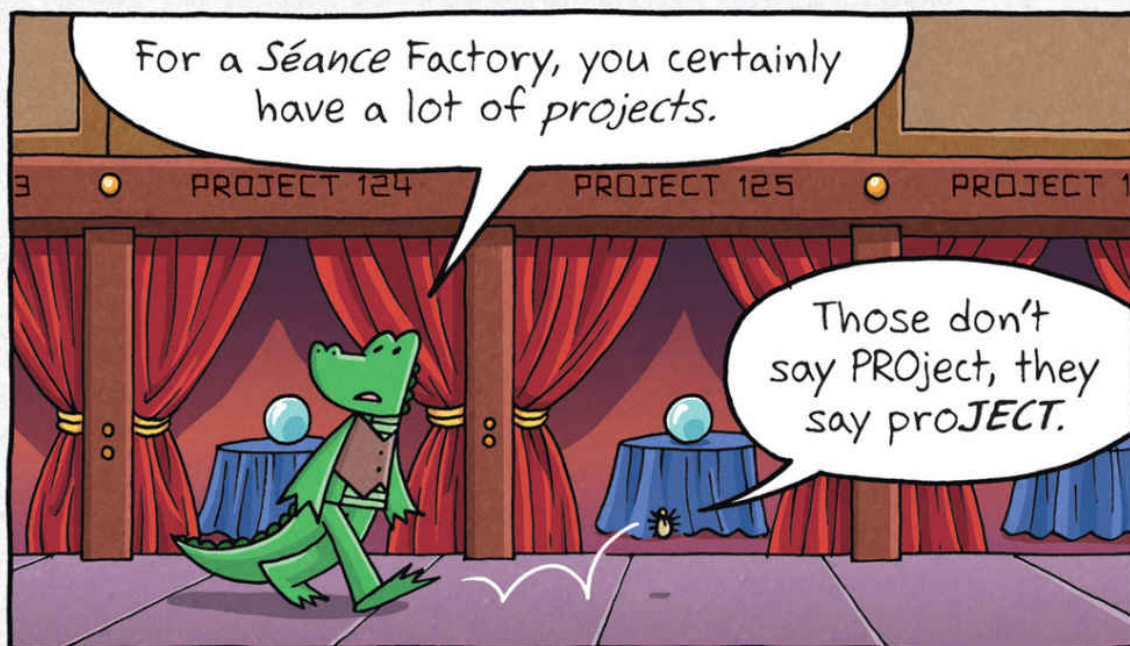




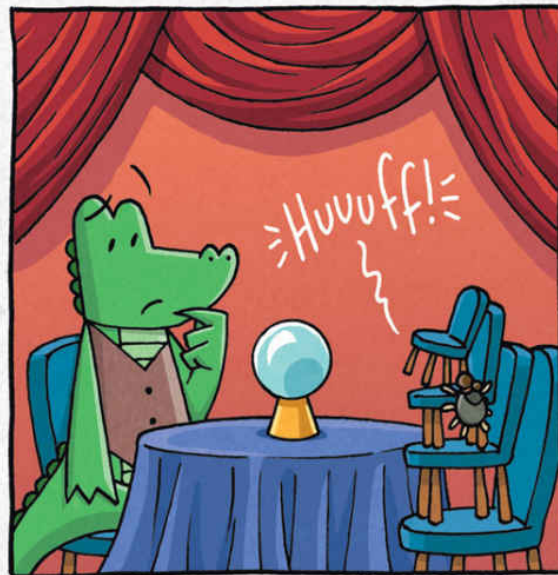
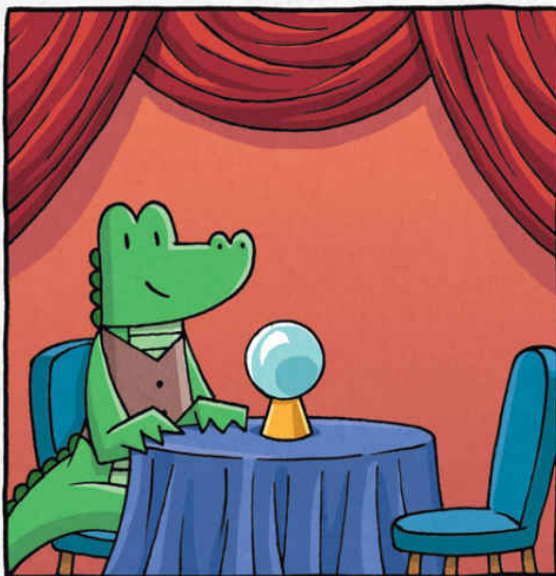














Sorry. Uh, say, that sure is a shiny crystal ball...



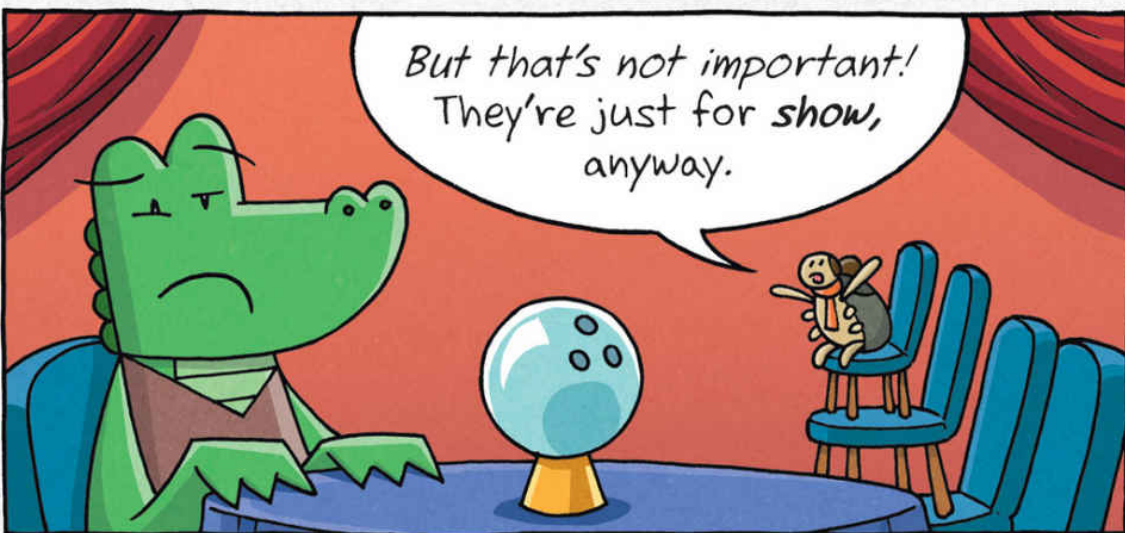
Wait a minute—this is a **BOWLING** ball!



Yeah, this place used to be a *bowling alley*, so we just painted all the bowling balls *silver*.

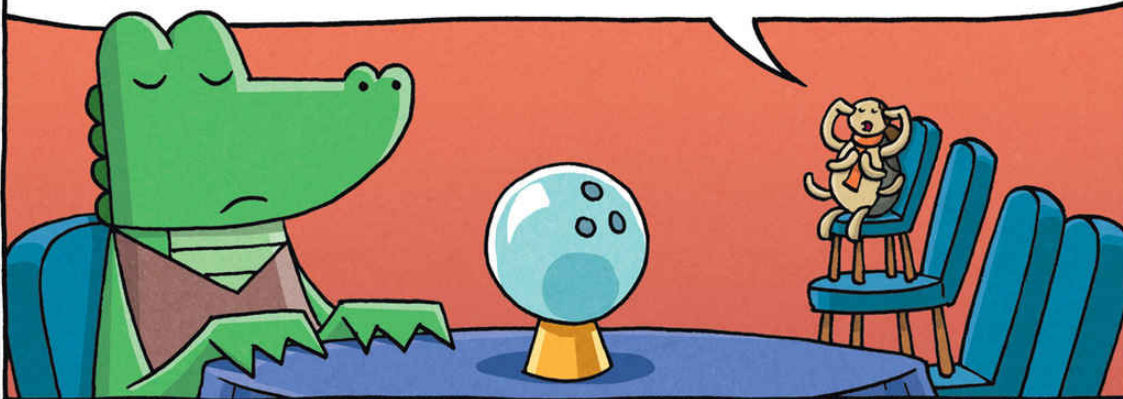


But that's not important! They're just for *show*, anyway.





Close your eyes, Mango... Think about your friend Brash, in the hospital... Your thoughts to his thoughts... Your mind to his mind... Picture yourself—



Hey, you're not going to hypnotize me, are you?



**FOCUS, MANGO!**  
Keep your eyes **SHUT!**



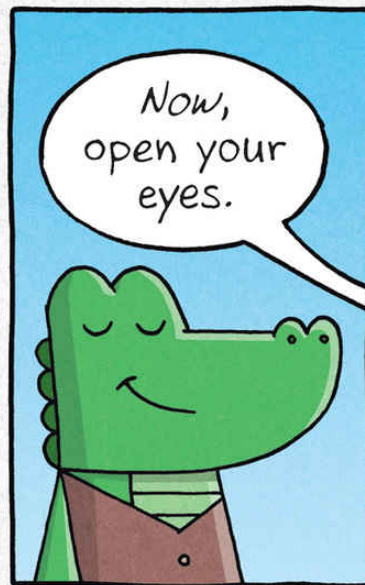
Picture yourself  
someplace  
warm...



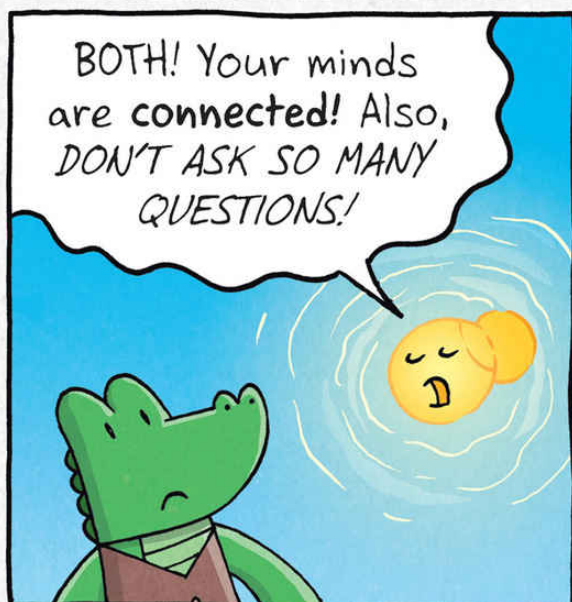
...comfortable...  
...relaxing...



Now,  
open your eyes.



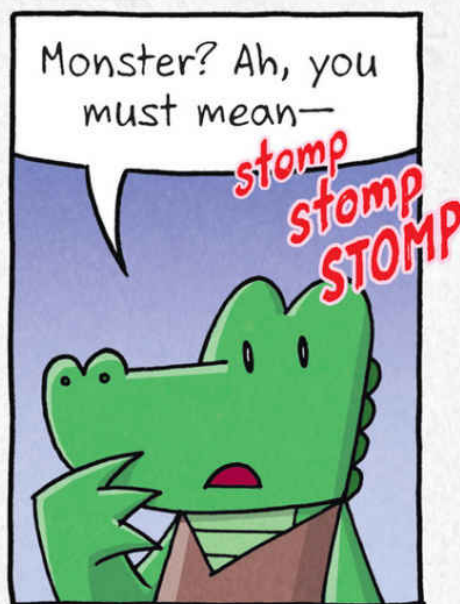
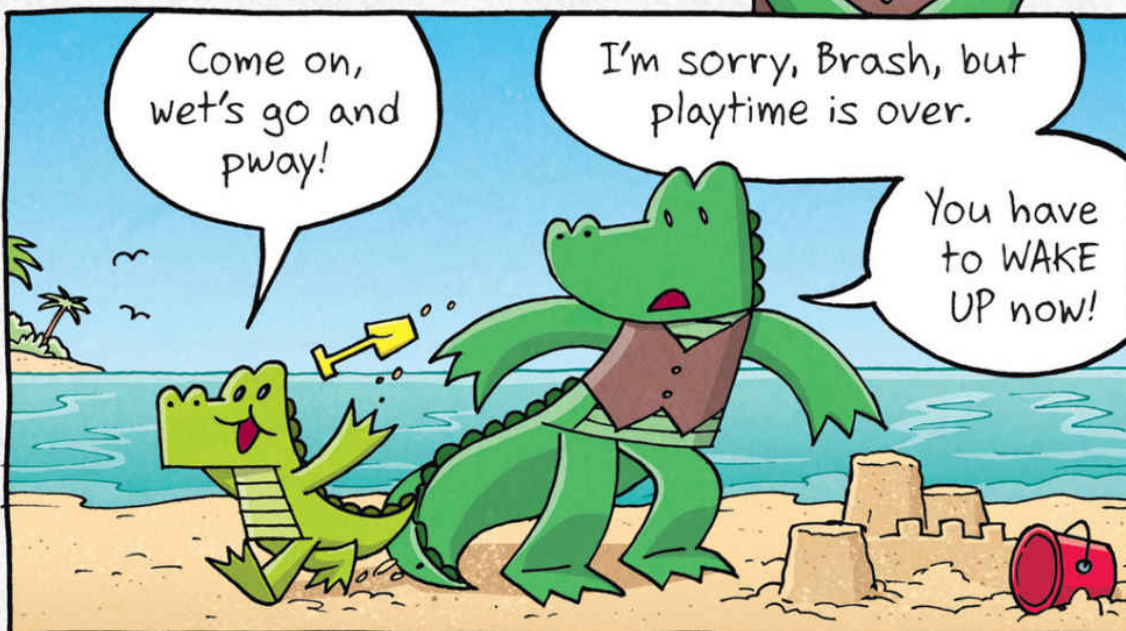
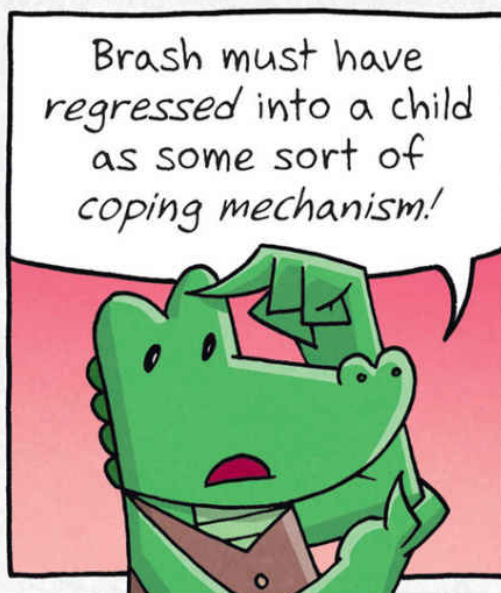




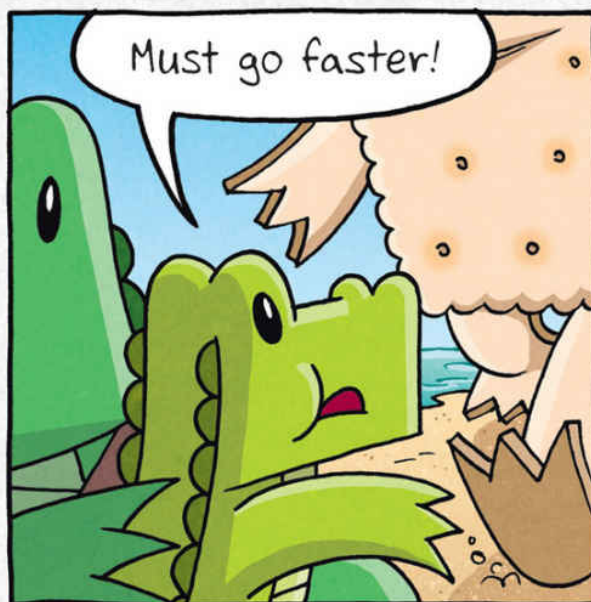
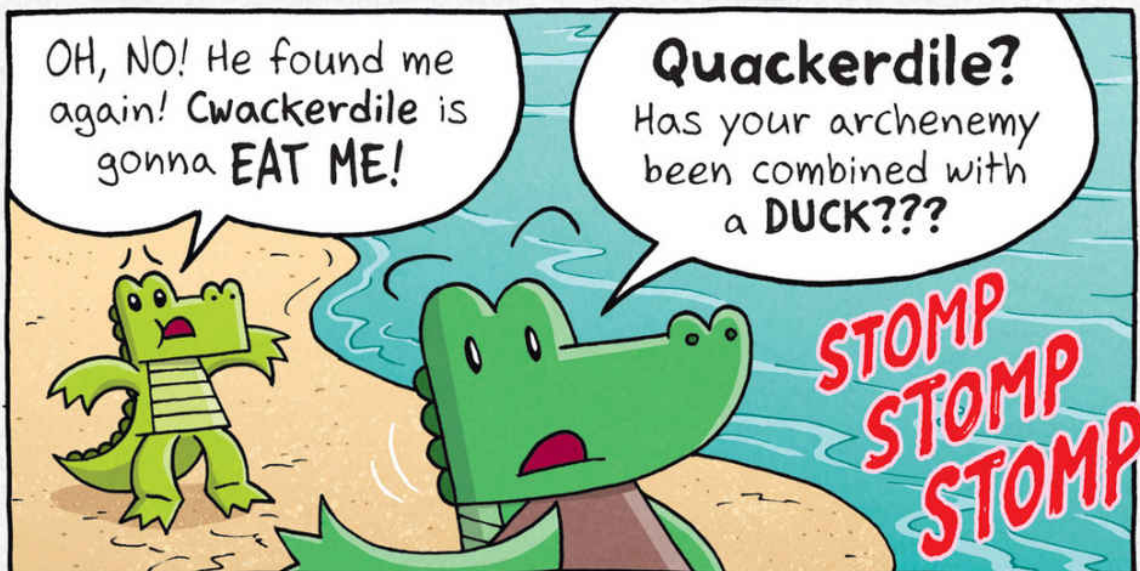




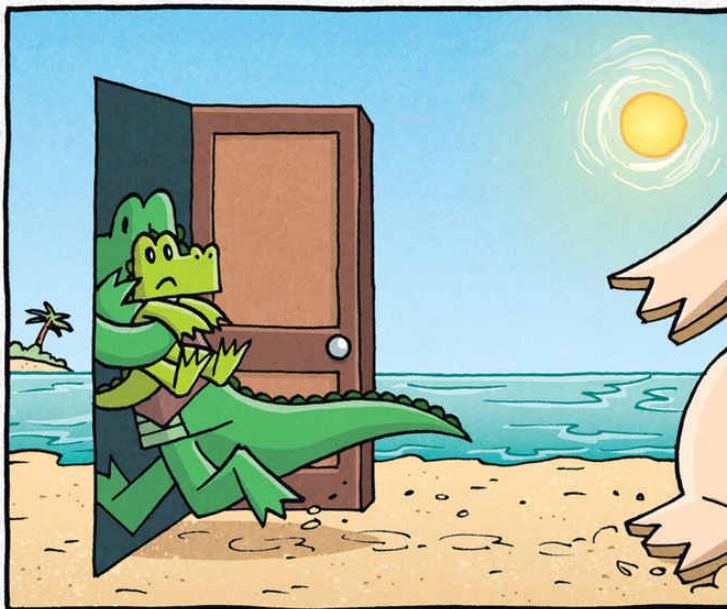




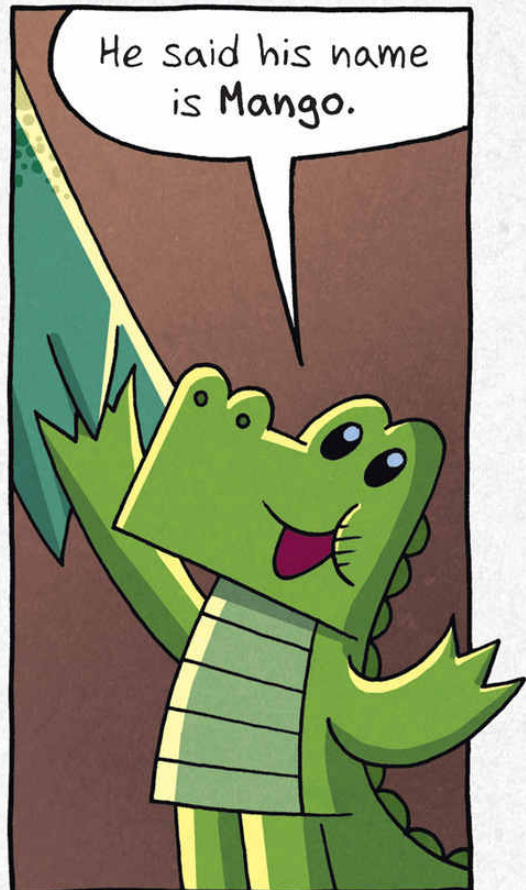








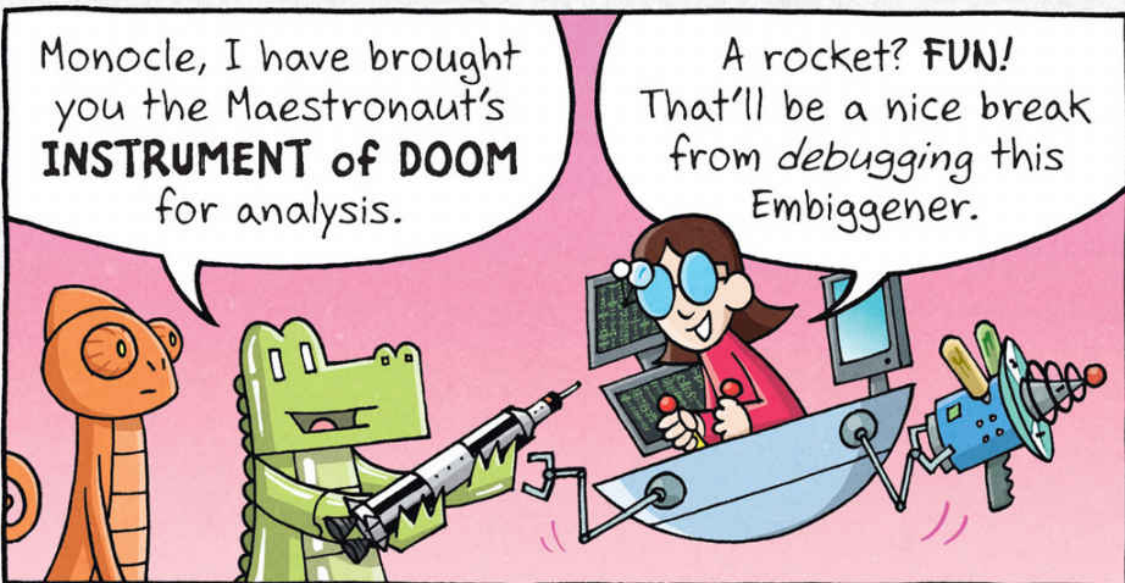
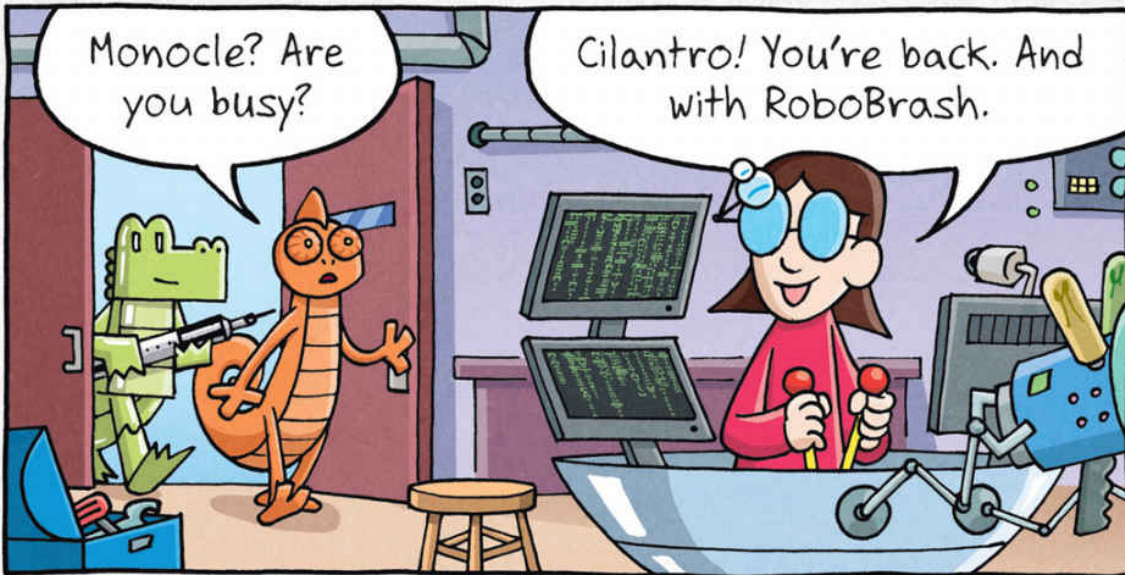
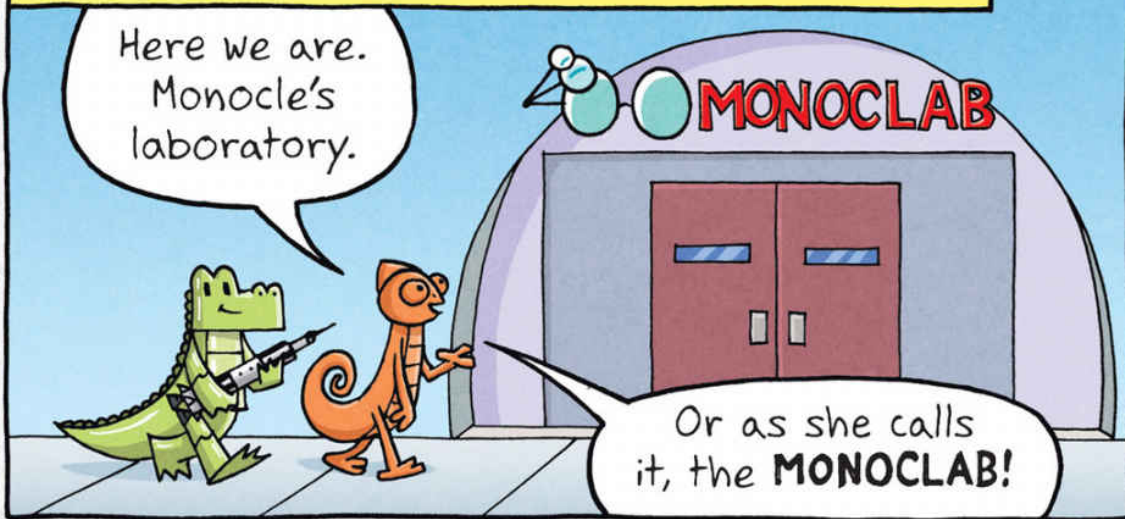






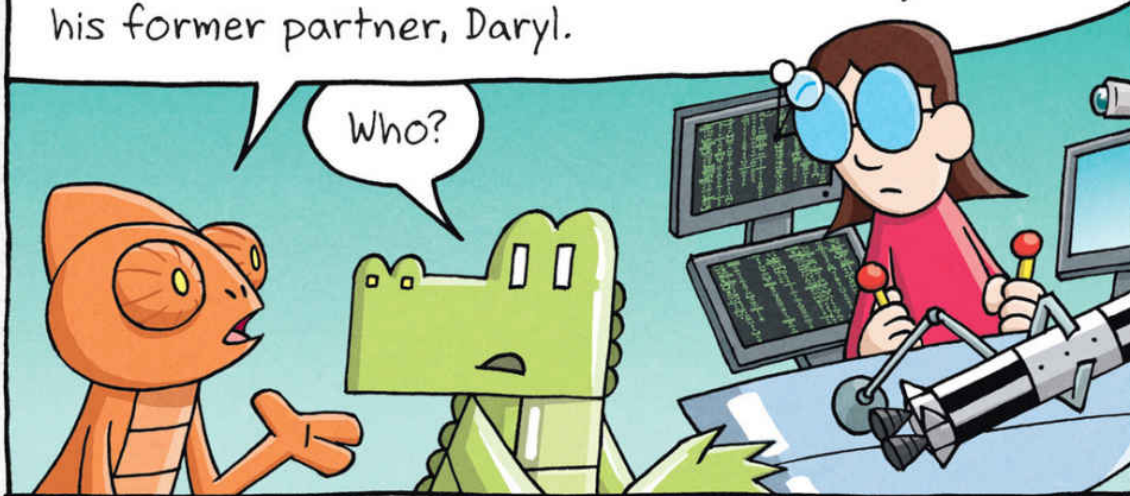
## Chapter 8

Back at S.U.I.T.'s underground headquarters...





Actually, Monocle, that's not the only reason we're here. RoboBrash seems to have *no memory* of his former partner, Daryl.

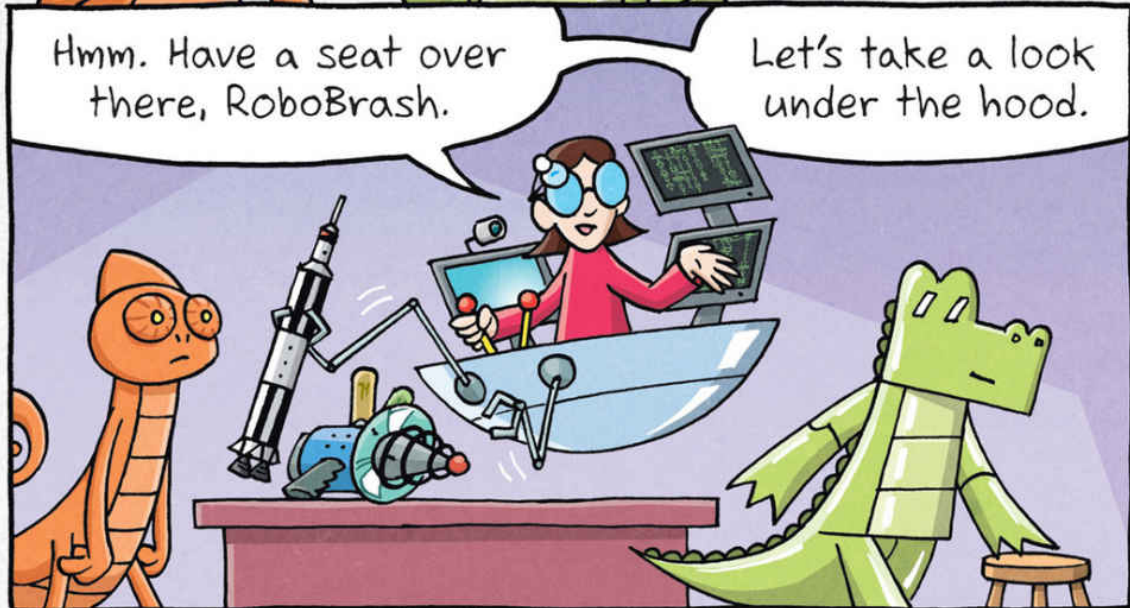


See? Any mention of Daryl, or Crackerdile, or Waffledile and he draws a blank!

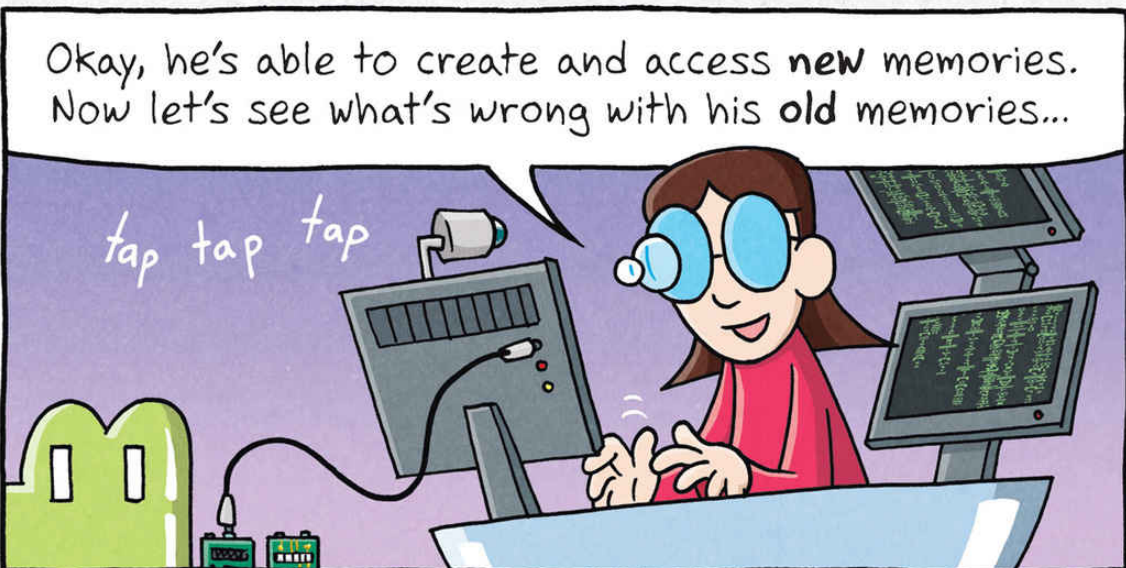
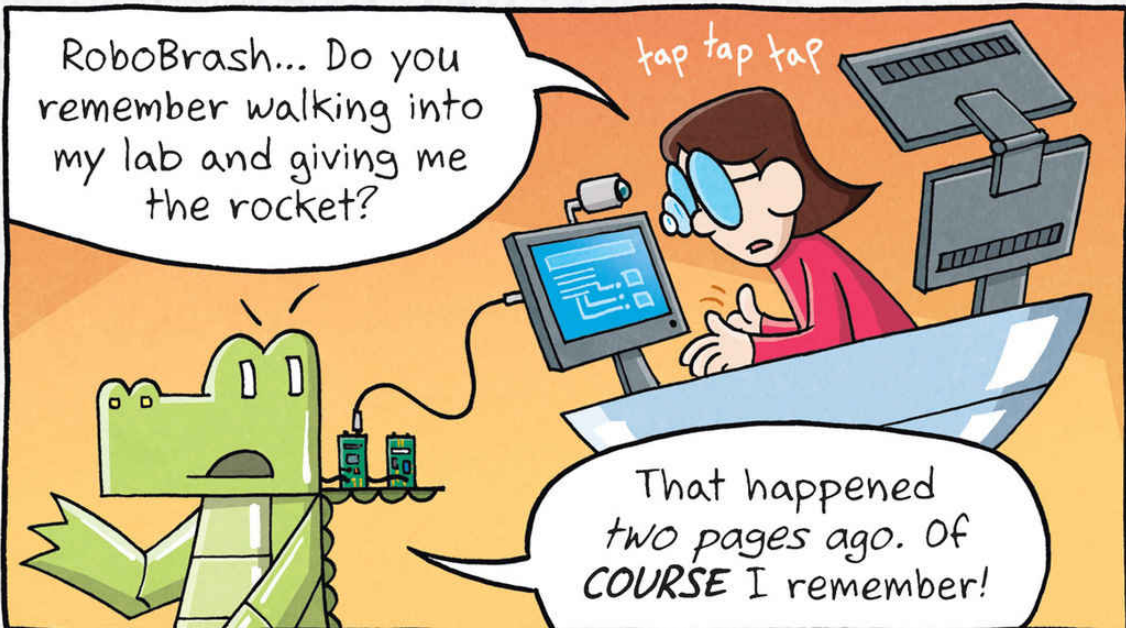
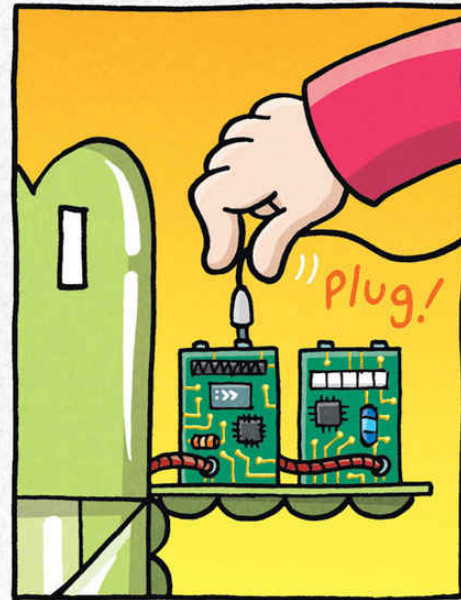
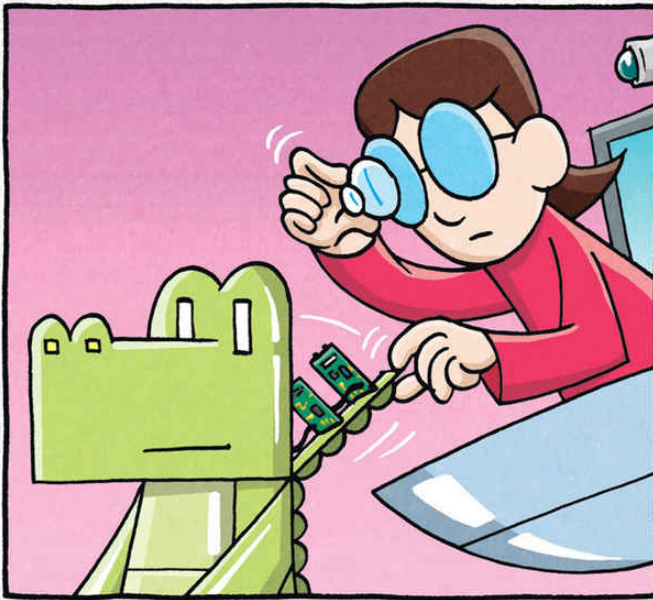


Hmm. Have a seat over there, RoboBrash.

Let's take a look under the hood.









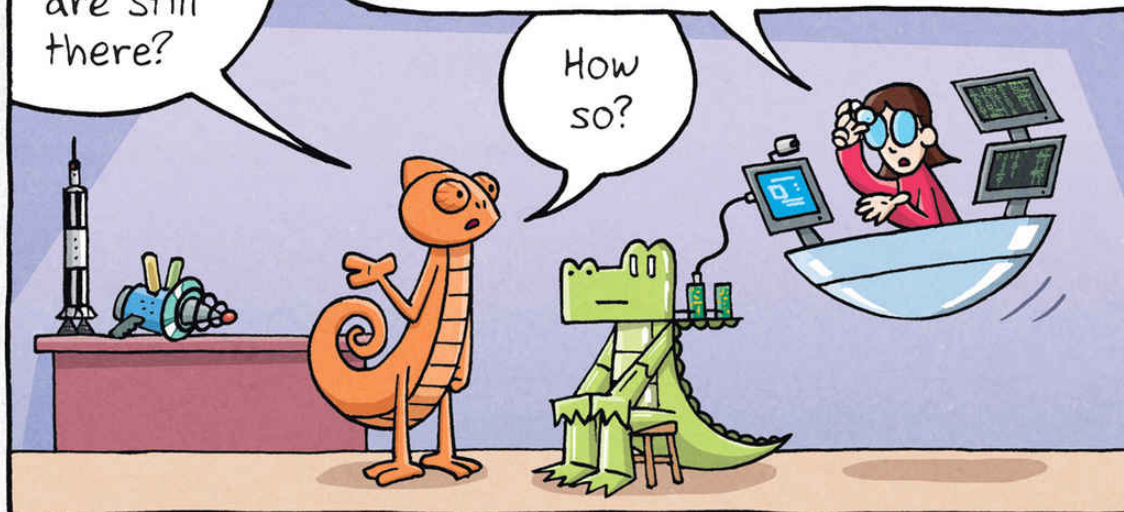
Huh. All of Brash's old memories are intact. But he can't access any memory directly related to *Daryl* because they've been *locked* inside *ONE GIANT FILE*!



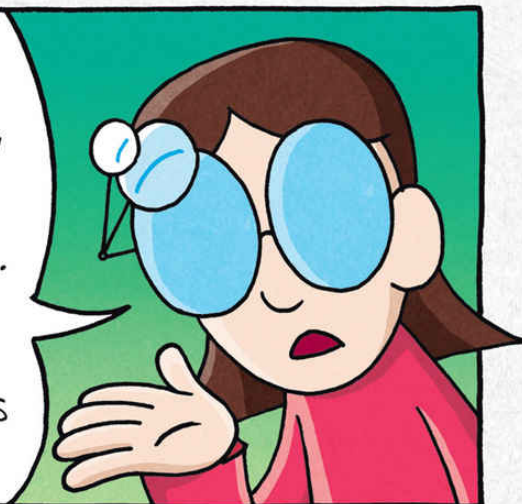
Then the memories are still there?

Yes. But since he can't access them, it's kinda like he's...**FORGOTTEN** them.

How so?

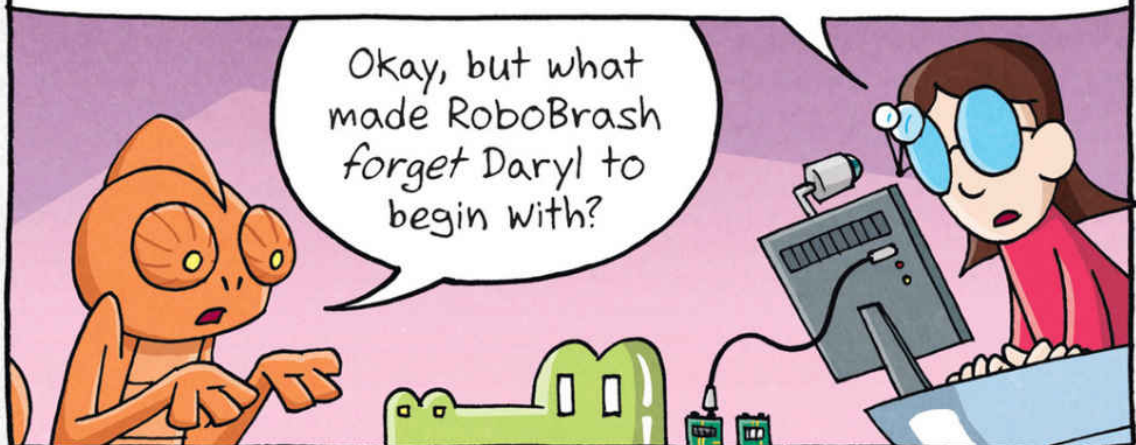


When you **forget** something, it doesn't mean the thoughts aren't still *buried* in your head somewhere. You may not even realize you've forgotten them. But then you'll **see**, or **hear**, or **smell** something, and **BAM!** *JUST LIKE THAT*, those memories suddenly come rushing back!



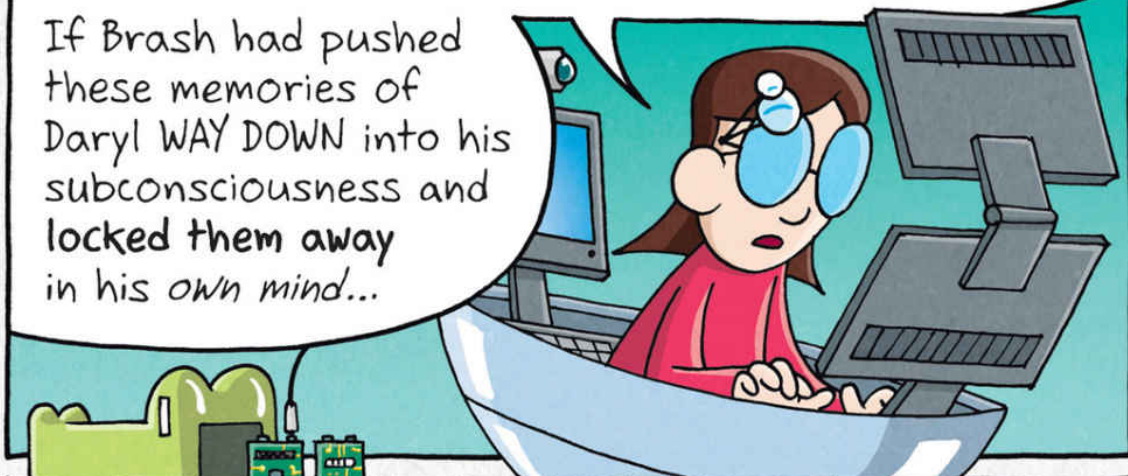


For RoboBrash, these *forgotten* memories can't be remembered unless something **specific** triggers them.

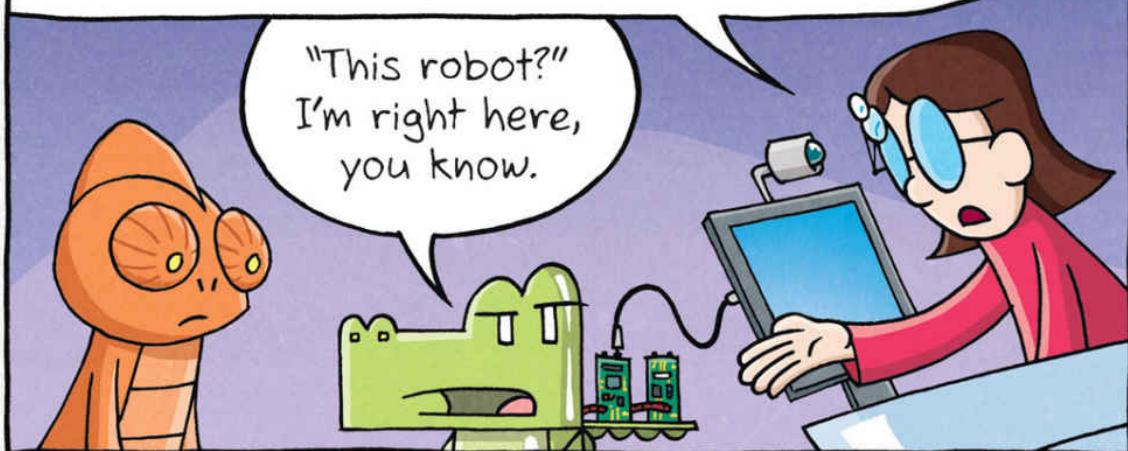


Well, the Head Scientist made copies of Brash's memories *AFTER* Brash was already in the hospital.

If Brash had pushed these memories of Daryl **WAY DOWN** into his subconsciousness and **locked them away** in his *own mind*...



...then when they were uploaded to this robot's mind, they'd have gotten locked away as well!



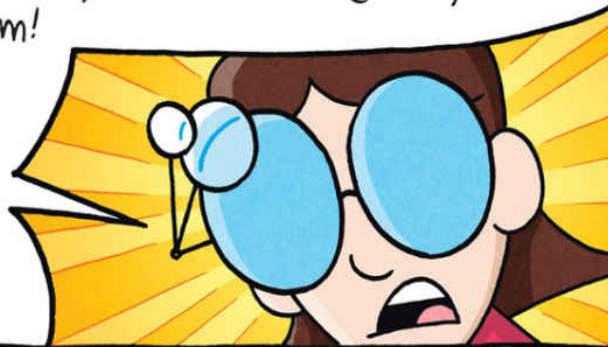




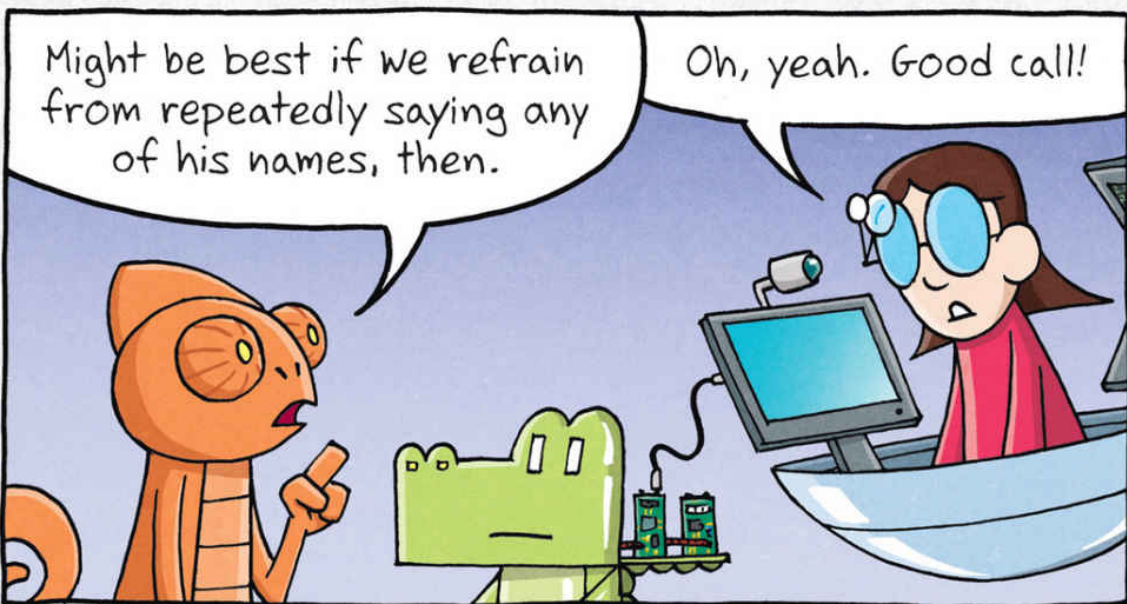
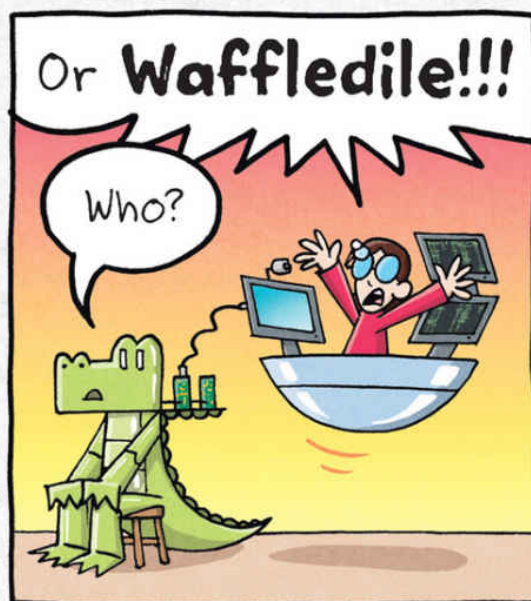
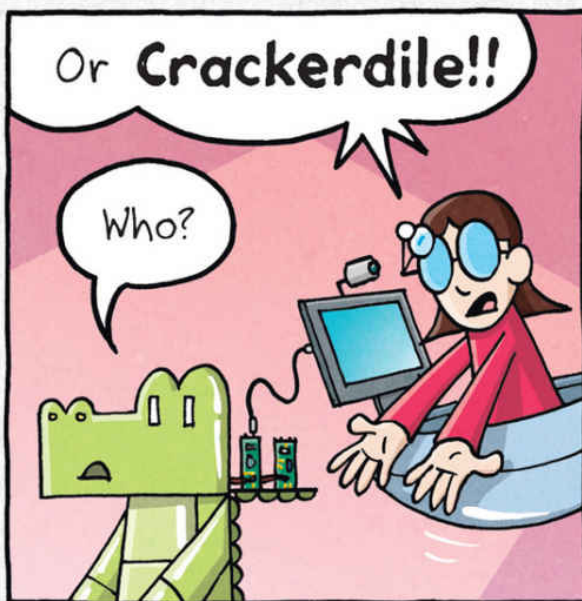
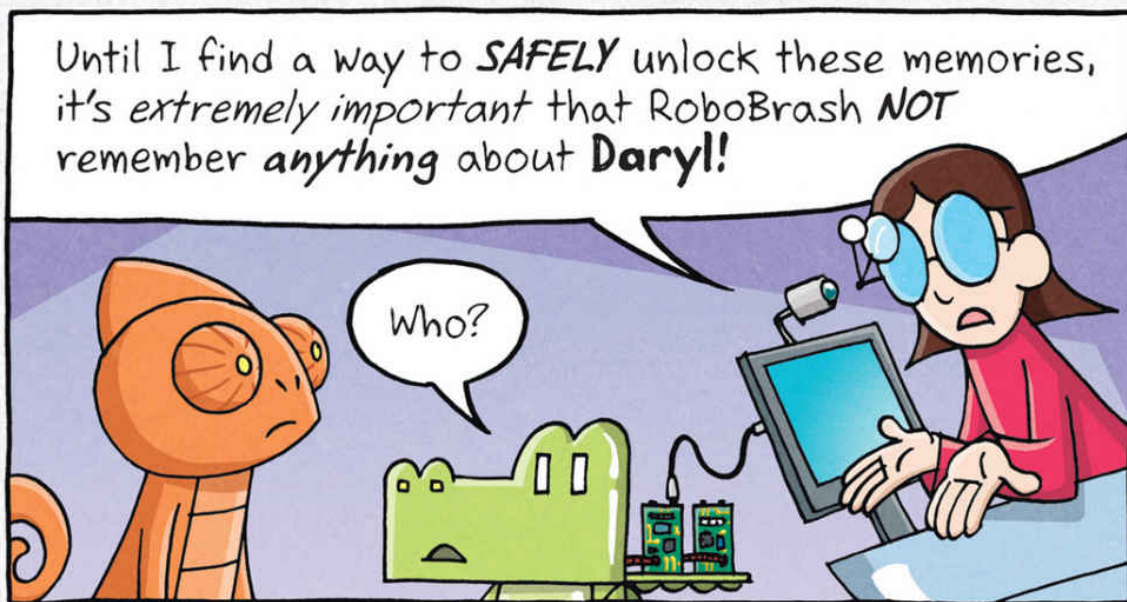
But if Mango is right that a *memory* of Daryl is what's keeping Brash from waking up, then we *have* to find a way to *remind* RoboBrash of the memory, so that he can remember **ALL THE MEMORIES!**



All those memories are locked in **ONE GIANT FILE**. If RoboBrash accesses them *all at once*, **WHO KNOWS** what kind of havoc *suddenly* remembering Daryl could have on his system! If he's unable to process the memories, he could have a **MELTDOWN!** Or even **SELF-DESTRUCT!**

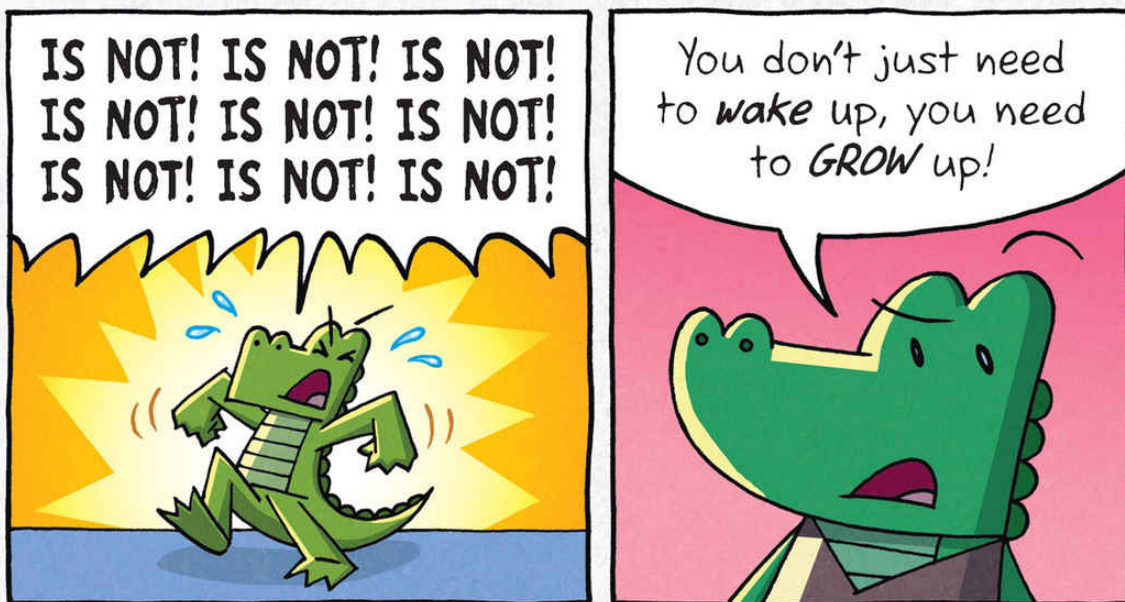
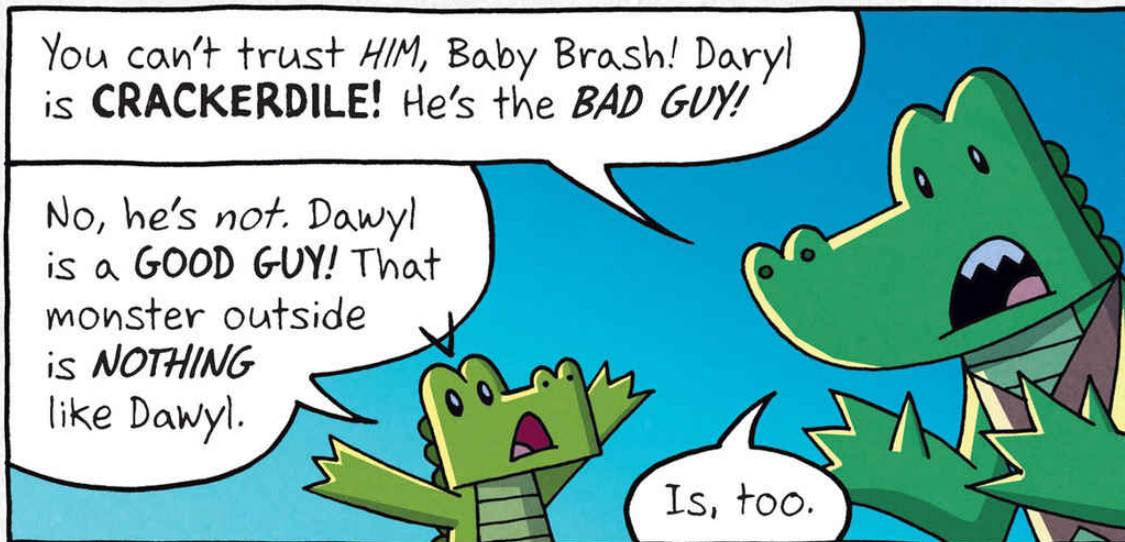








## Chapter 9

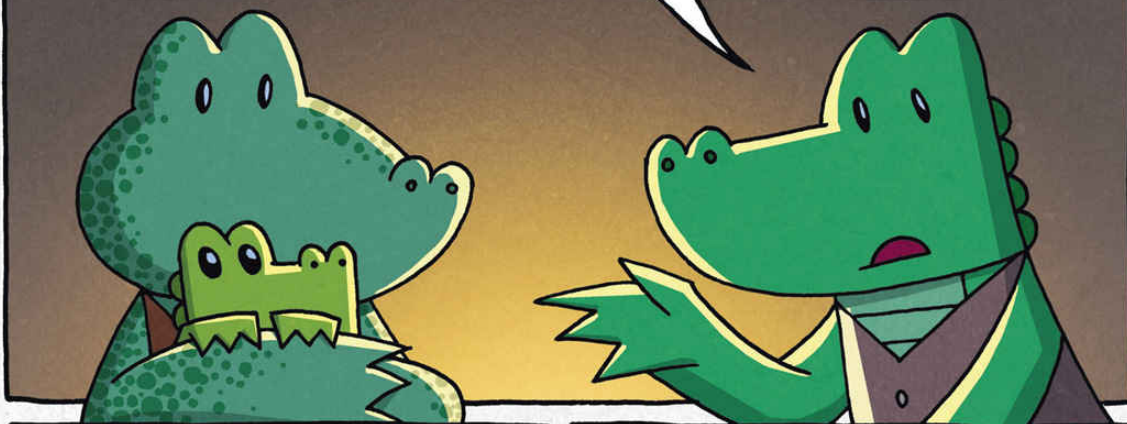








I know what's going on, Baby Brash. You've never forgiven yourself for letting your partner down. You *blame yourself* for what happened to him.



Oh, but Mango... That's **YOU** you're talking about.



Huh?

Don't **YOU** blame **YOURSELF** for letting **YOUR** partner down?



What?

Isn't it **YOUR** fault that Brash got hurt and now **I** have to keep him safe?



Well, I guess, but—



**DAWYL is WIGHT!** You didn't keep me *safe*, Mango! *WHY DIDN'T YOU SAVE ME?*

I'm sorry, Brash! But...I'm here to save you now!

This memory of Daryl isn't keeping you *safe*—it's keeping you **AFRAID!**

And if you don't *face your fear* you'll be locked in here **FOREVER!**

**NO!** I don't wanna! You're not my fwiend!

**YES, I AM!** It's **DARYL** who's not your friend!

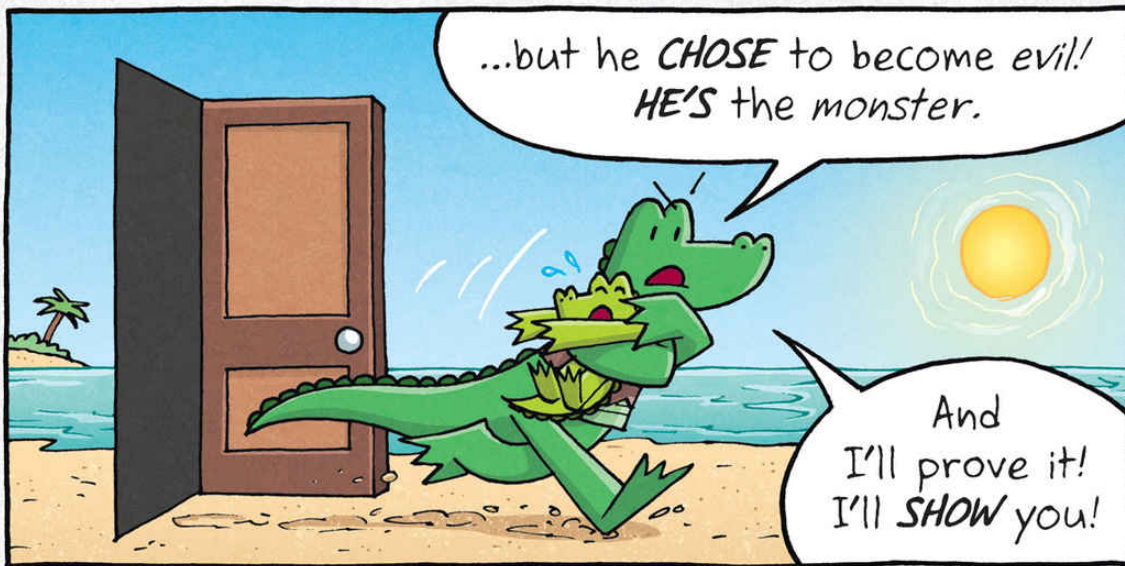




Daryl **USED** to be your friend!



Maybe it's your fault he became a cracker...



...but he **CHOSE** to become evil!  
**HE'S** the monster.

And  
I'll prove it!  
I'll **SHOW** you!

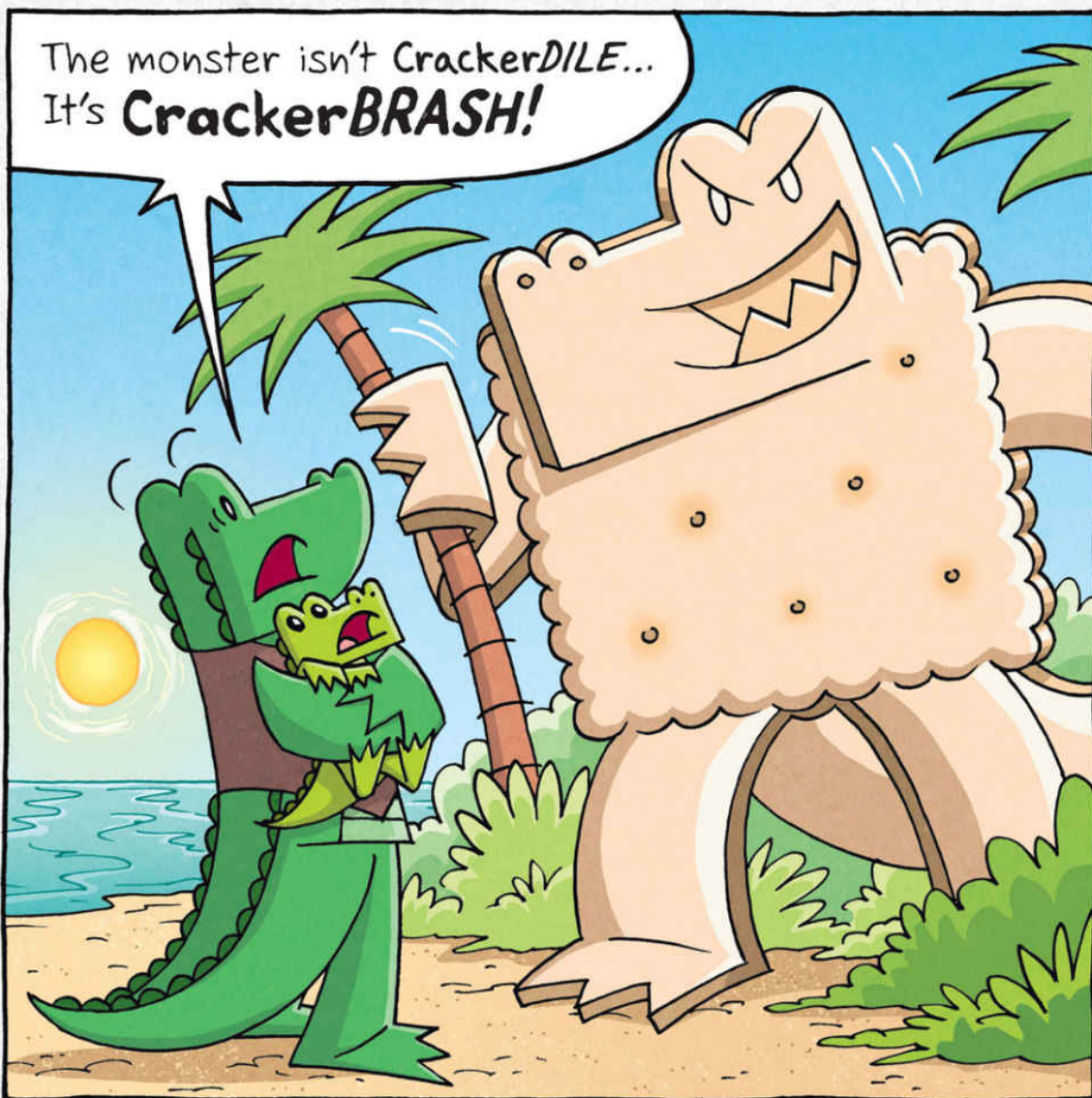


You can try! But you may not like what you find!



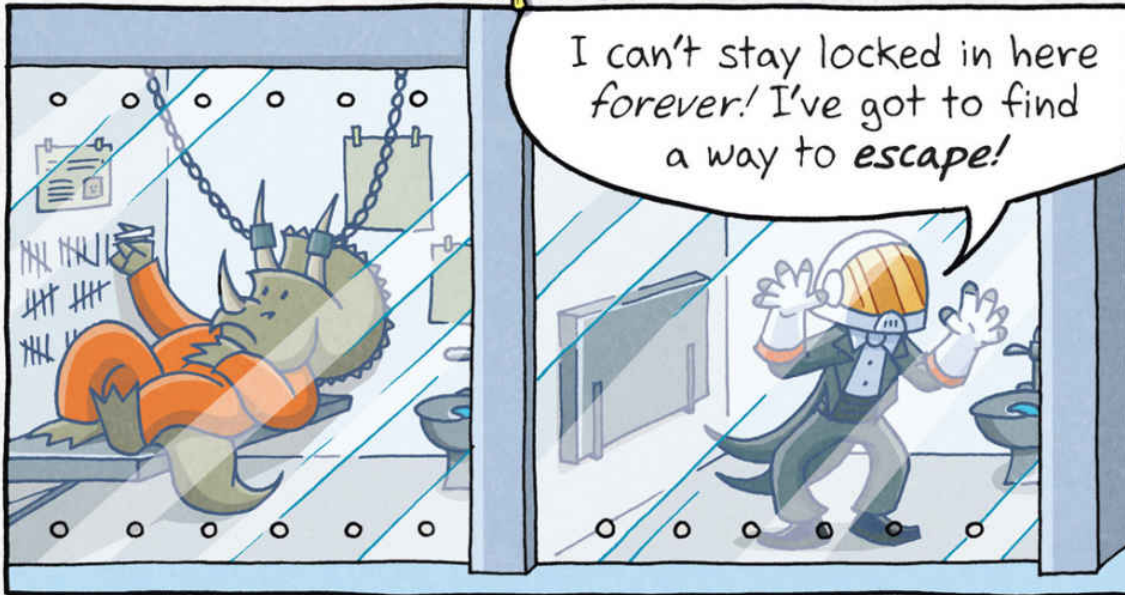
Where are you,  
**Crackerdile?** Come  
out and face us!







## Chapter 10



Ya know, I was an *escape artist* before all this. I even performed at that *opera house* once. My stage show brought the house *DOWN*.



Why'd you give up being an *escape artist* for a life of *crime*?





I just couldn't break the cycle of *bad critic reviews!*



But I showed them! **NOTHING** stops a *triceratops!*



Then why are you still in here?



Keep your **enemies** close and your **ARCHenemies** closer! I'm just waiting for the right time to get revenge on those **GATORS** who put me in here.



I would like revenge, *too!*



You and I have so much in common. We both like theater, we've each put on shows at the opera house, we're villains with the same desire for revenge...





...and I know *exactly* how to *exact* that revenge! With my rocket...



...my **INSTRUMENT of DOOM!**



Instrument of doom? I like the sound of that!



**EVERYONE** will like the sound of it, if I may toot my own horn for a moment.



I just need to get it back!

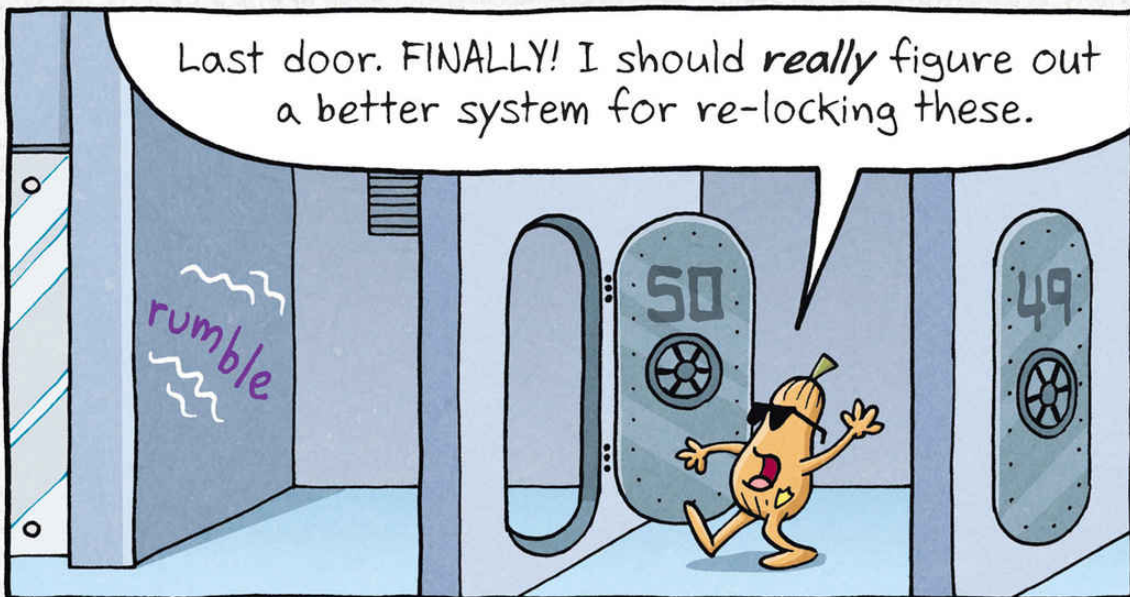
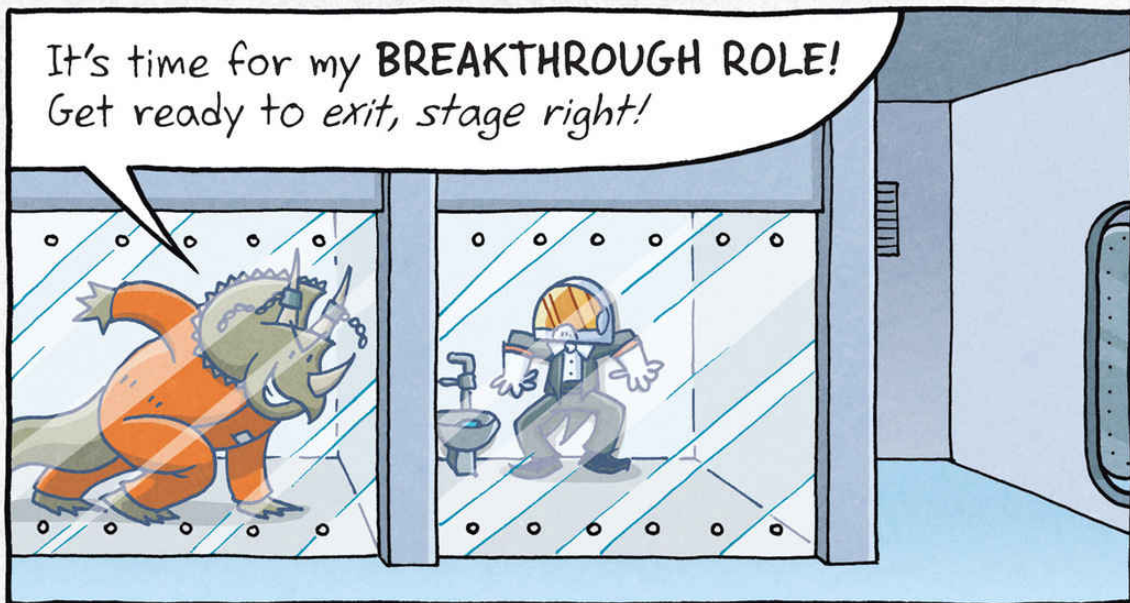
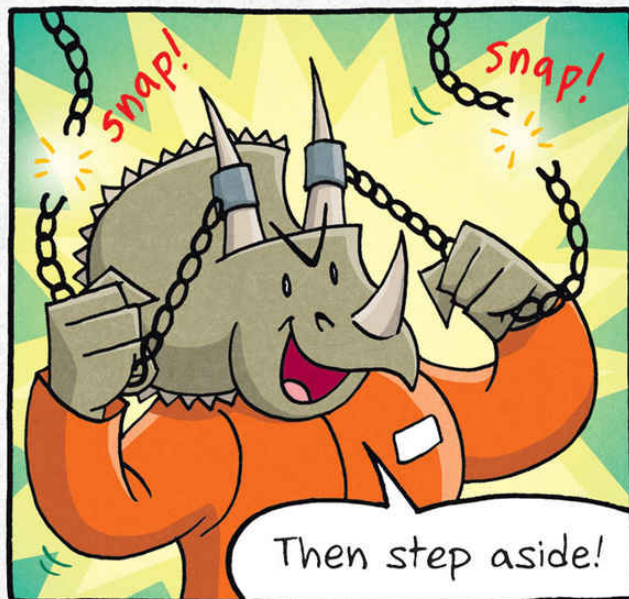


I might be able to help you with that. I'm normally a **solo act**, but I'm willing to share the spotlight.

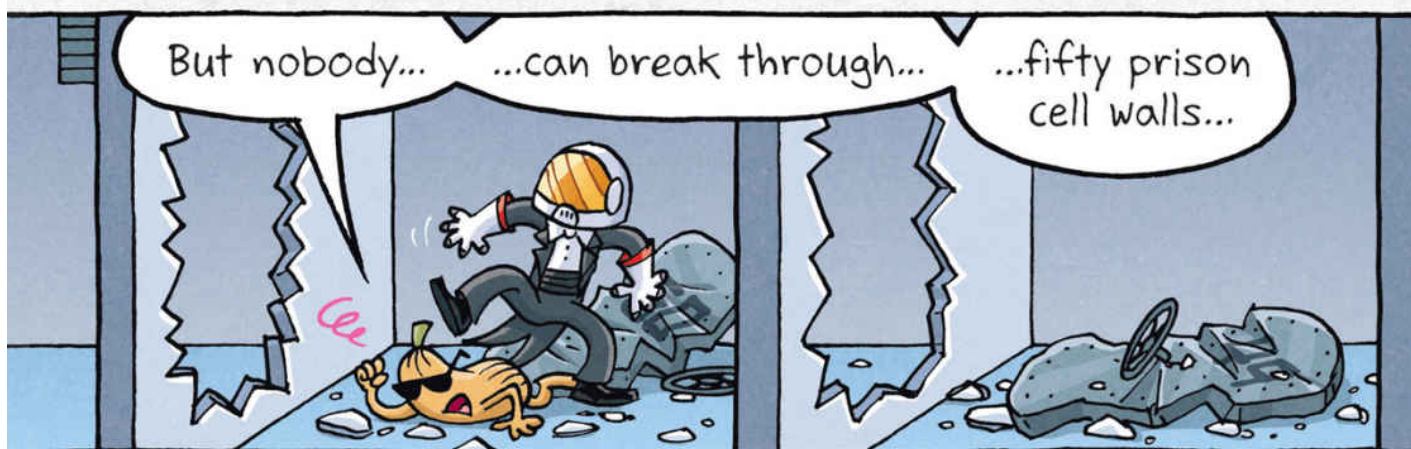
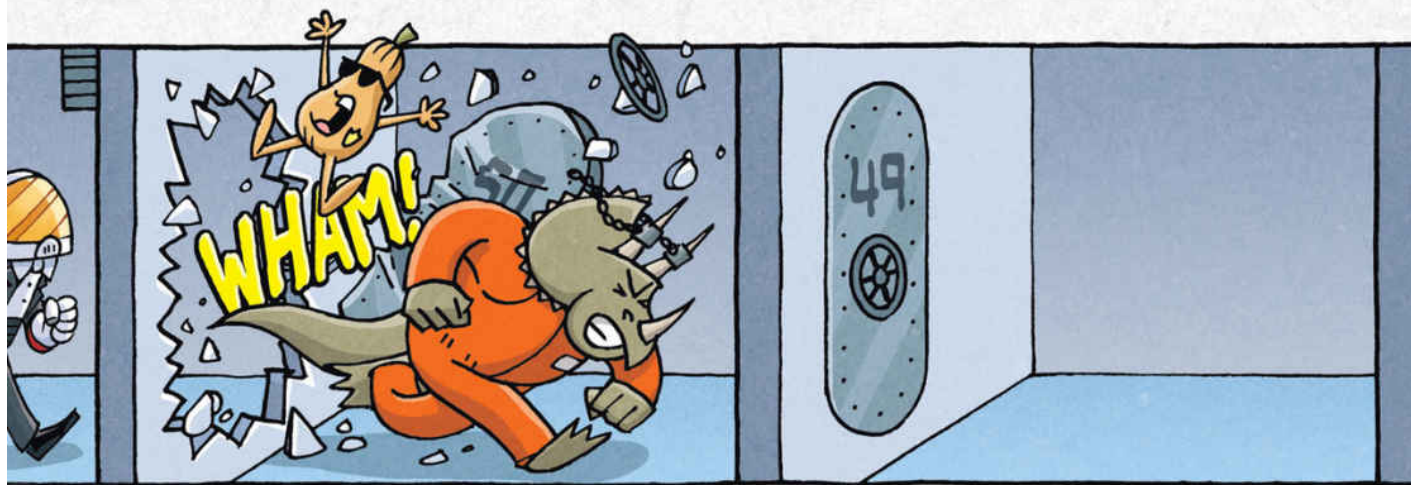


Like...an *evil duet*?

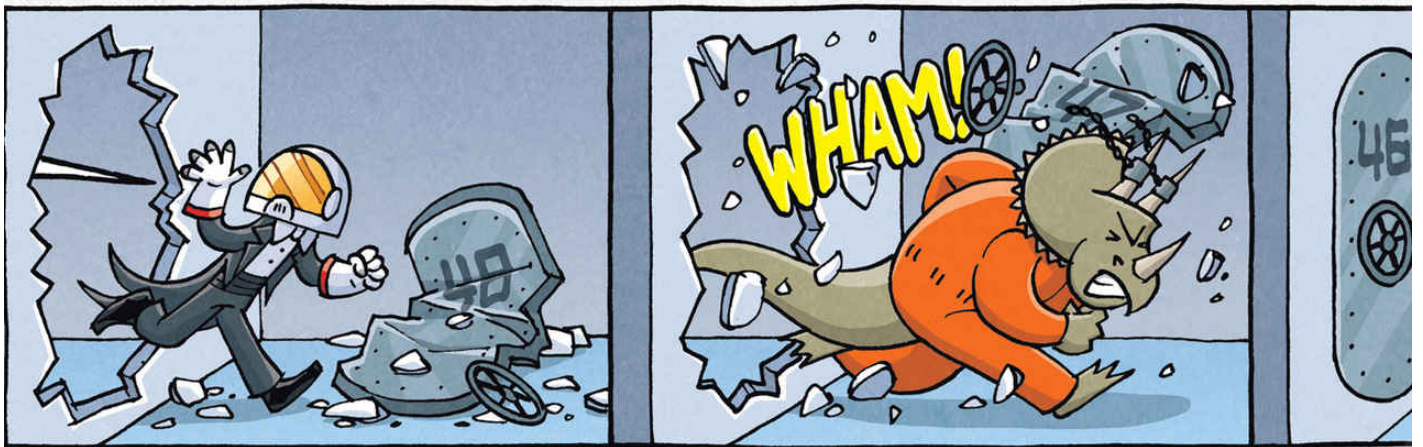
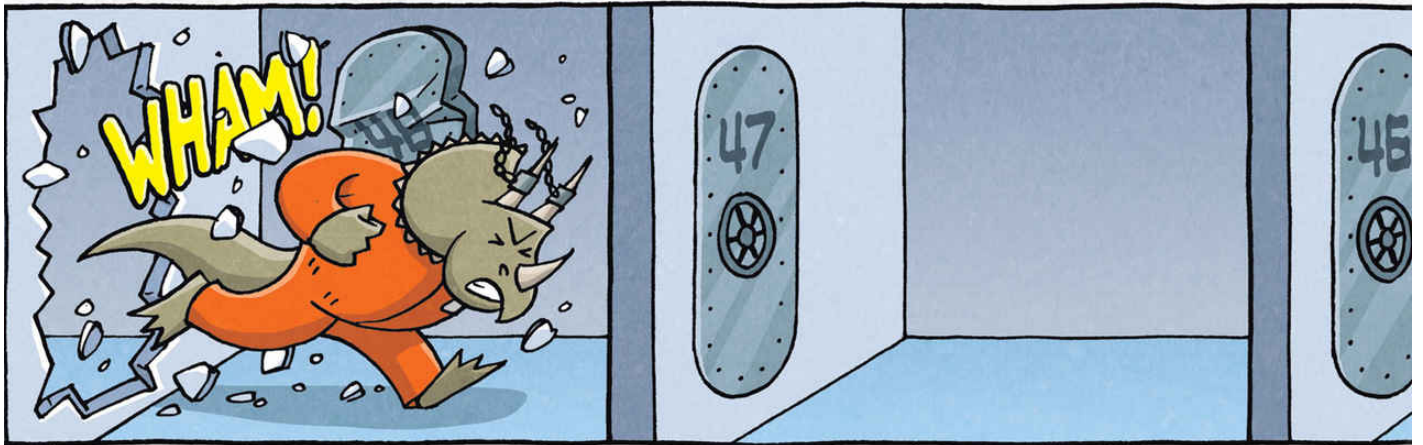
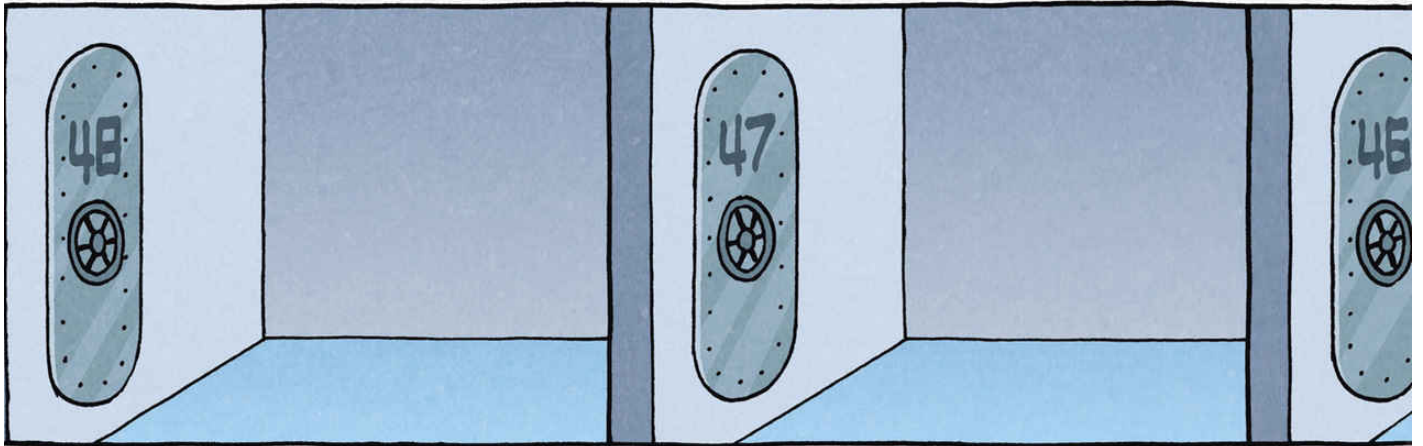
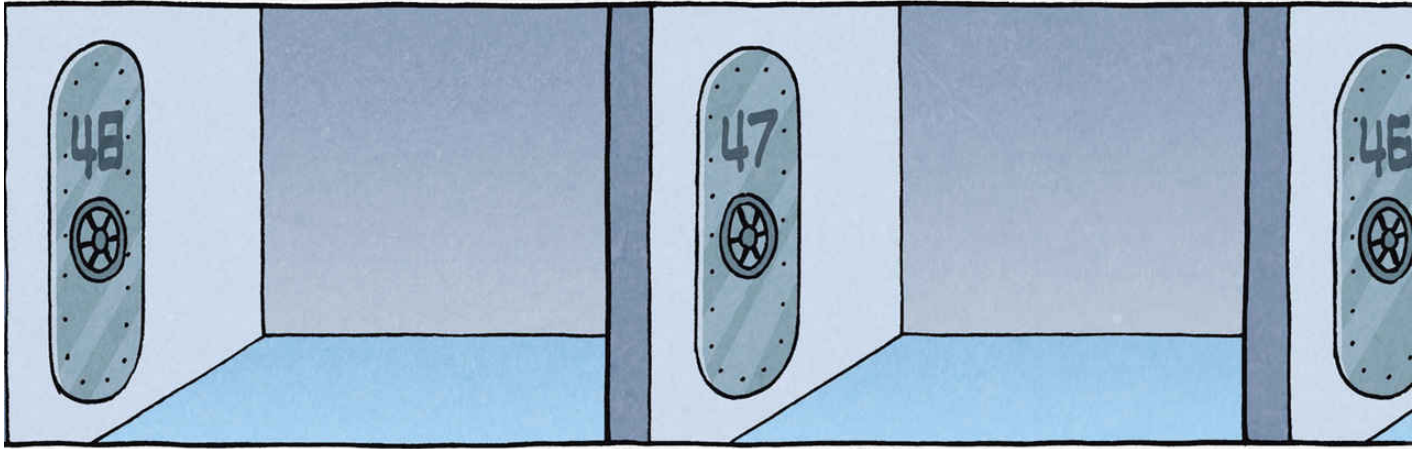




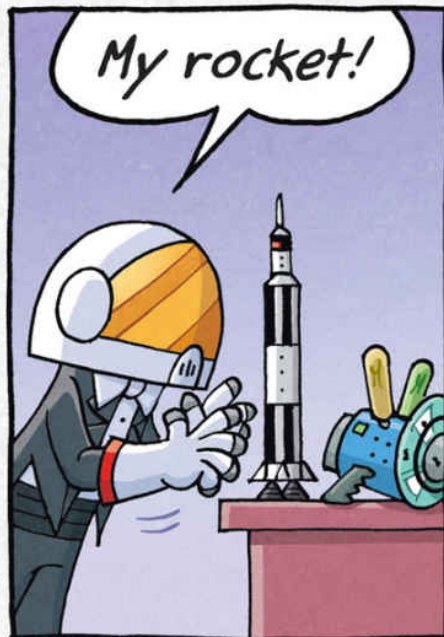
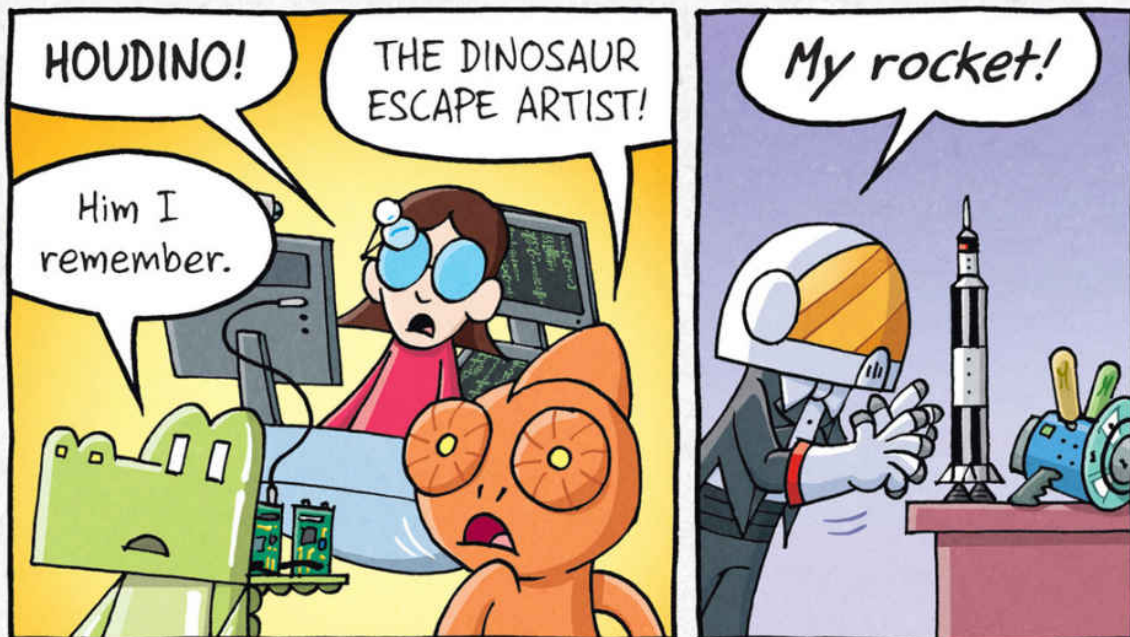
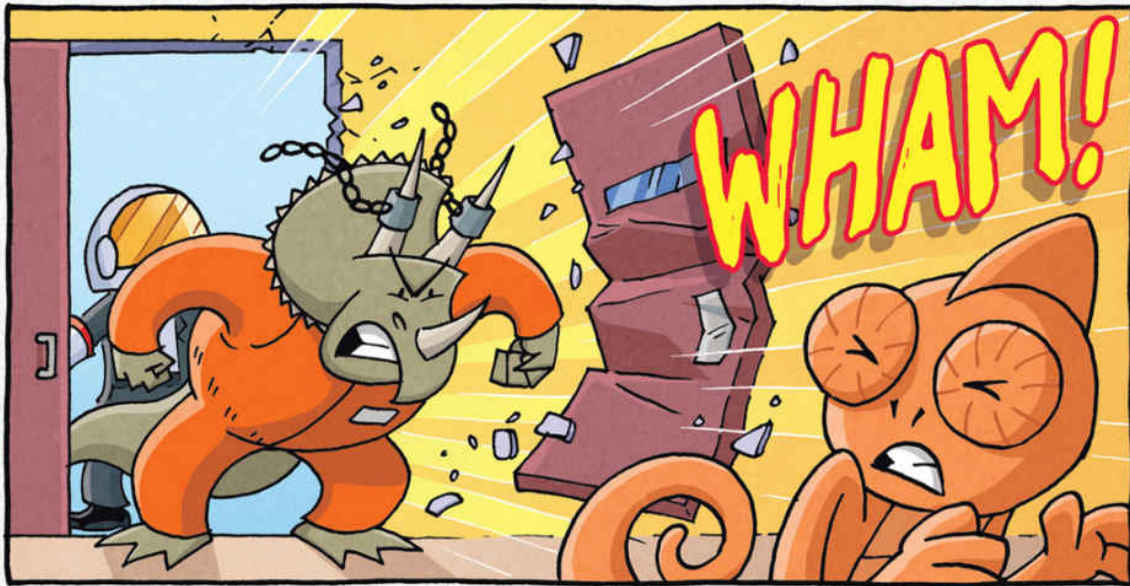
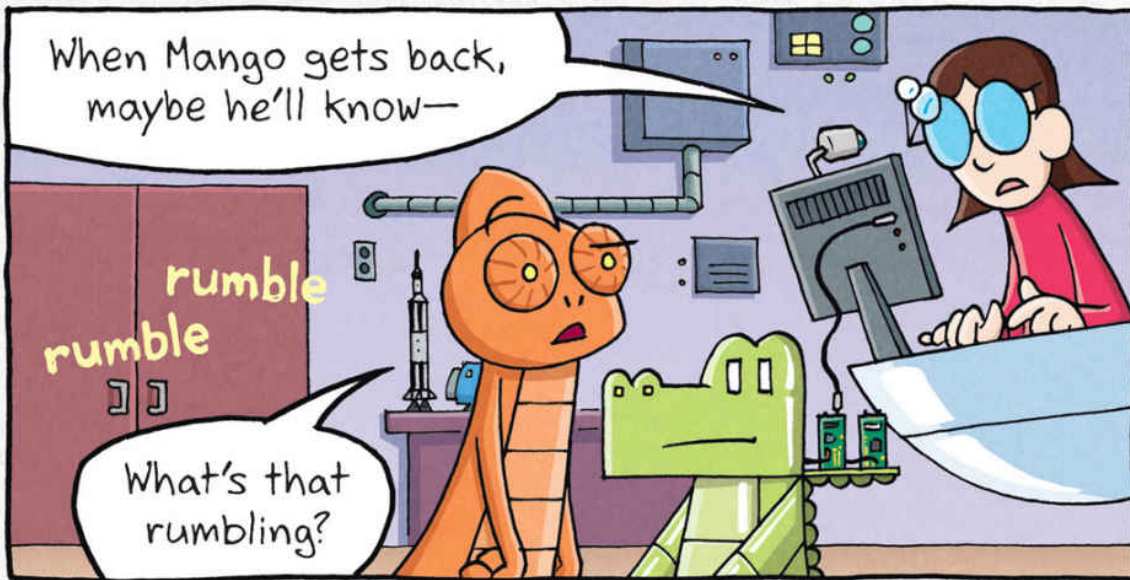




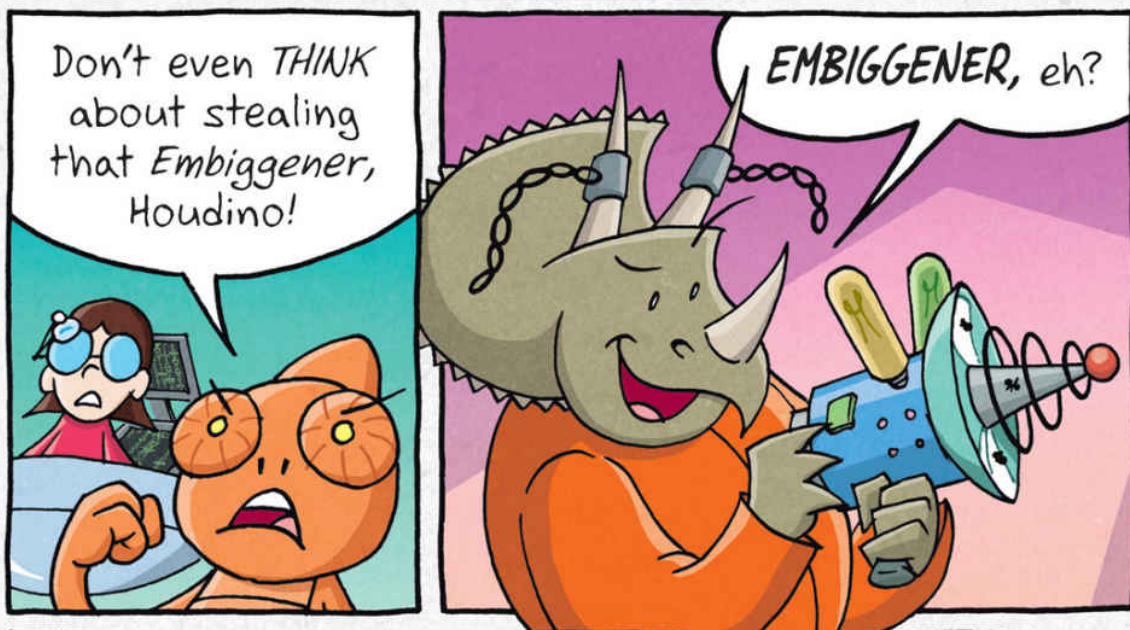




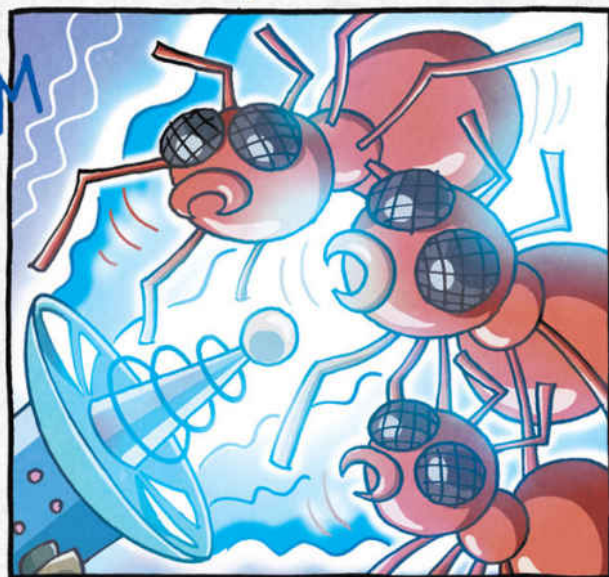
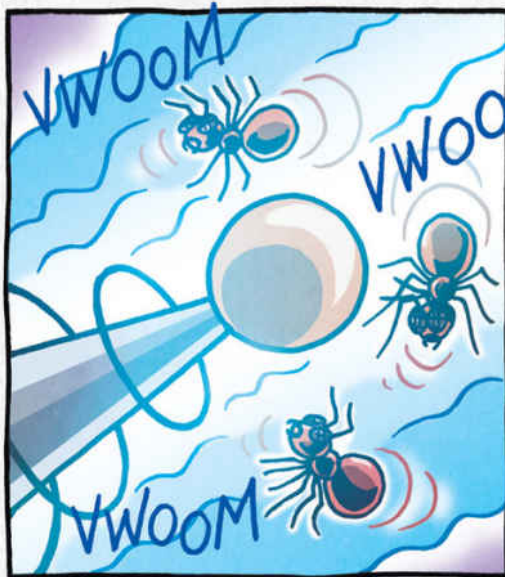
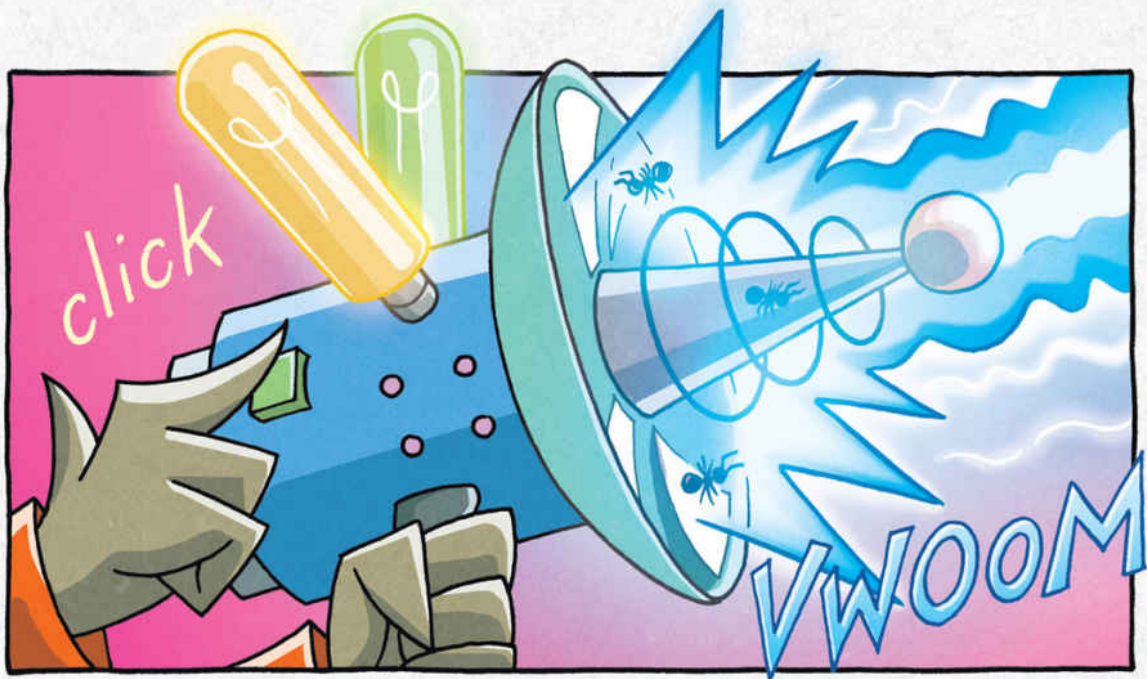








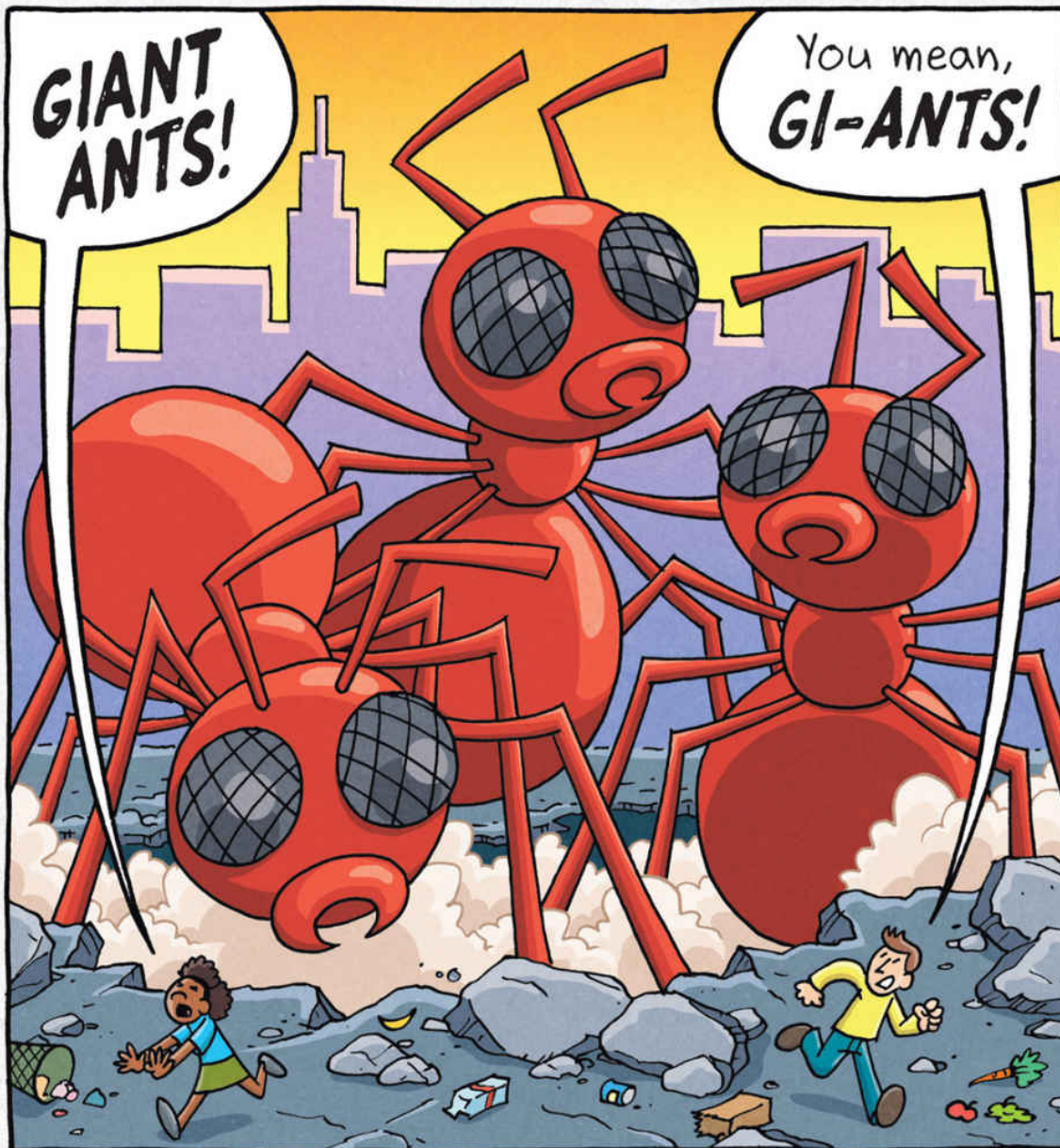




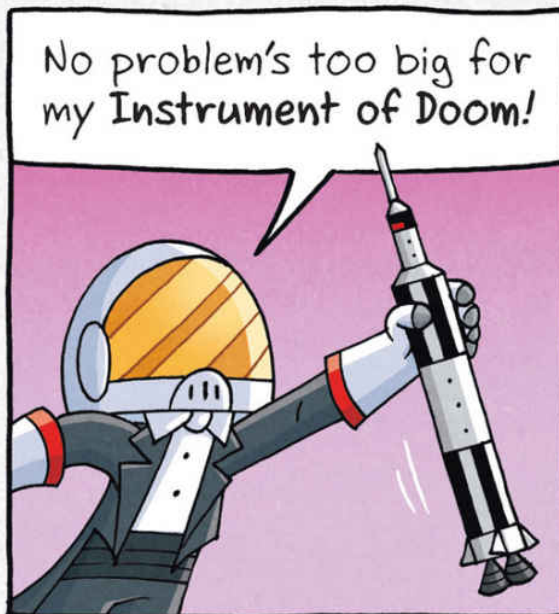
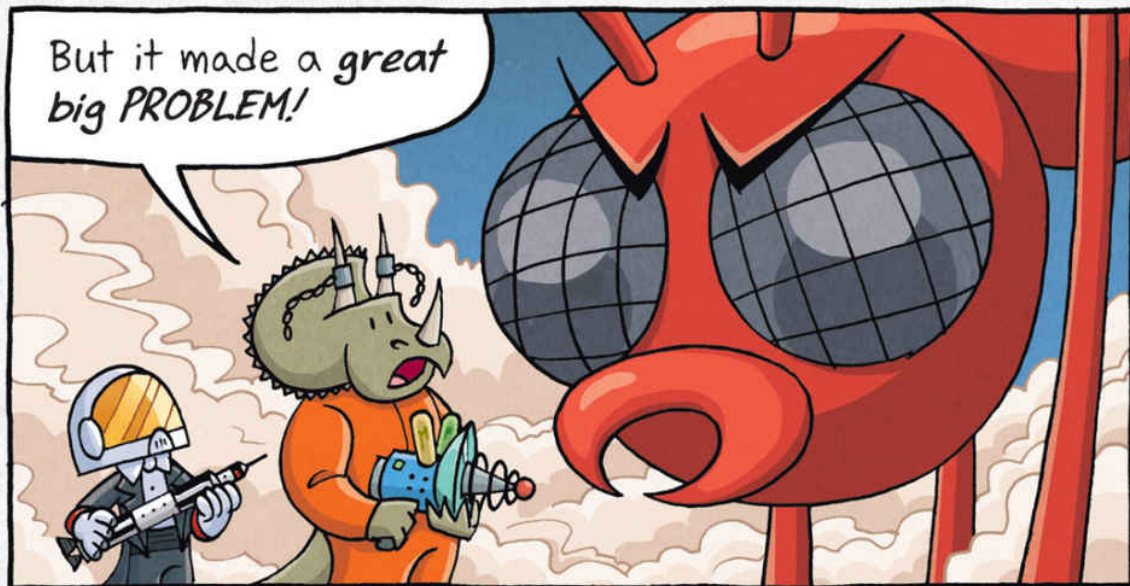
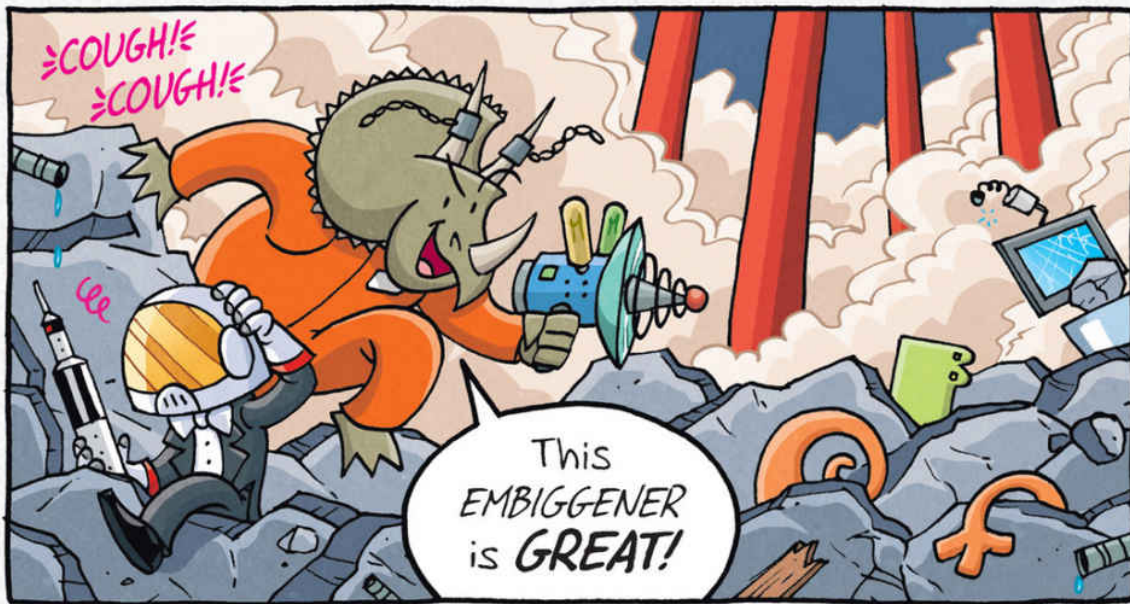




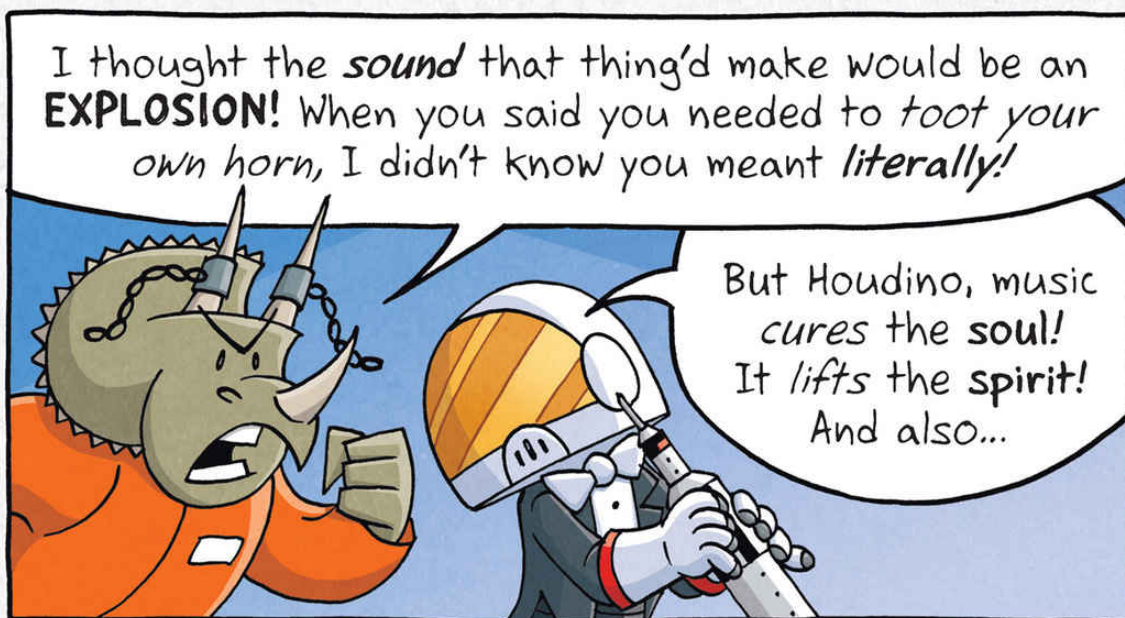
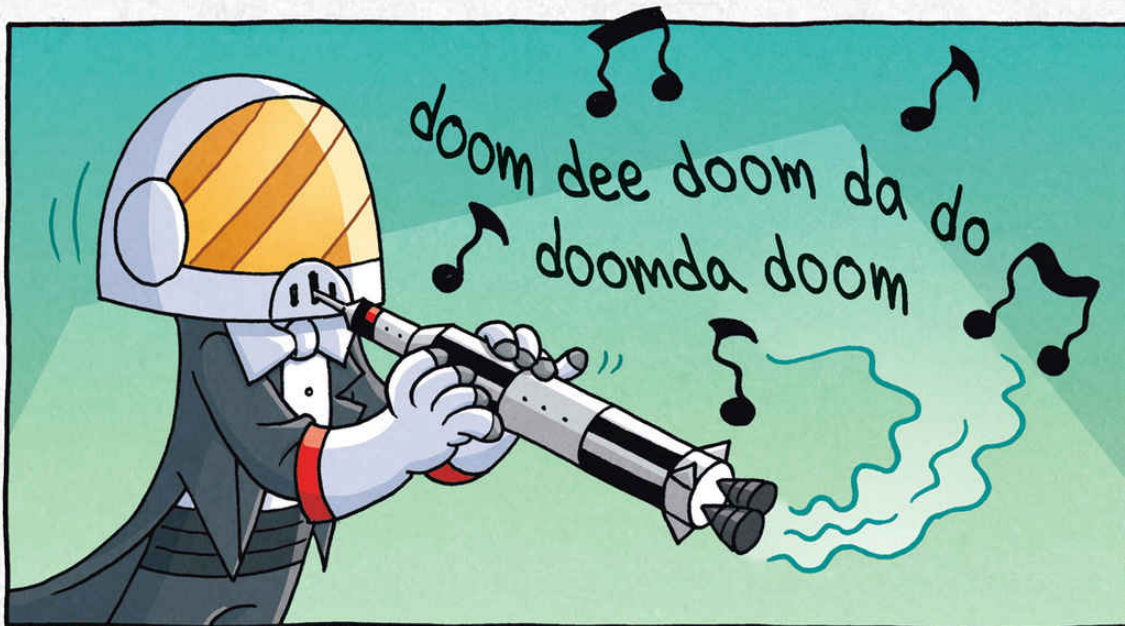




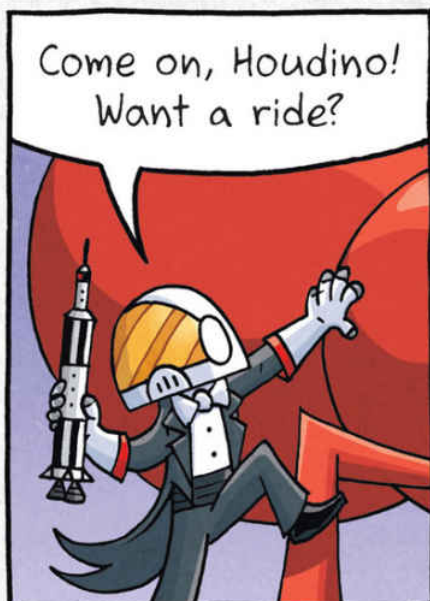
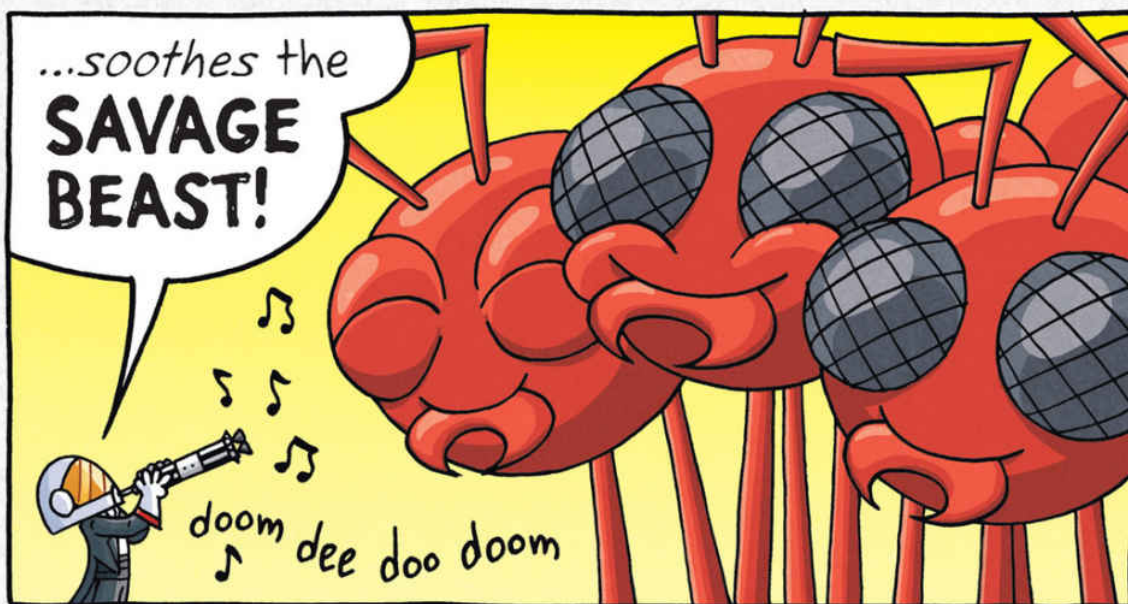




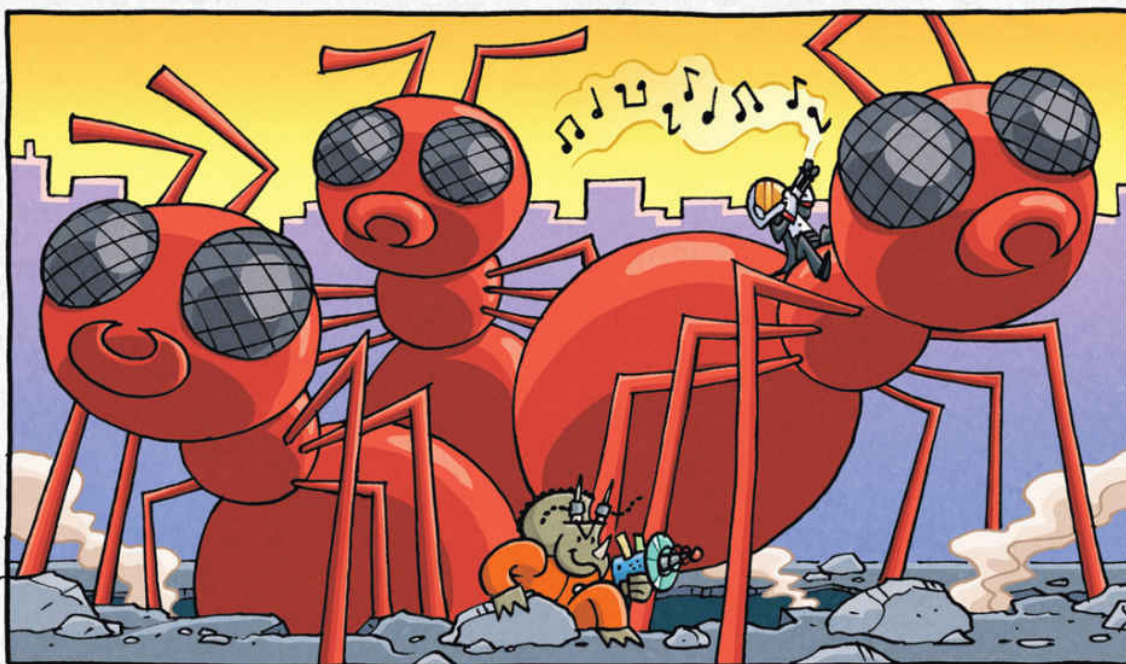
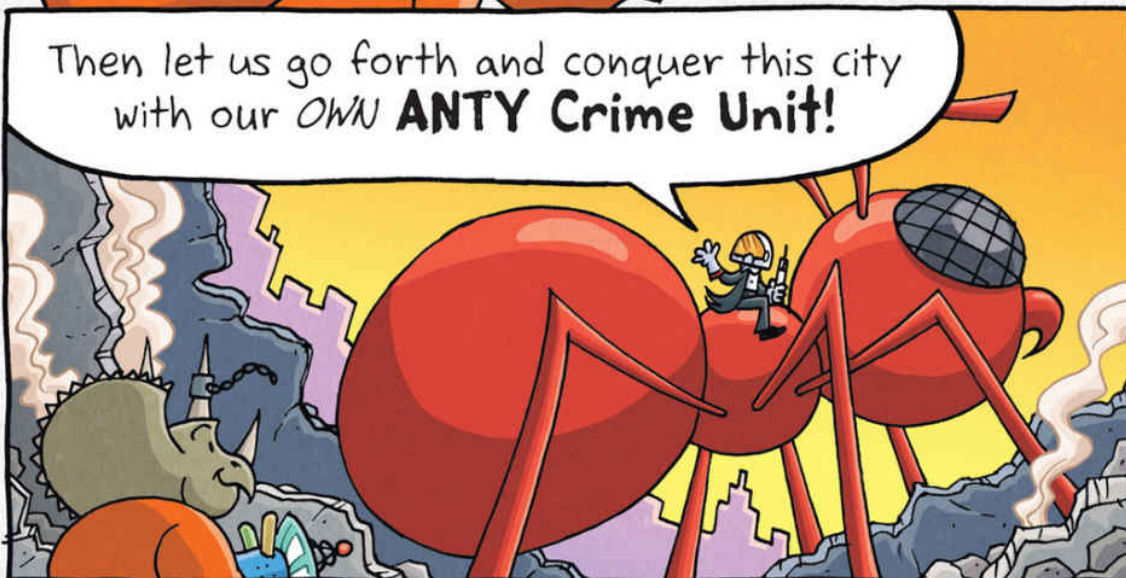






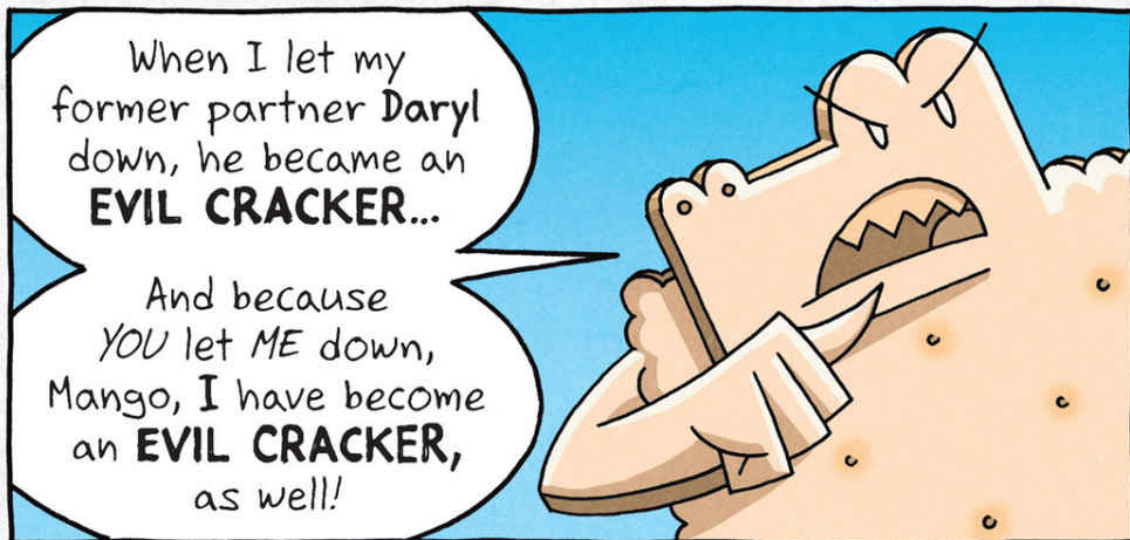




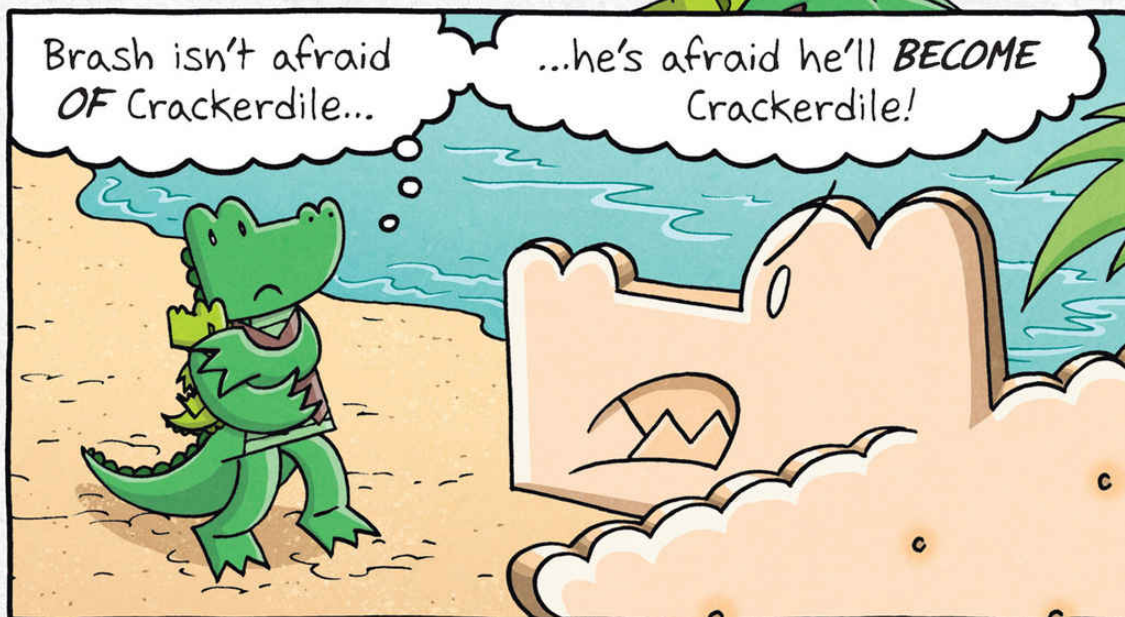
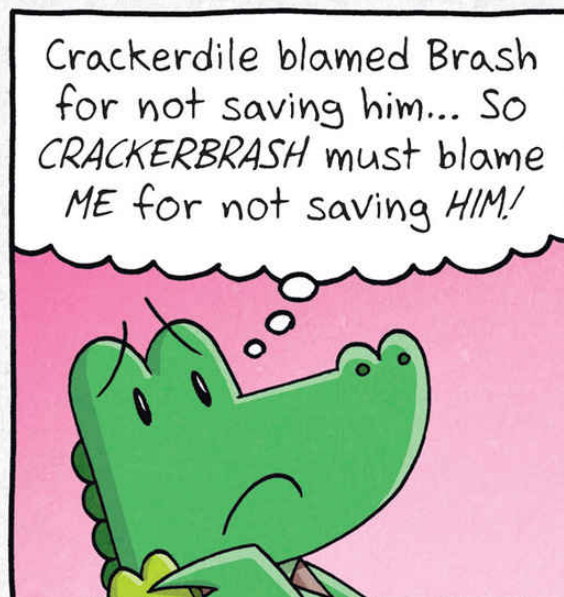




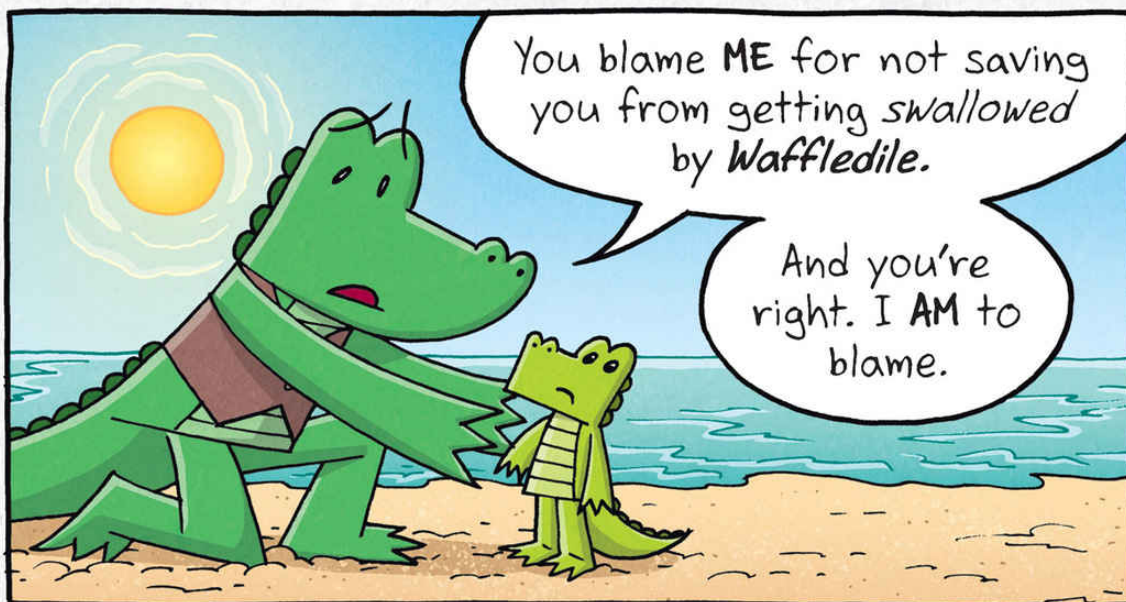
## Chapter 11





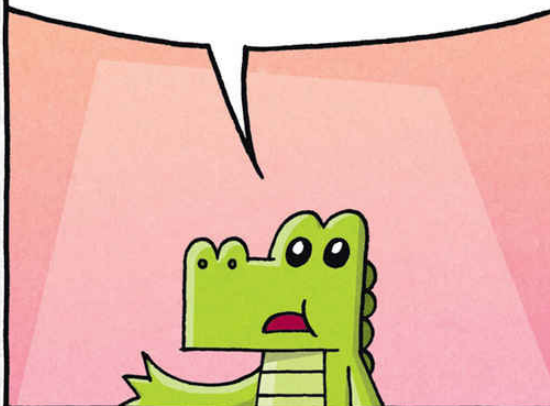




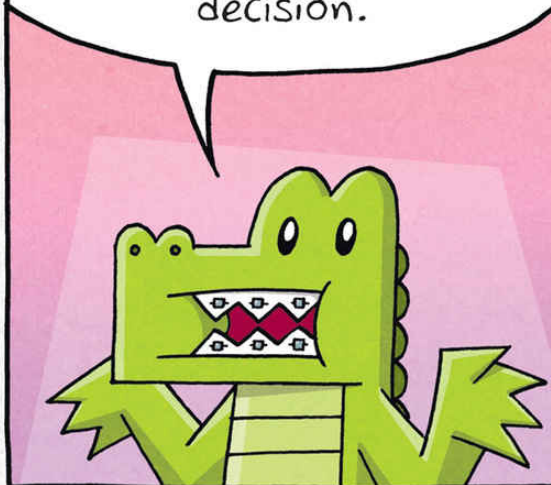




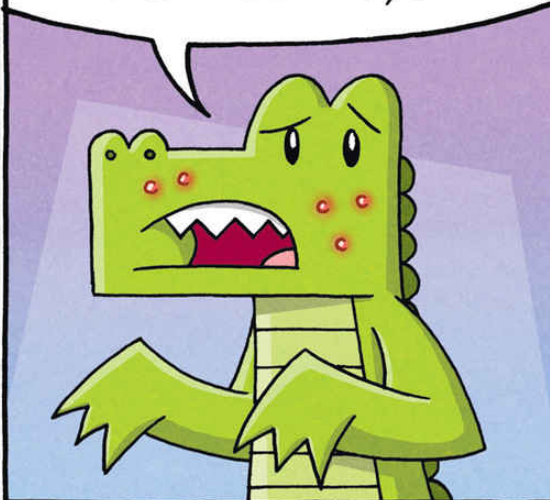
Waffledile swallowing me wasn't your fault. I told you that stopping *him* was more important than saving *me*. *THAT* was the mission. I *insisted* that sacrificing me was for the **Gweater Good**.



*You* had to make one of the hardest decisions anyone could ever expect to. But *I've* been afraid to face the consequences of your decision.



I never thought I'd survive! Just as I never thought Daryl survived falling into radioactive saltine dough. And I instantly feared that I'd become *just like Crackerdile*...and then take it out on you.

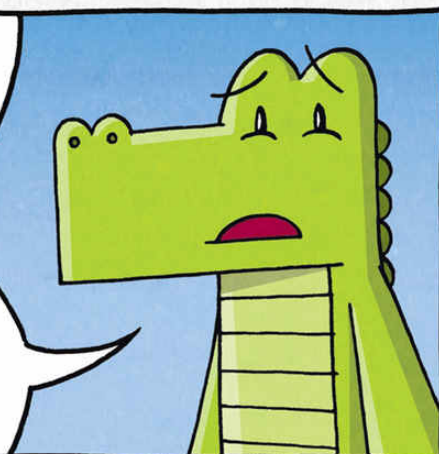


So I retreated into my mind, where my memories of Daryl, from *before* he became Crackerdile, made me feel *safe* and *innocent*... But I've just been hiding from the truth.





I didn't want to deal with the **guilt** and **anger** I feel over what I let happen to Daryl. I wanted to **forget** that he turned into a **monster**. And that allowed my **fears** to trap me here...abandoning you out there in the real world.



You didn't let **ME** down, Mango. I've let **YOU** down.

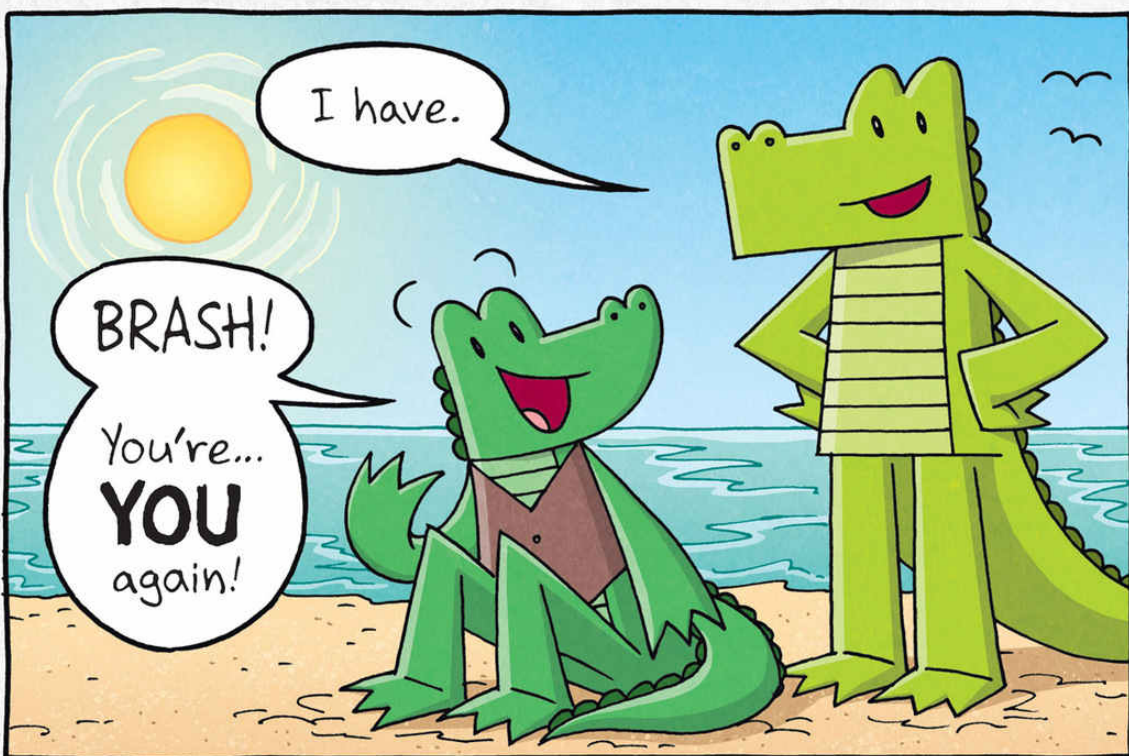


Wow. These are some **very mature themes** you're addressing. It sounds like you've had a lot of character growth...

I have.

BRASH!

You're...  
**YOU**  
again!









## Chapter 12







Houdino and the  
Maestronaut have broken  
out of the Maximum  
Security Prison, leaving  
S.U.I.T. Headquarters  
in *RUINS!* Now they're  
terrorizing the city with  
**GIANT ANTS!**

Prison breakout?  
Giant ants? Now,  
that's what I call  
**NEWSWORTHY!**



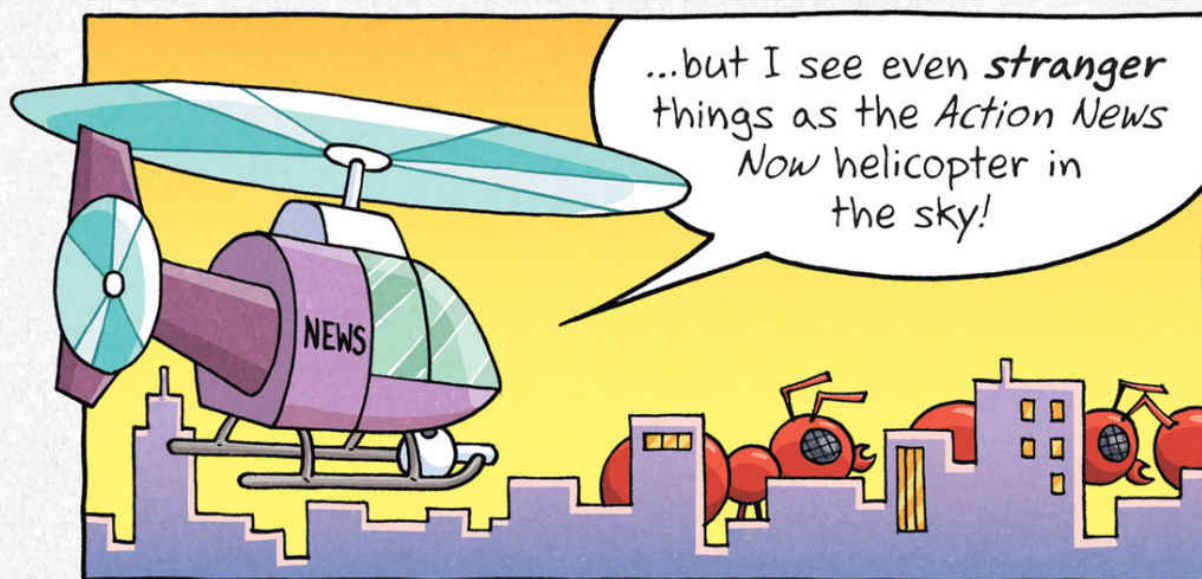
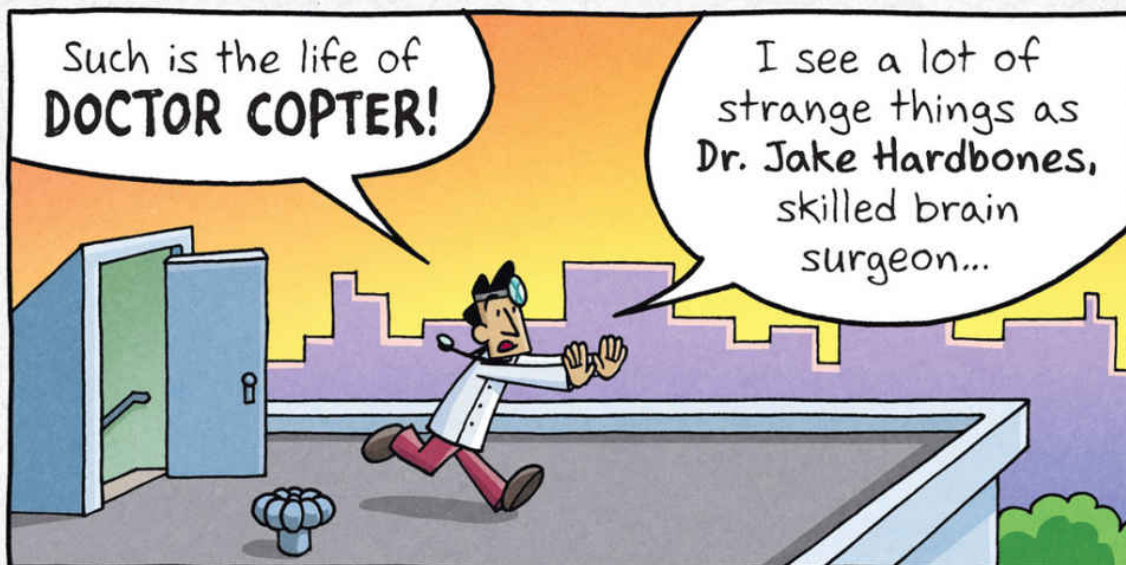
I can already feel the  
uncontrollable urge to  
**transform** coming on...



Mustn't change here... Have to resist  
until I get to the *rooftop!*

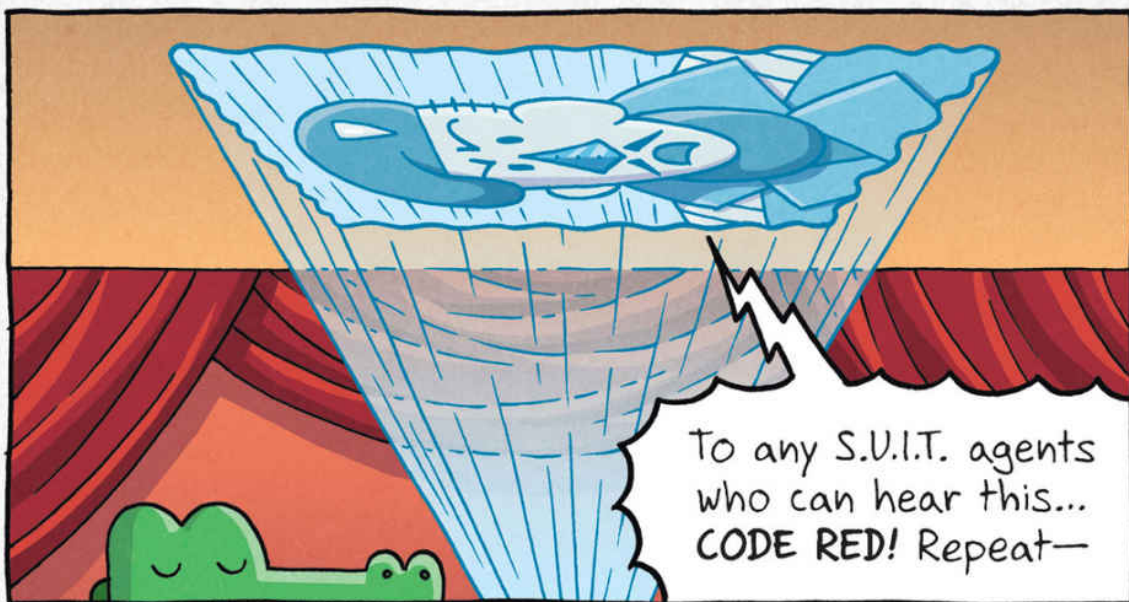
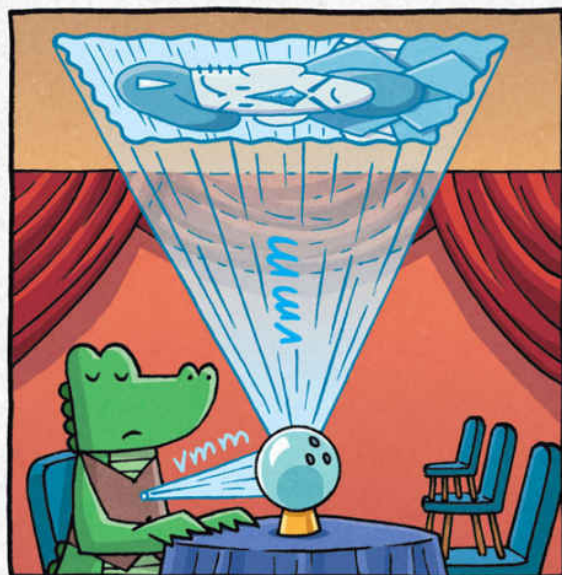
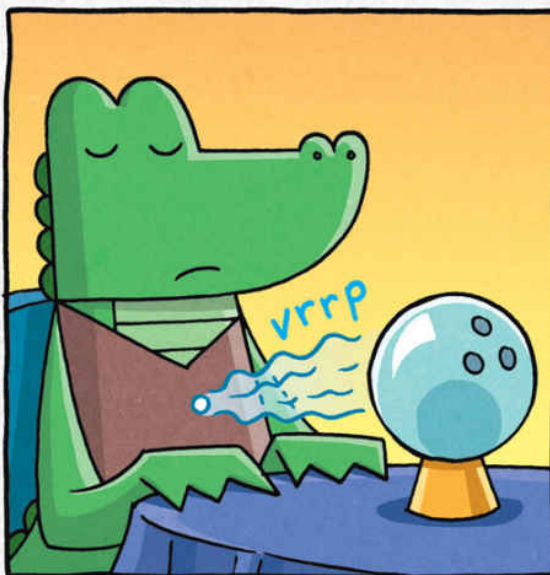




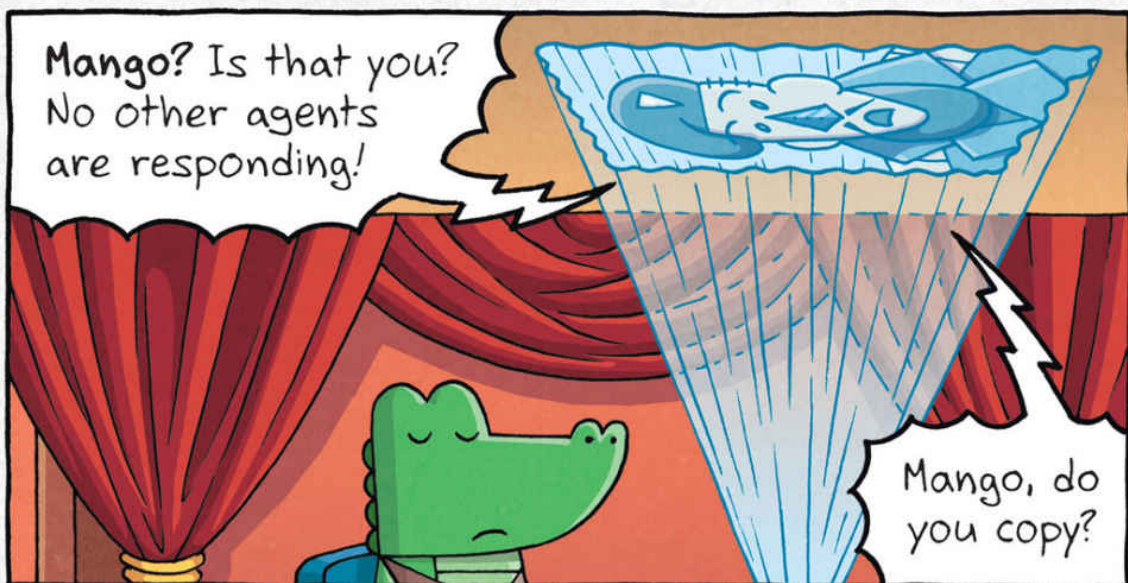
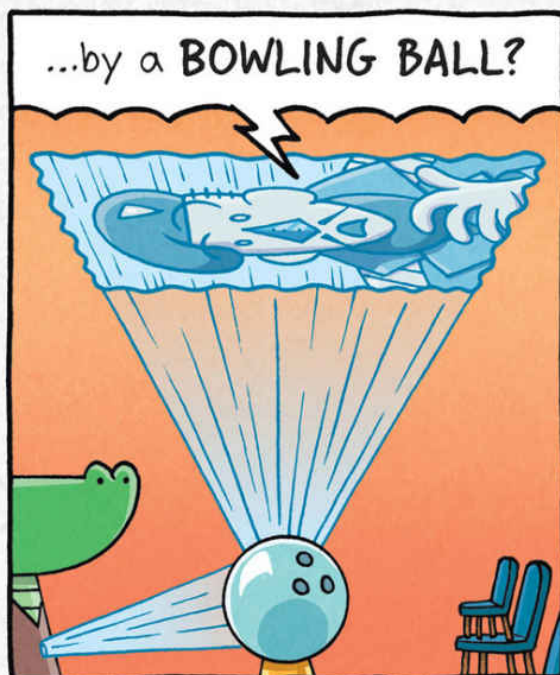
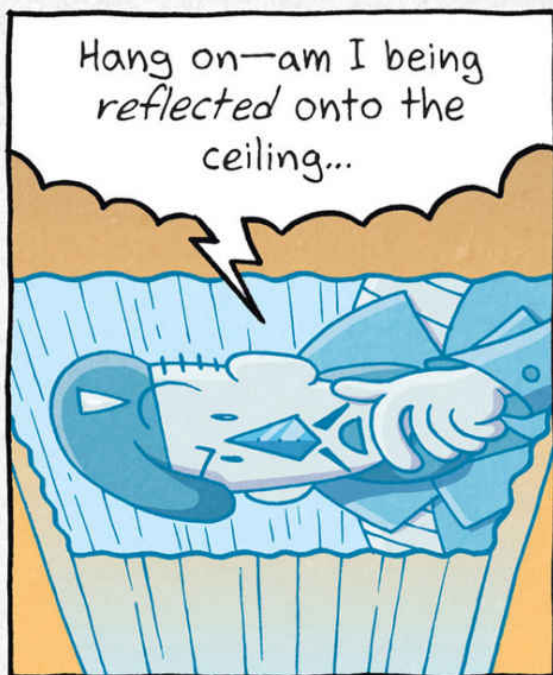




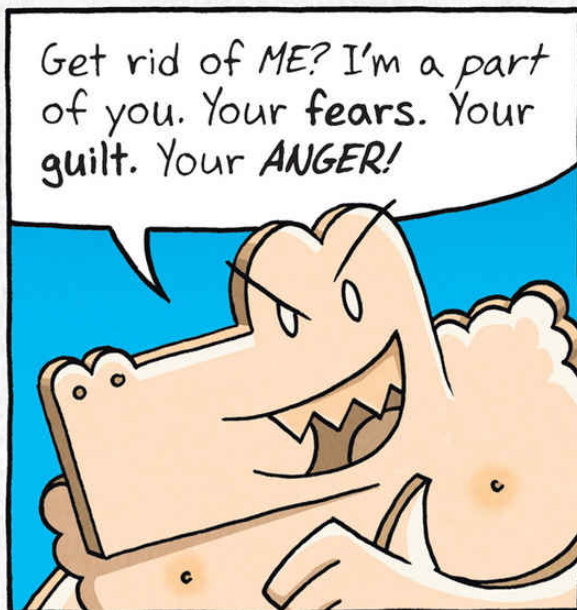
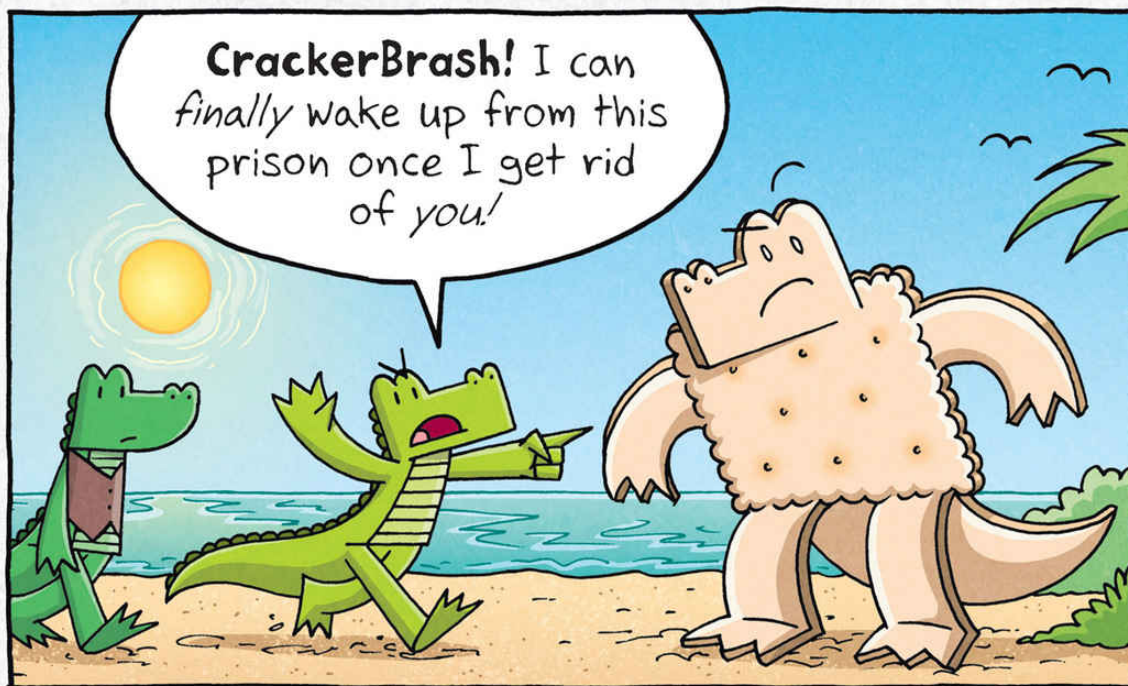
Back at the Séance Factory...



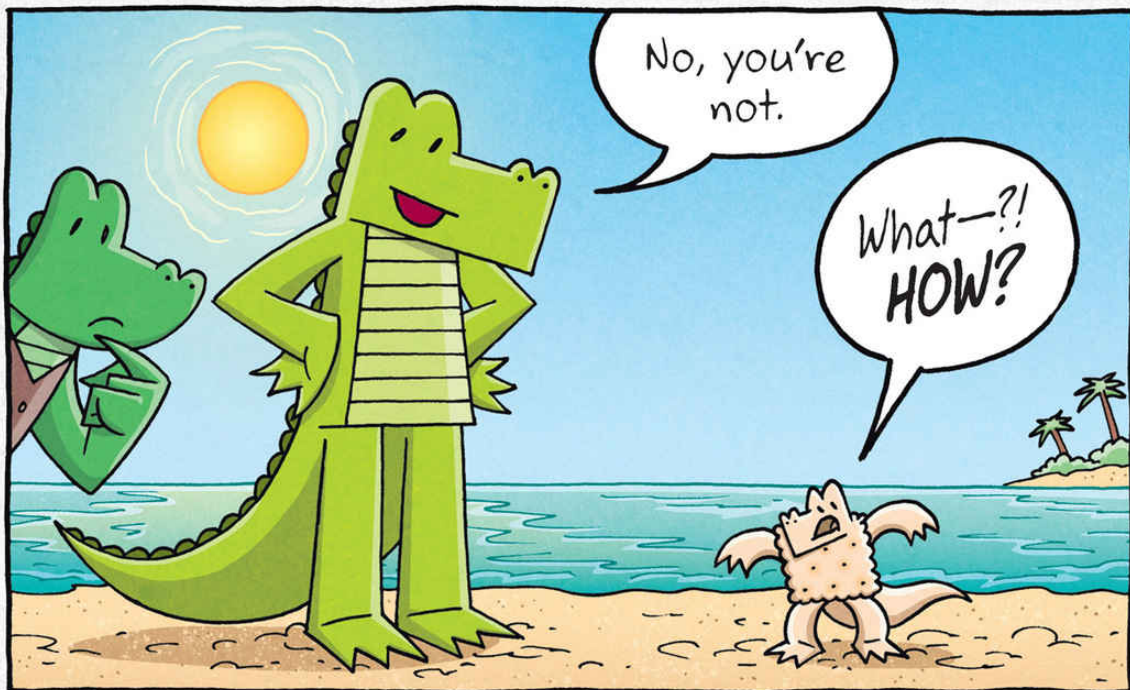




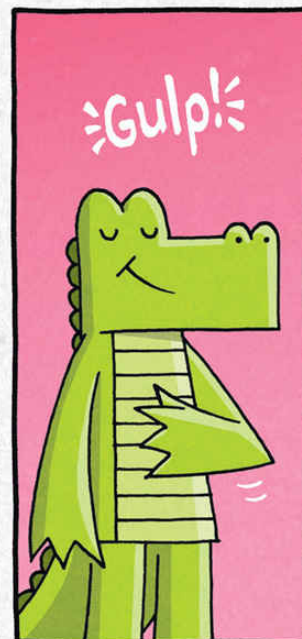
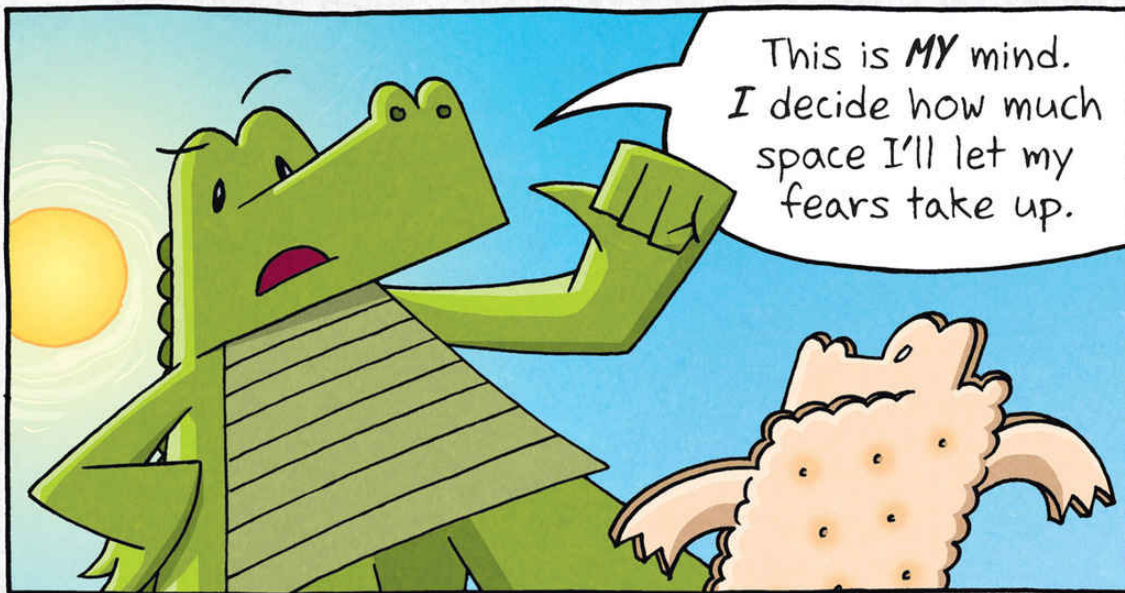




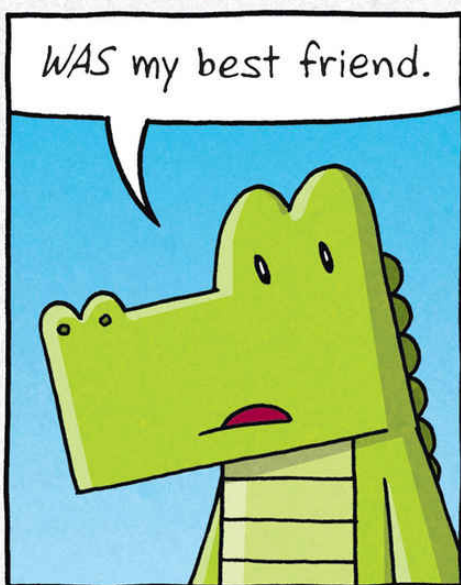
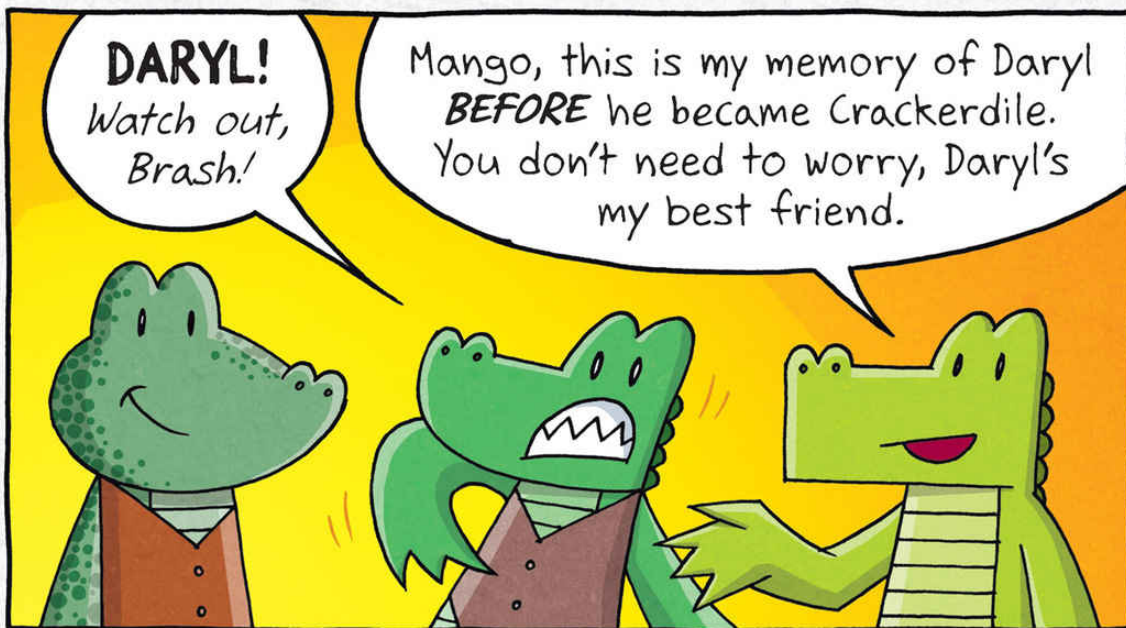




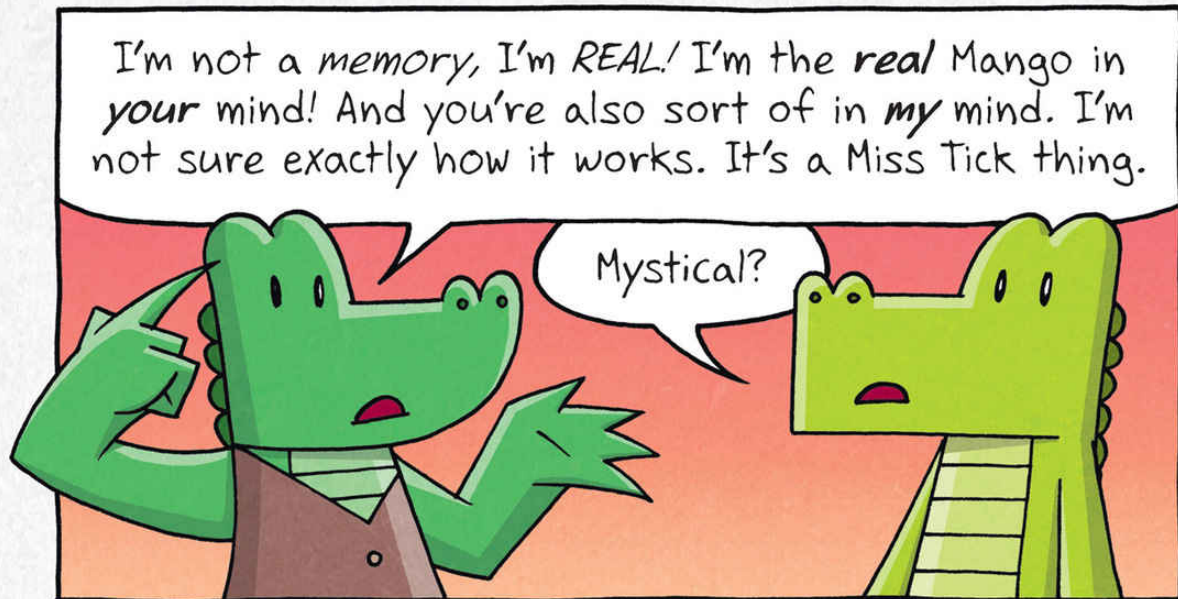
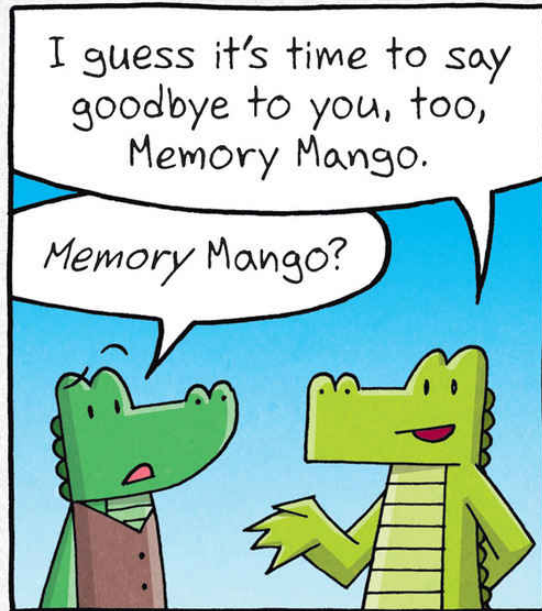














Not Miss *Tickle*, Miss *Tick*. Sorry, *MRS. Tick*. She got married. Anyway, since you've been asleep, Monocle built a robot copy of you called **RoboBrash** with your memories and emotions to be my partner—



Didn't anyone learn the lesson from **Robot Ghost**? Besides, I'd have thought **Cilantro** would be made your partner.

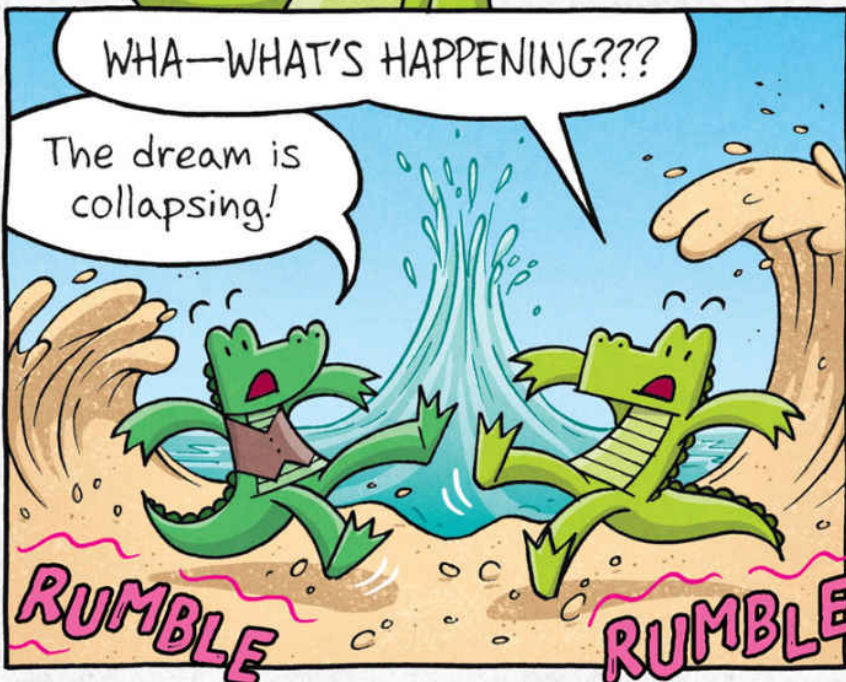


So did I! But I... I wasn't ready to let you go, and—



WHA—WHAT'S HAPPENING???

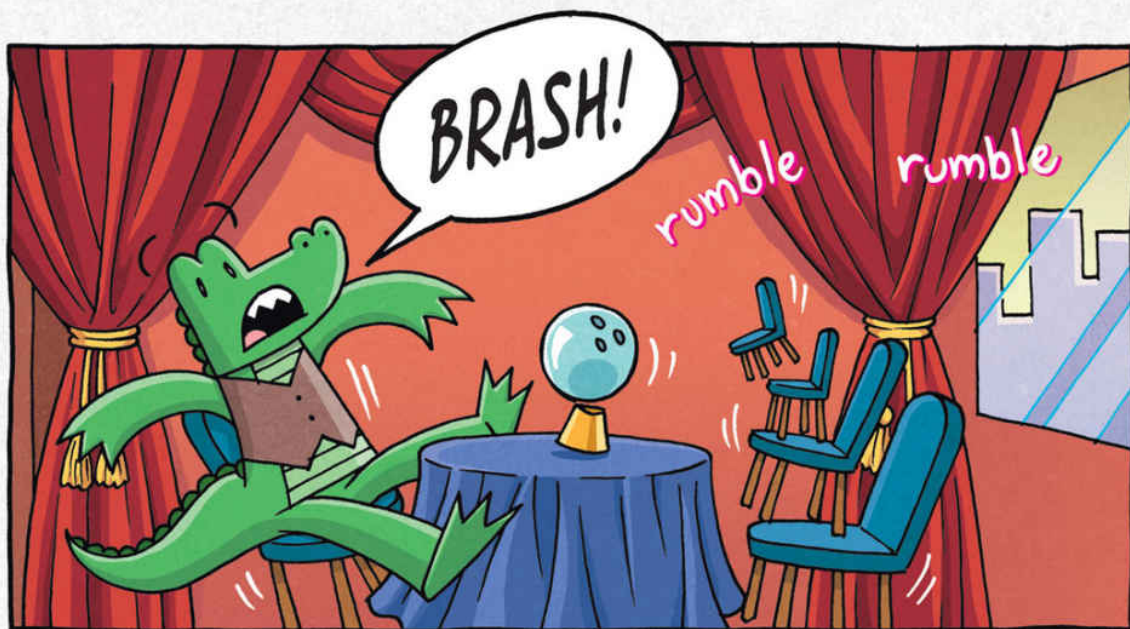
The dream is collapsing!



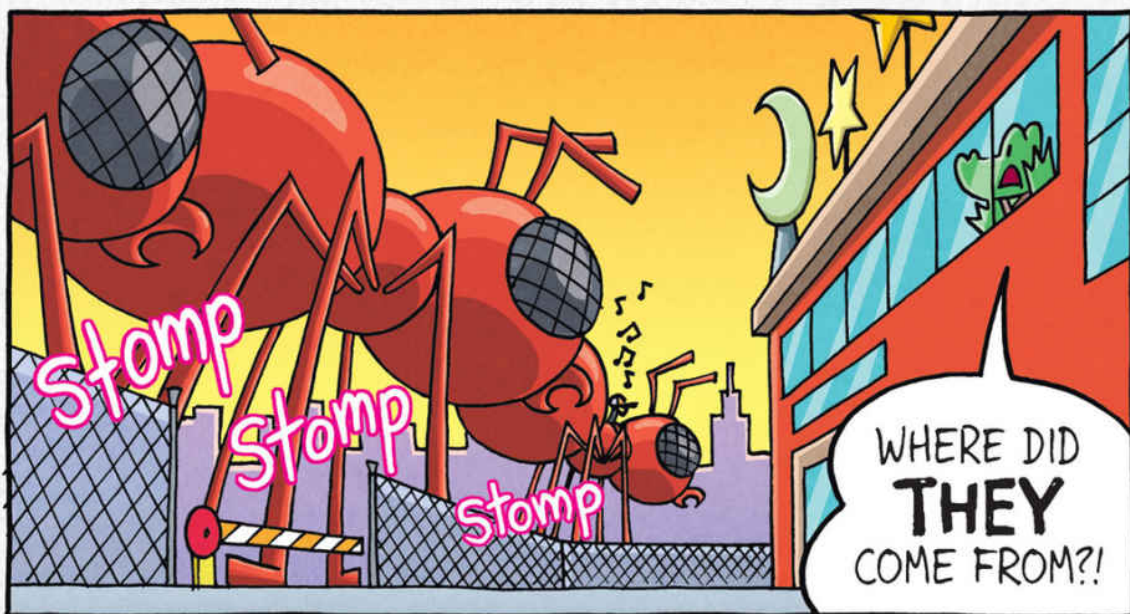
MANGO!



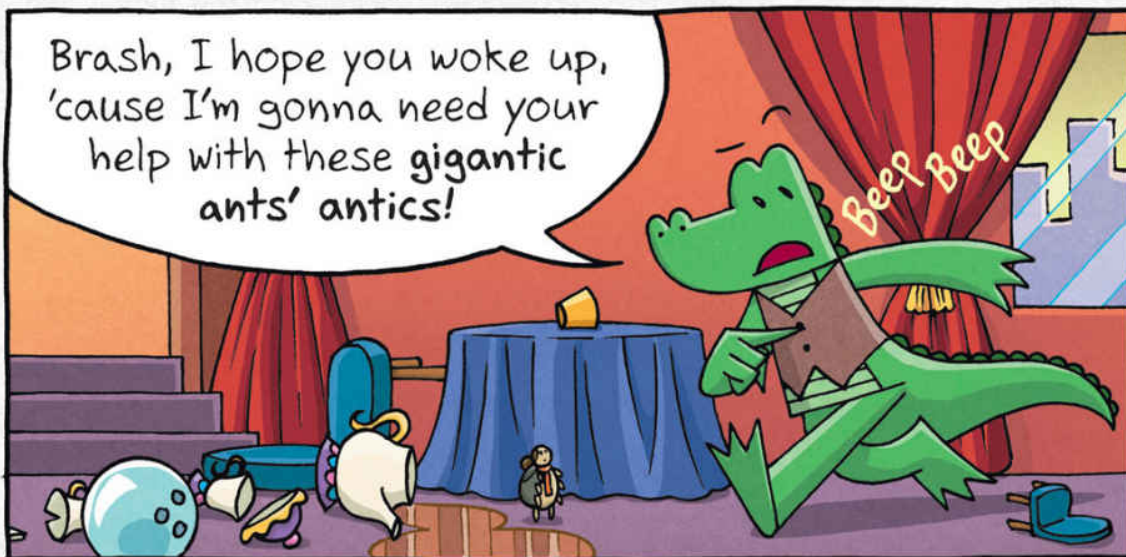












Brash, I hope you woke up,  
'cause I'm gonna need your  
help with these gigantic  
ants' antics!



"AND TICKS"?



Not you, Mrs. Tick. But thanks!  
You may be **small** for a **medium**,  
but you were a **BIG HELP!**

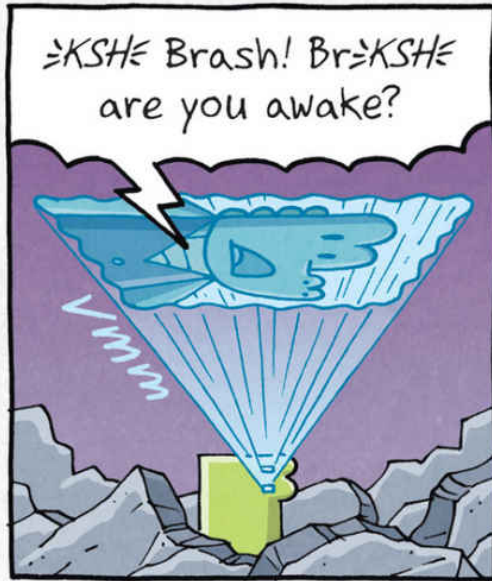


Brash? Come in,  
Brash! The city's  
in **trouble!**

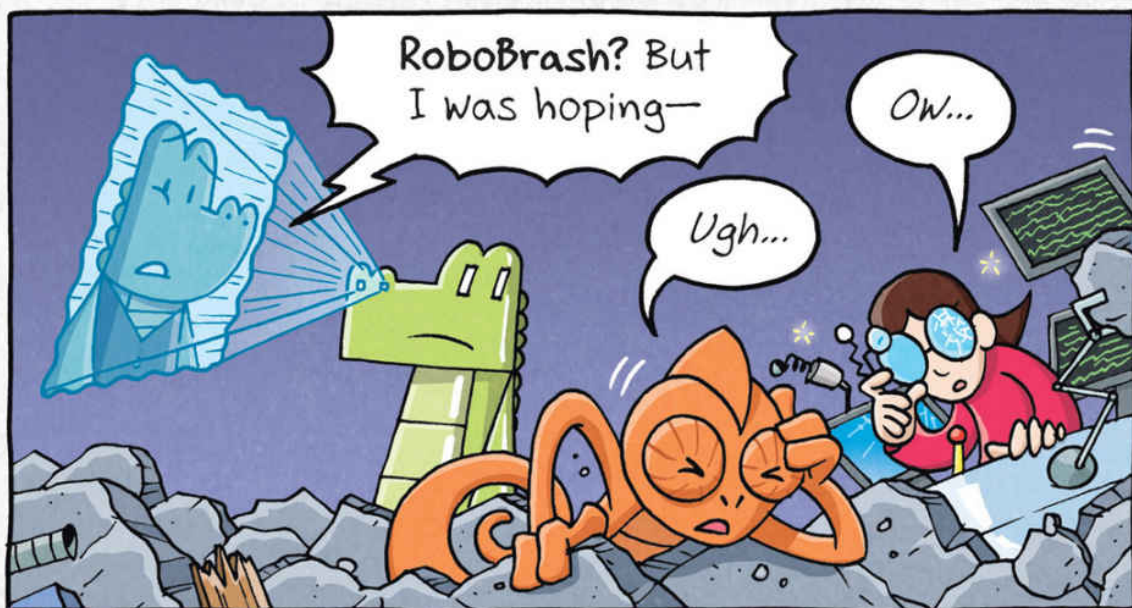


## Chapter 13

And RoboBrash is in rubble!







Houdino used the **EMBIGGENER**, but it *embiggened* the ants that were crawling on it. They **BURST OUT OF THE GROUND**, leaving S.U.I.T. Headquarters in **RVINS**!





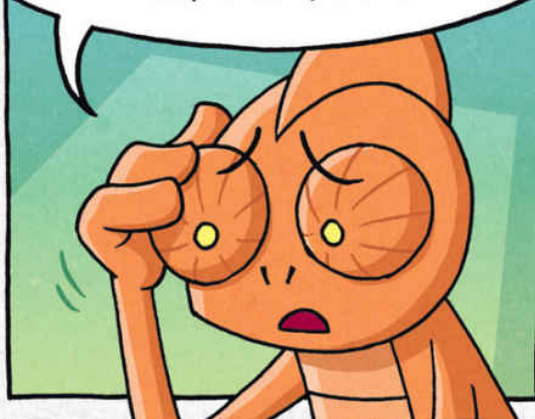




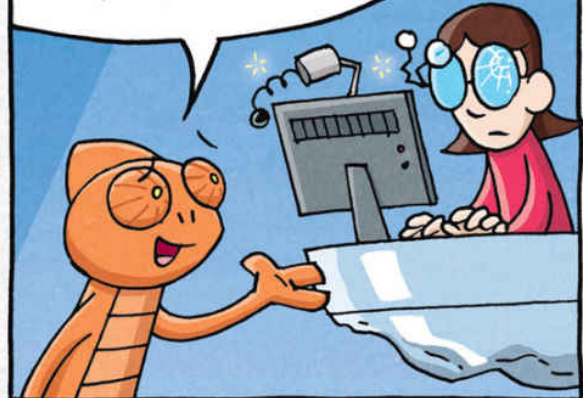
You're...*right*, Cilantro. And I now realize how *wrong* I was to rat you out earlier. But I won't make that mistake again. Mango and I can't take on *three giant ants PLUS two supervillains* by ourselves.



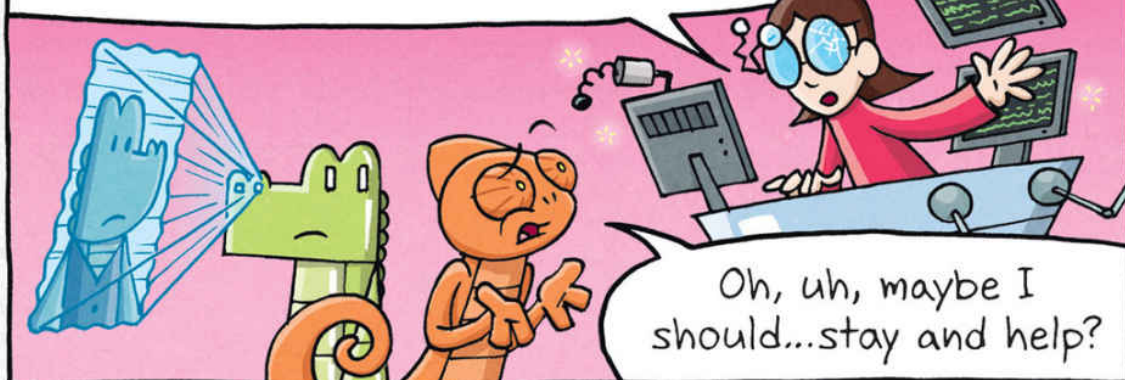
Wow... *Three* ants and *two* supervillains, huh? Well, then, um...



...then we should take Monocle with us, too!

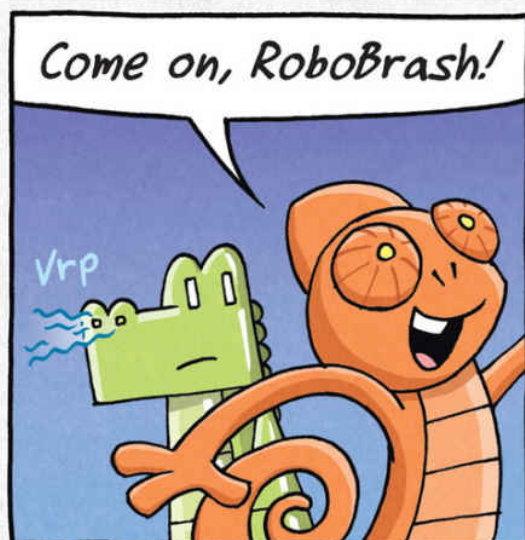
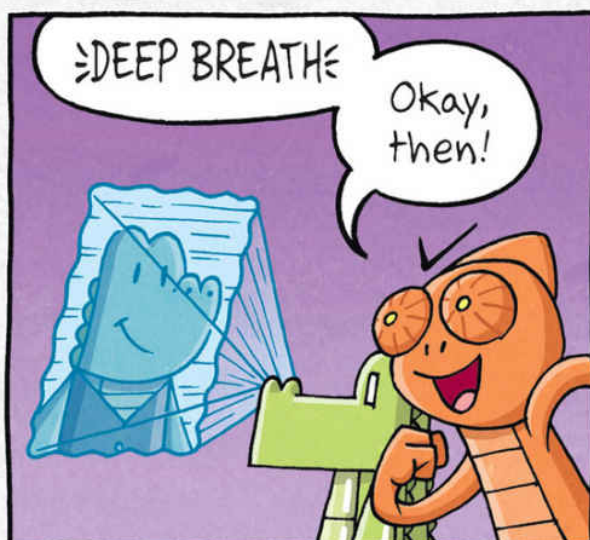
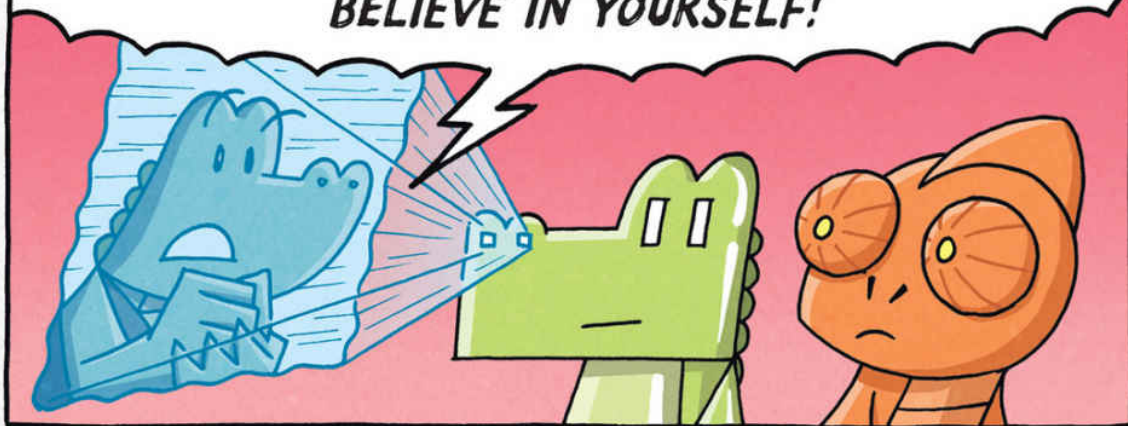


I need to stay here to get S.U.I.T.'s networks up and running again, and help out any agents trapped by the devastation.

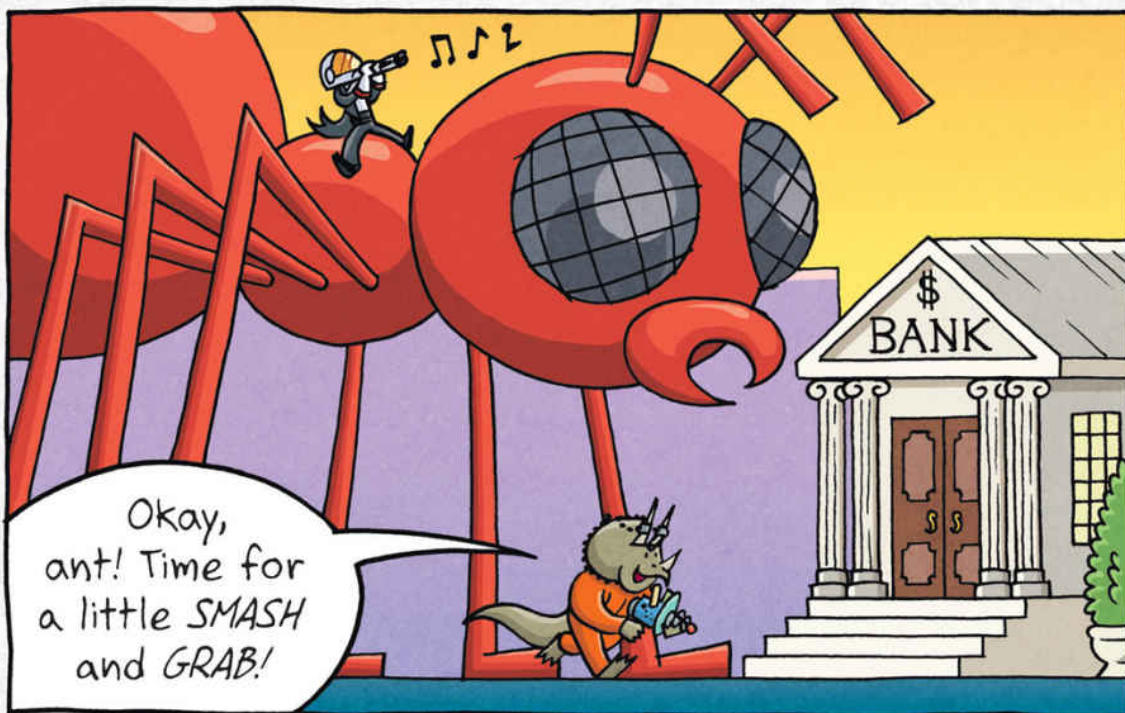
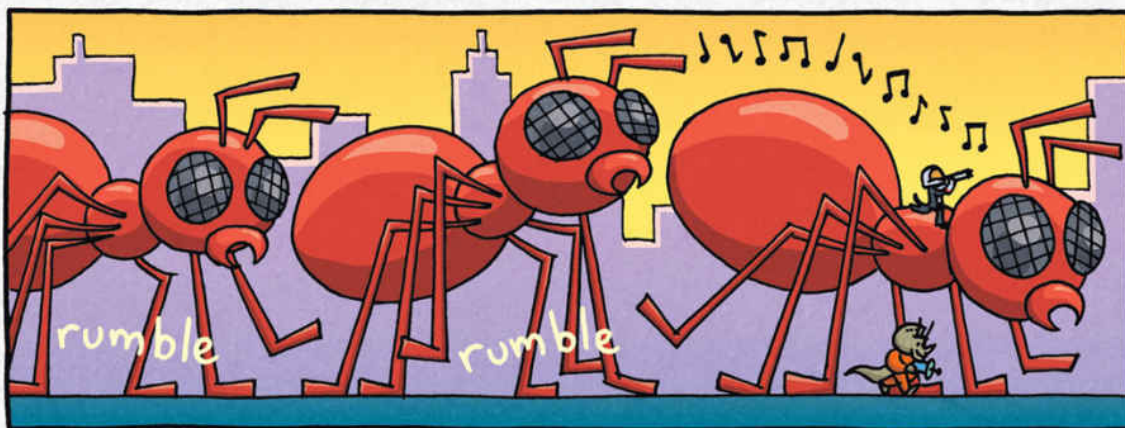




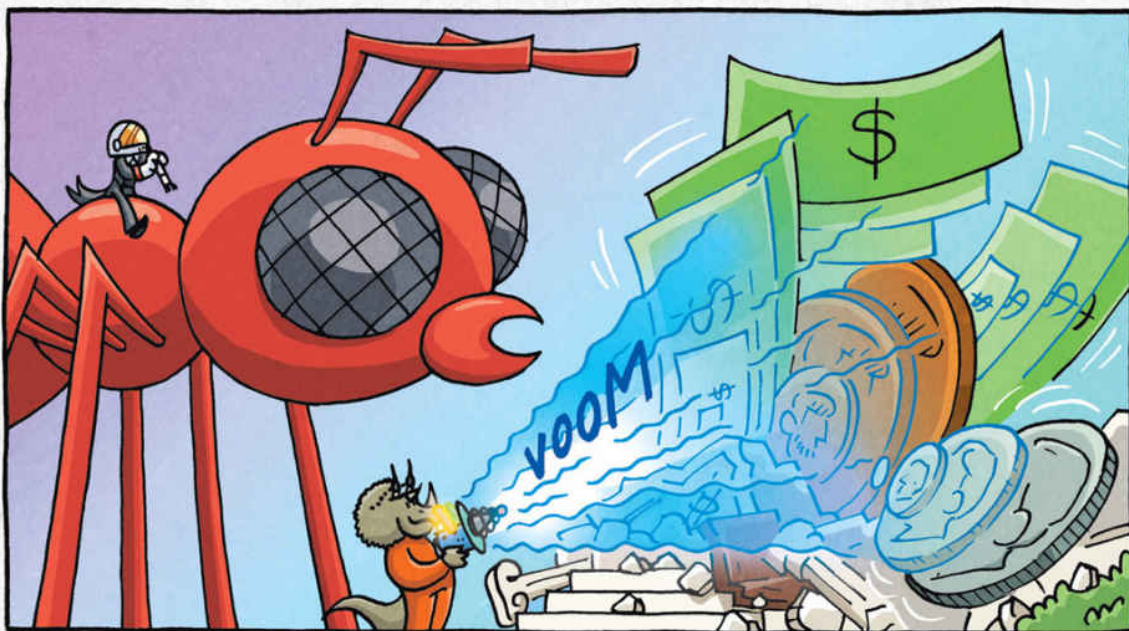
We *need* you out in the field, Cilantro! I know you're nervous, but you can *do* this! But it's not important that *I* believe in you. What matters is that you **BELIEVE IN YOURSELF!**







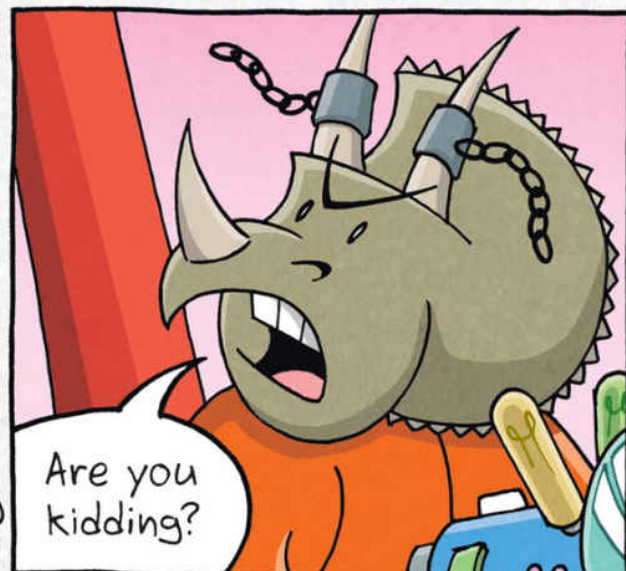




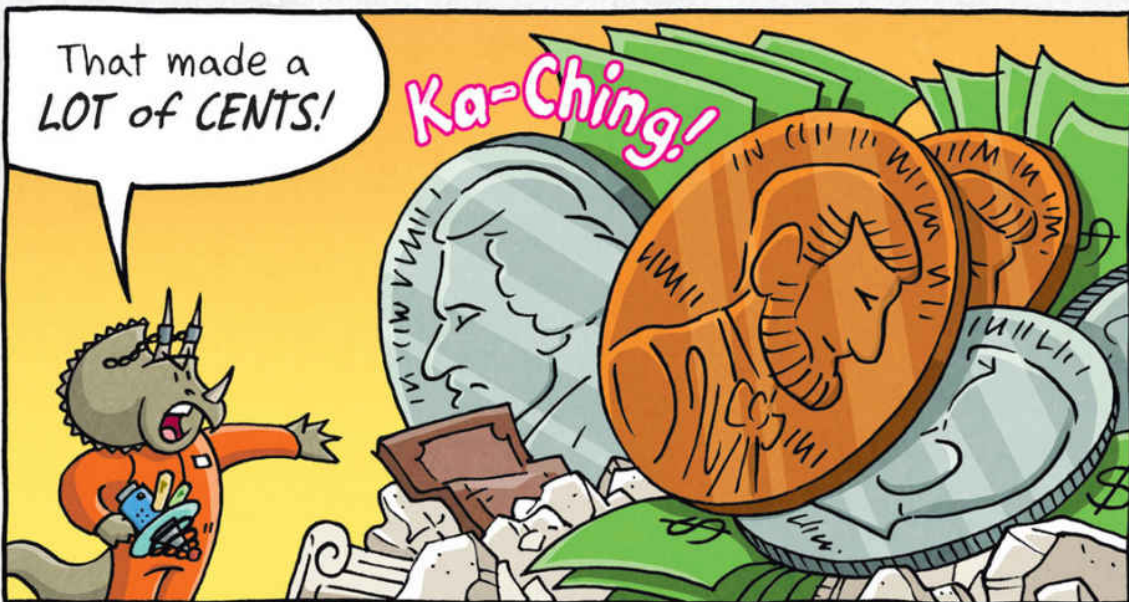
I know you want to make **BIG MONEY**, but this doesn't even make sense!



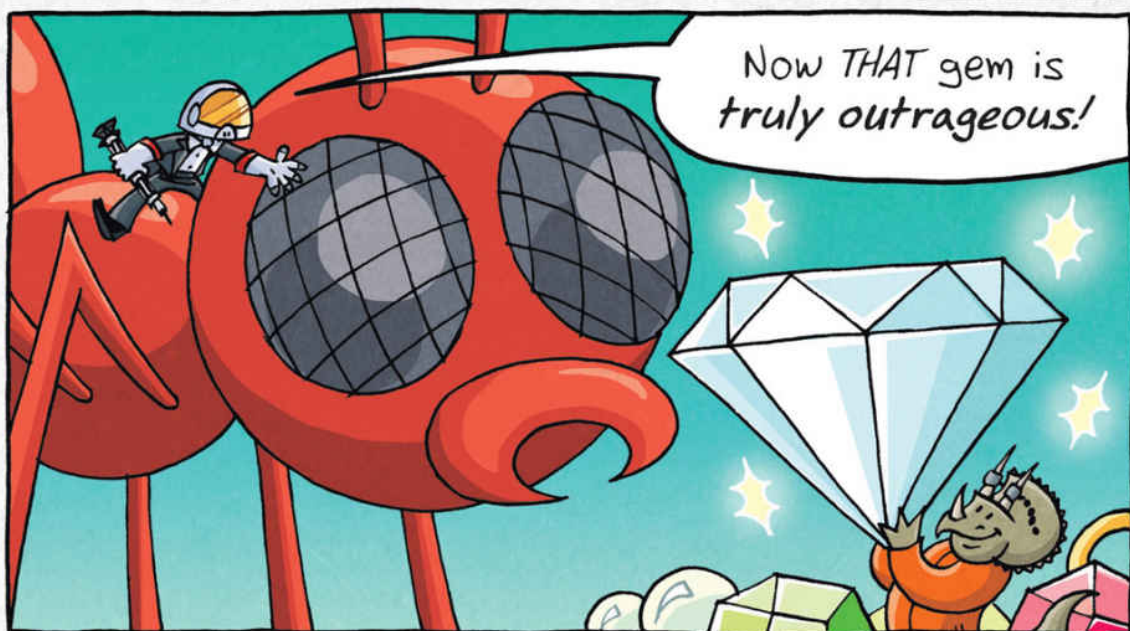
Are you kidding?



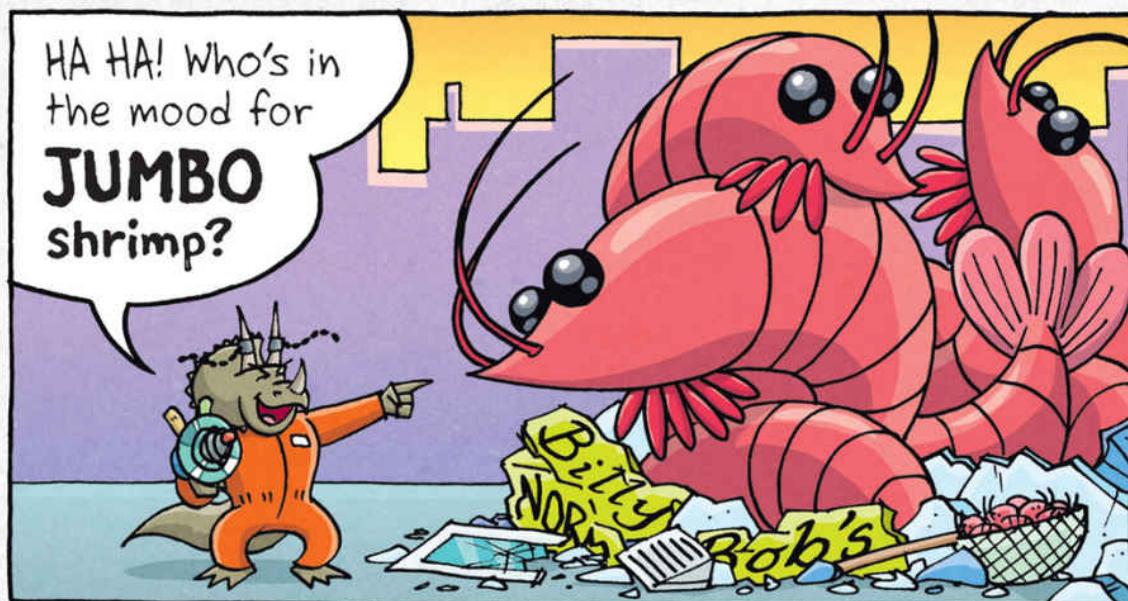
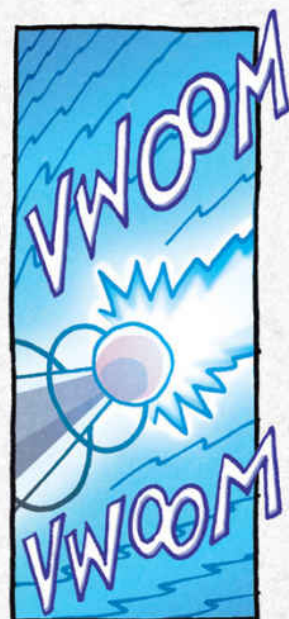
That made a **LOT of CENTS!**













GOOD NEWS, viewers! That rumbling you've been feeling is **NOT** a flood. But BAD NEWS, it **IS** a **WAVE OF CRIME!**



NEWS NOW — CICI ON THE SCENE — ACTION NEWS NOW — CICI ON

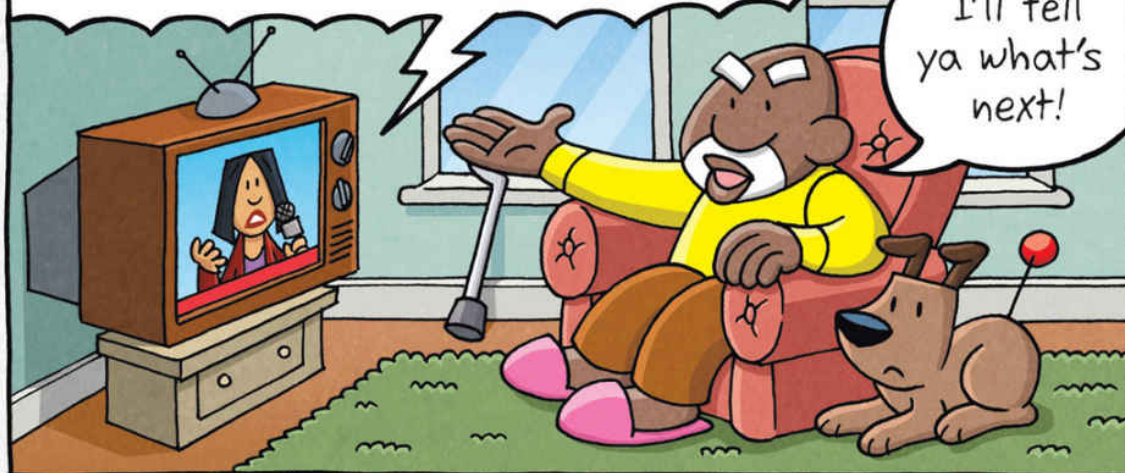
Billy Bob, what are you going to do with all these jumbo shrimp since your store got battered?

Well, I think I'll give 'em to charity. It'd be **SHELLFISH** to keep 'em!



Banks, jewelers, prawn shops... No store is safe! Where's that Anti-Crime Unit? Now there's an **ANTY** Crime Unit!! **WHAT'S NEXT???**

I'll tell ya what's next!

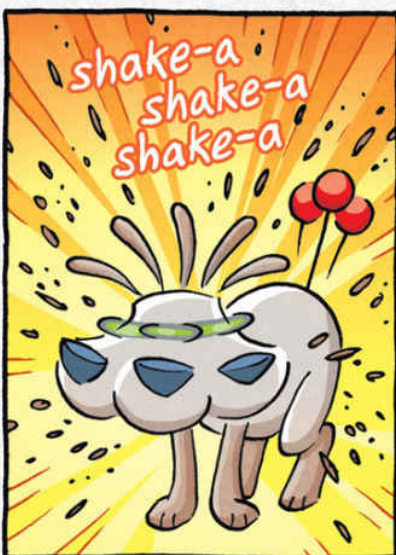
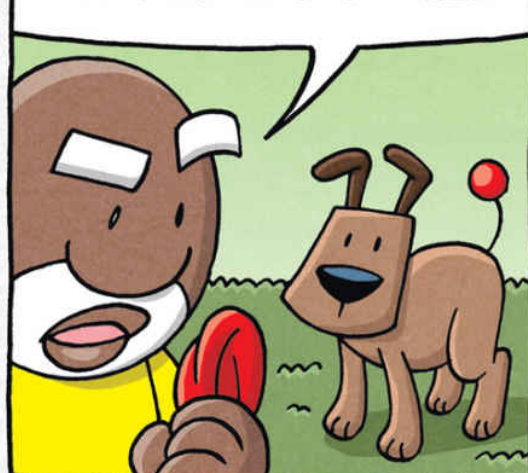




I can't stand this crime  
in my city anymore! I can  
barely stand at all!



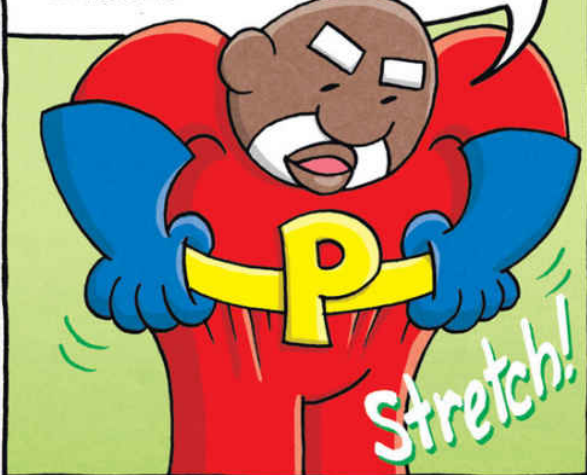
But something's gotta  
be done. Lock! Shake  
off that coat of rust!



**POP** and **LOCK** are coming out  
of retirement!



But we won't be the only  
ones...

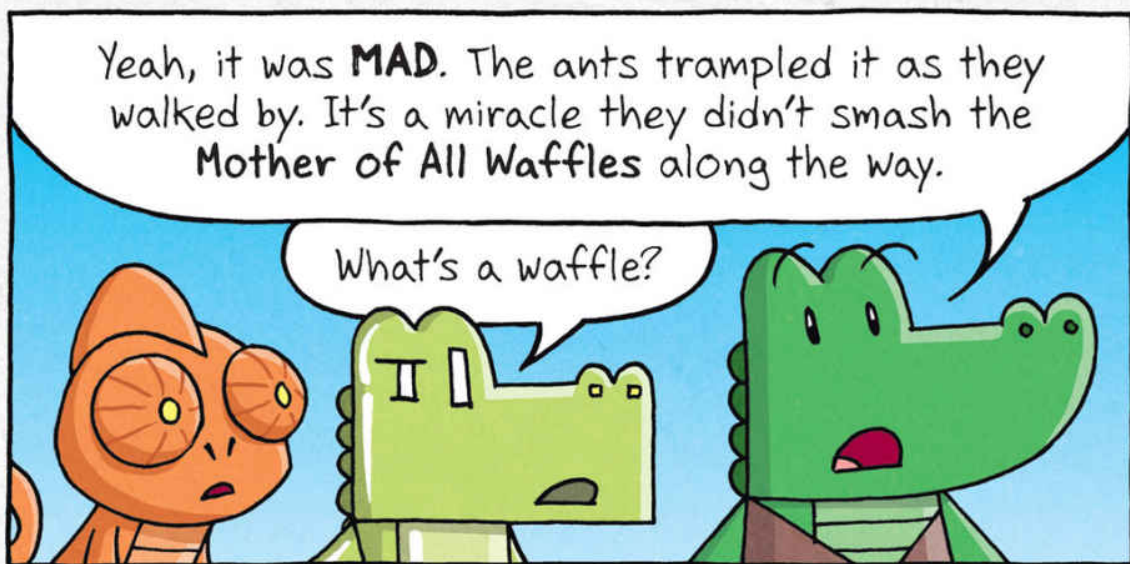
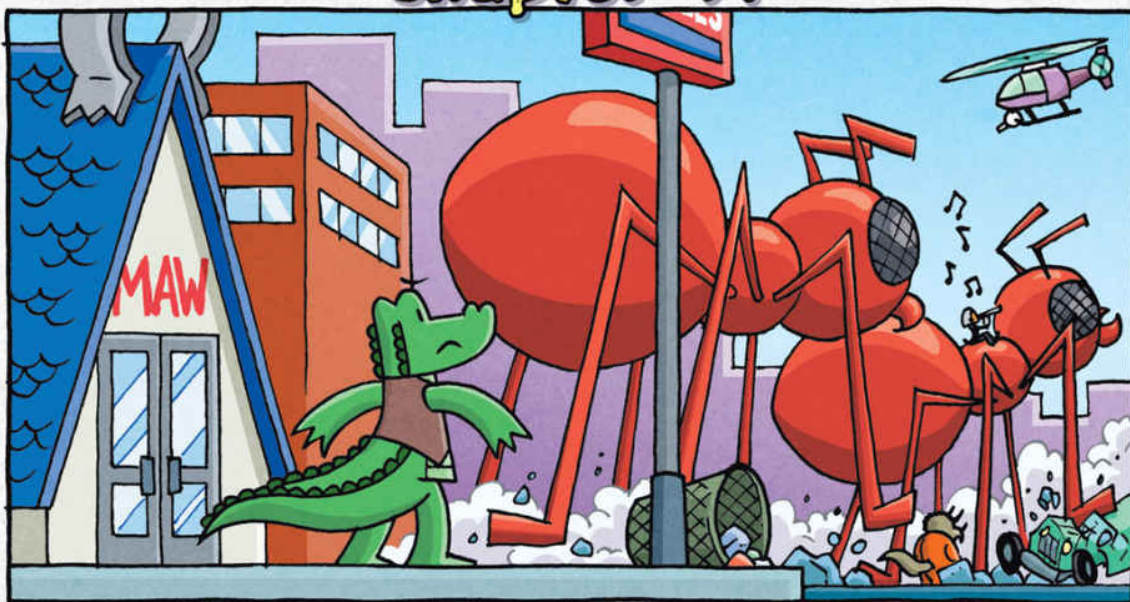


We're gonna bring  
some friends!

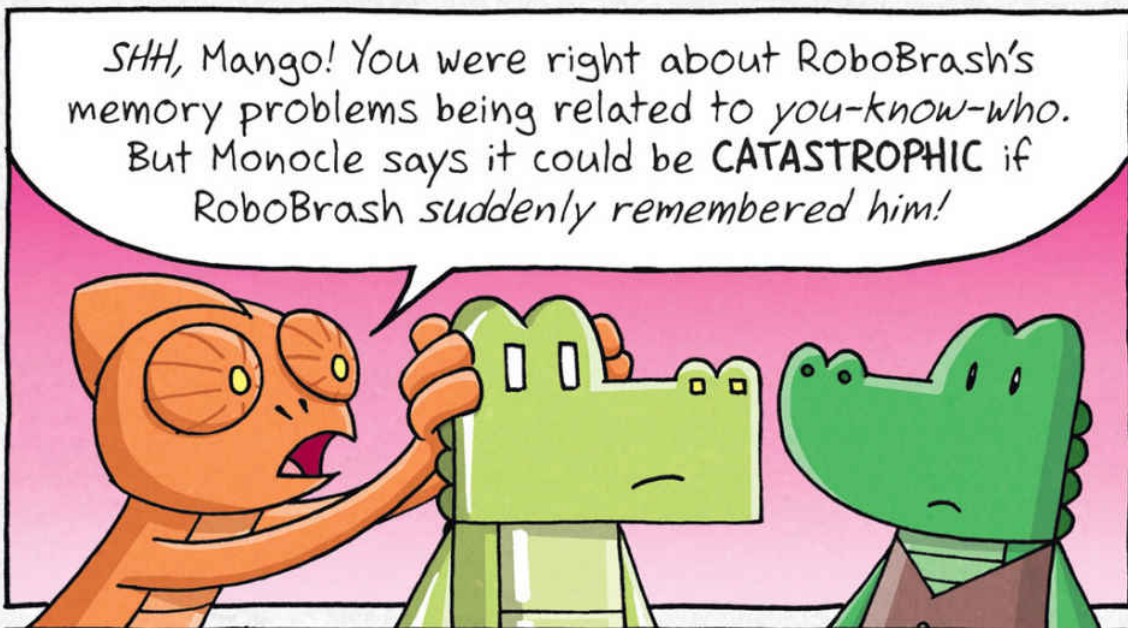
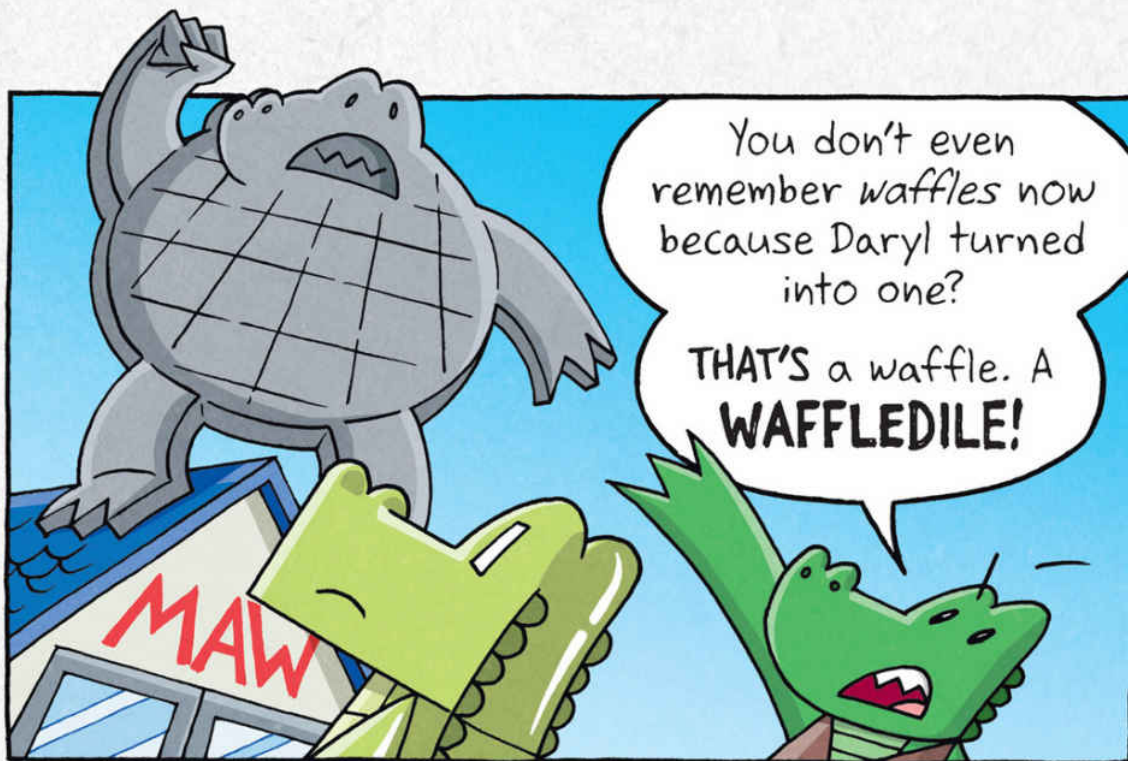




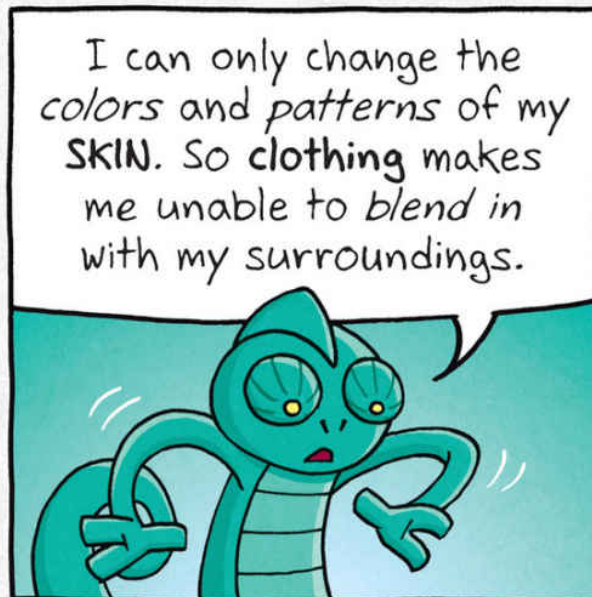
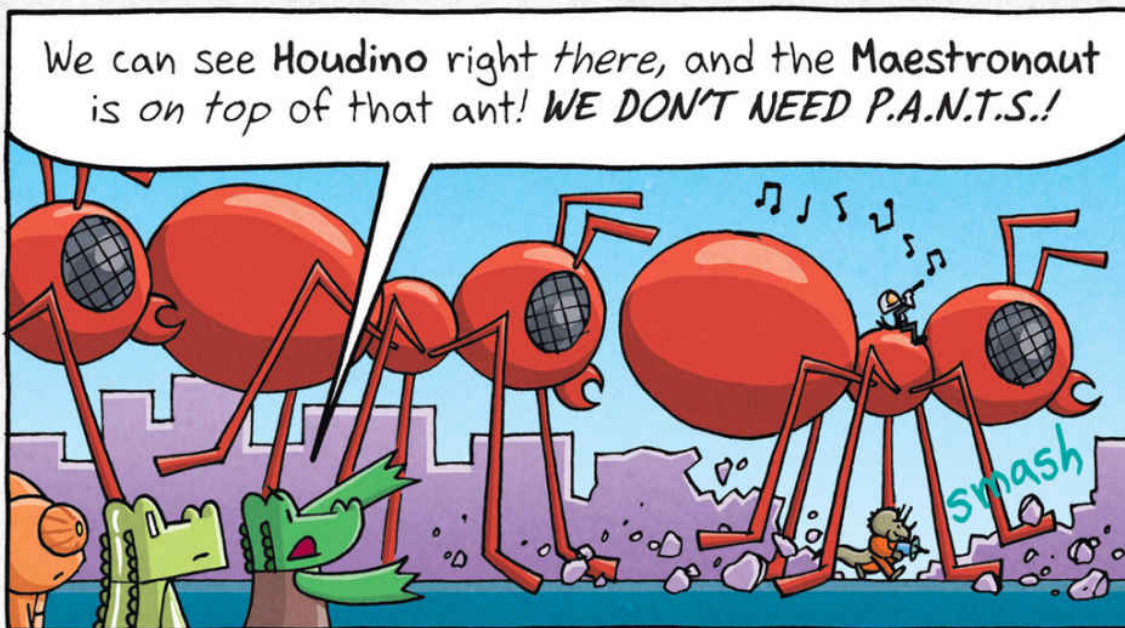
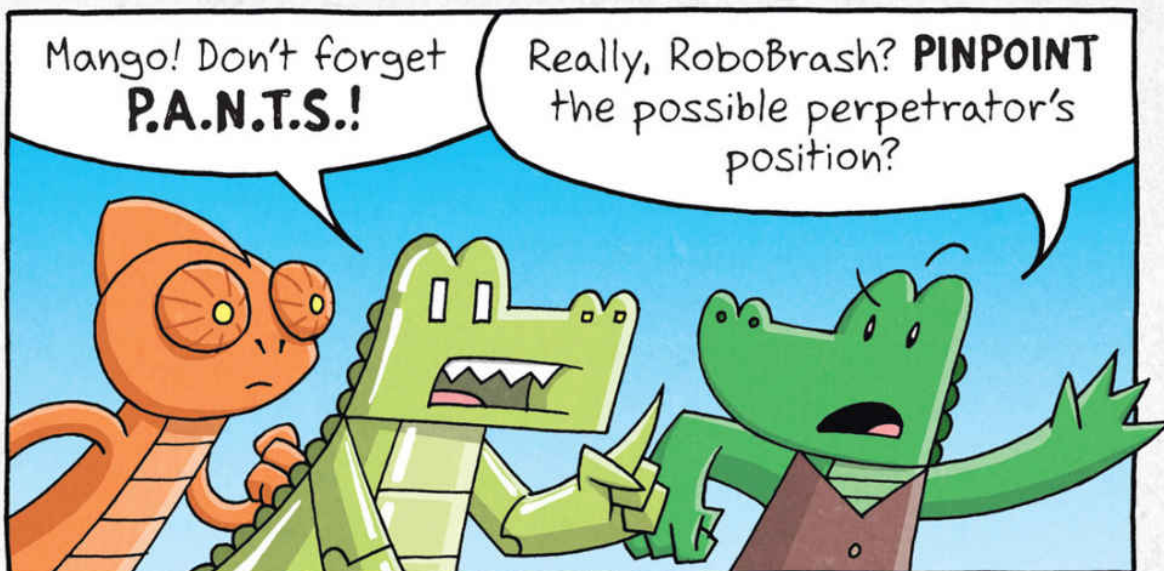
## Chapter 14





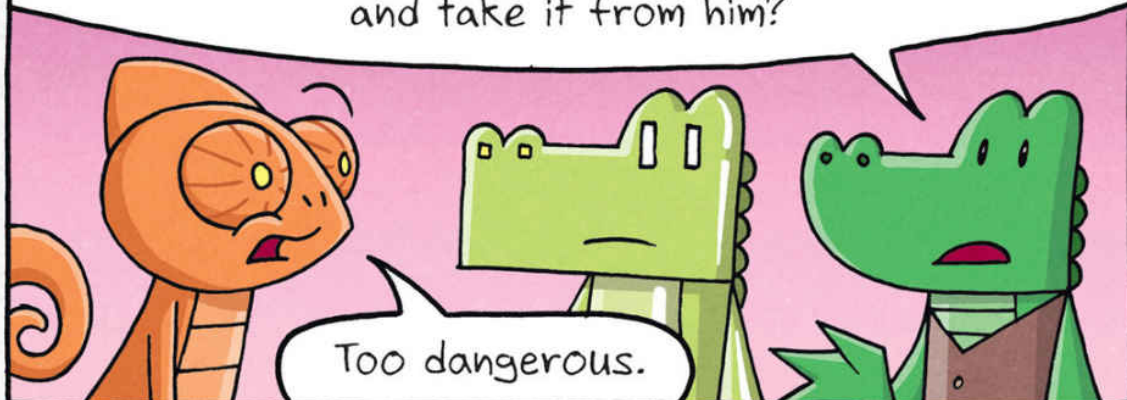








If that Embiggener has a reverse switch, we can use it to *de-bigger* those ants back to normal size. Can you *blend in* to sneak up on Houdino and take it from him?



As long as he's under that ant, anyone who tries to get near him would be *squashed*!



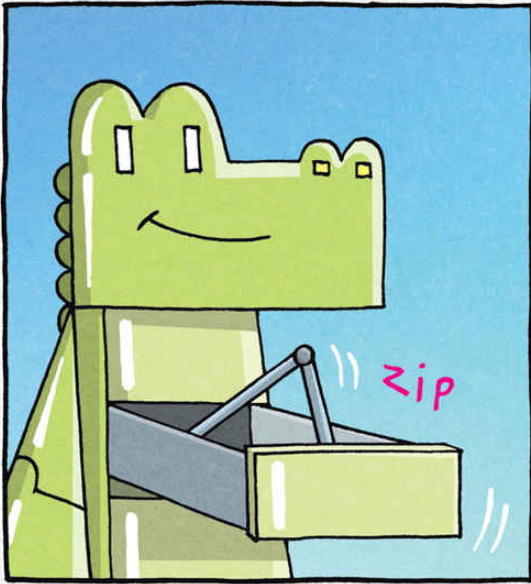
Then we have to *LURE* Houdino out or get the ants to *LEAVE*...

My V.E.S.T. wasn't designed for *this* scenario!

OOH, I KNOW!





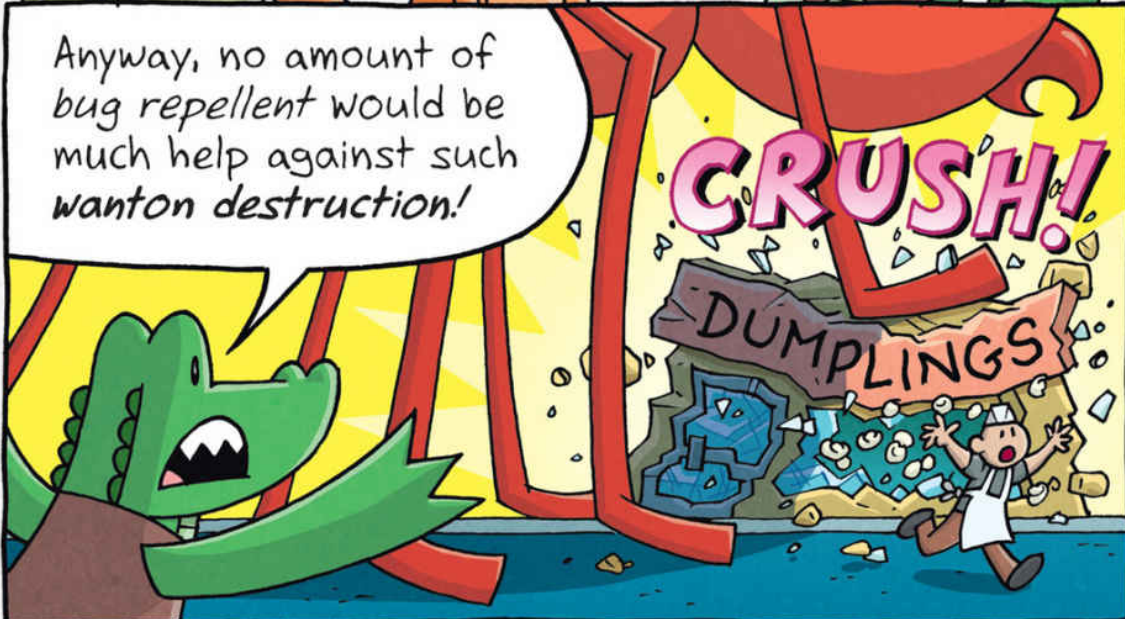




Dang it, this isn't **ANT SPRAY**—it's **PLEASANT SPRAY**!  
It's just *air freshener*!

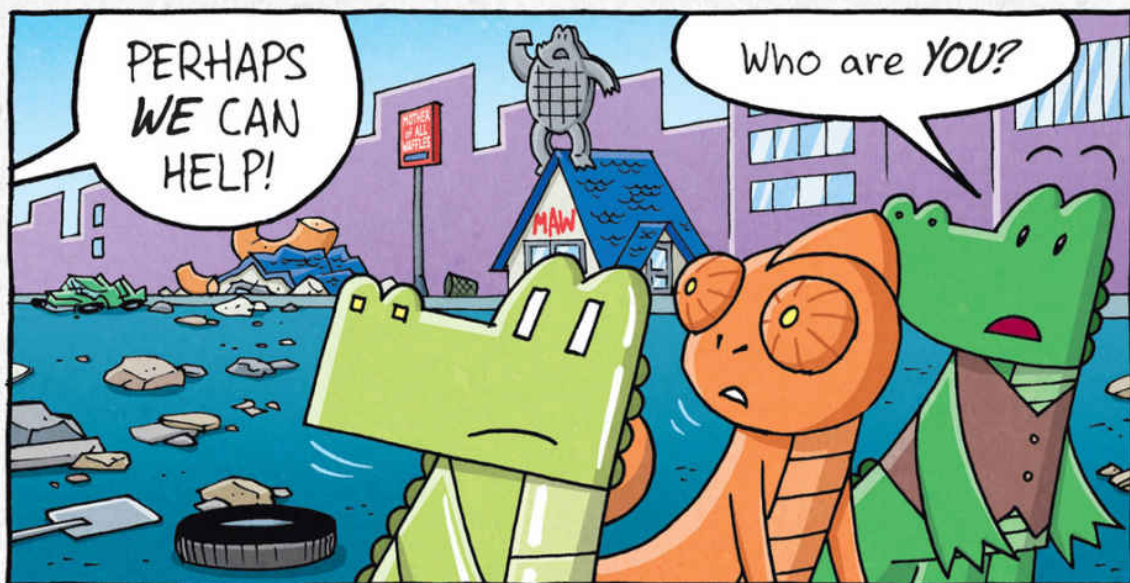


Anyway, no amount of  
bug repellent would be  
much help against such  
*wanton destruction!*



PERHAPS  
**WE CAN  
HELP!**

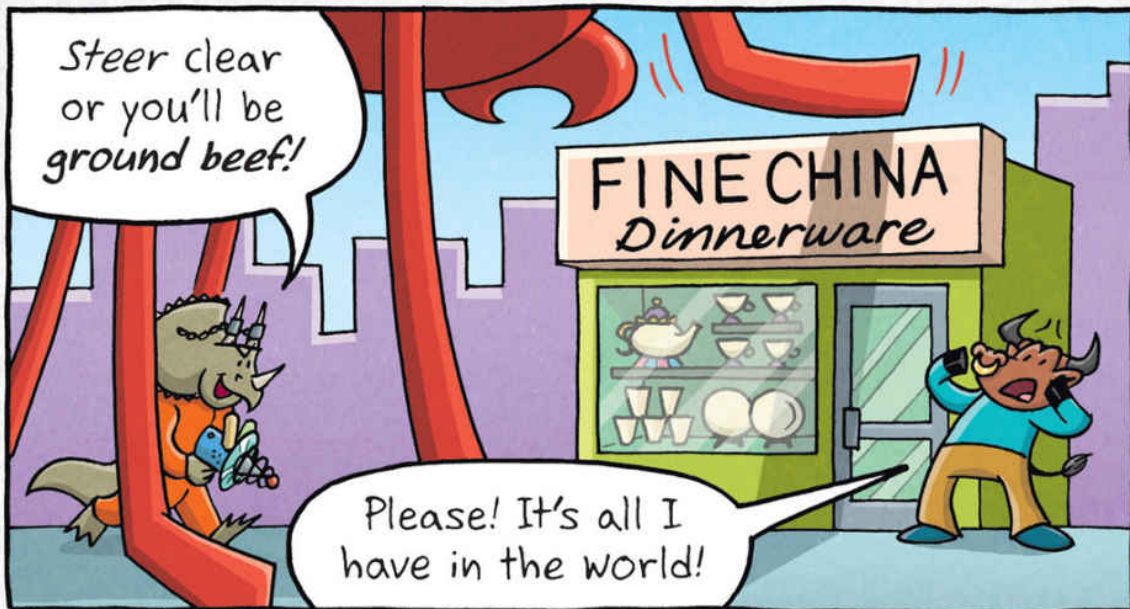
Who are **YOU?**



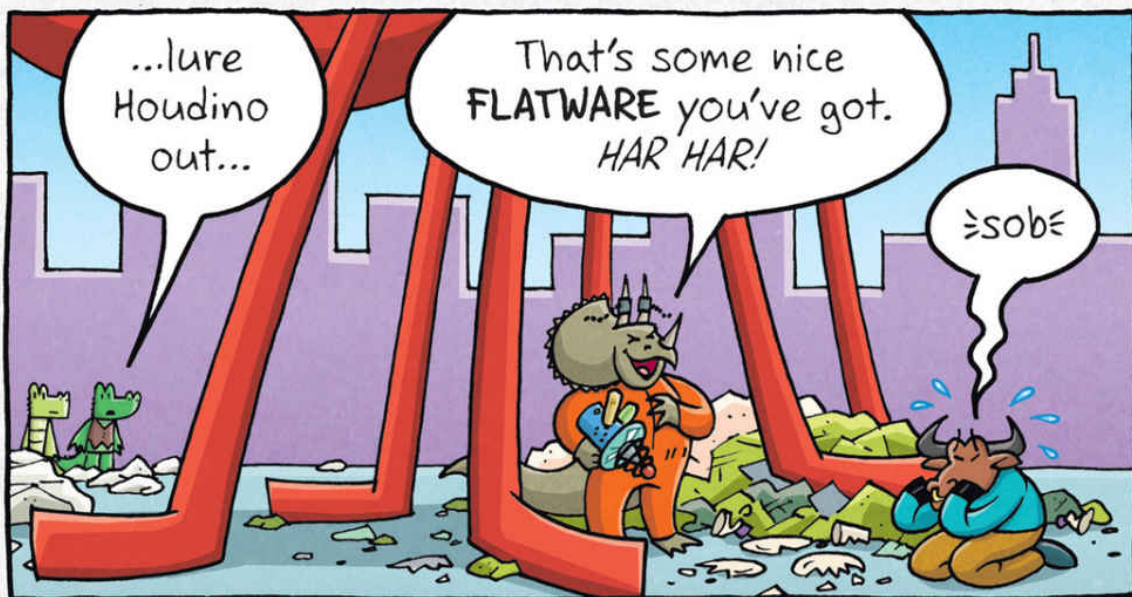








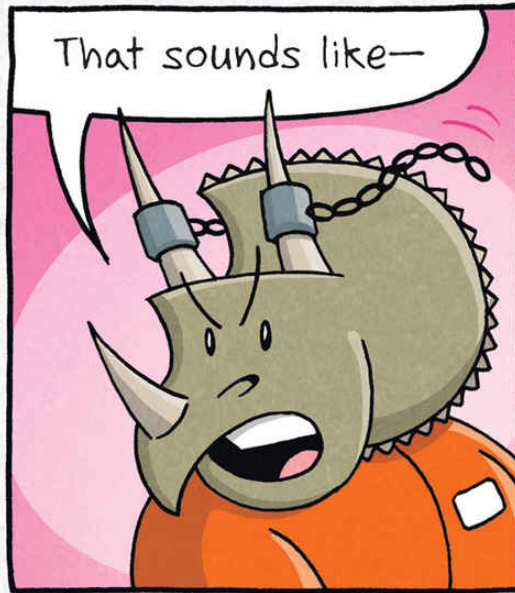








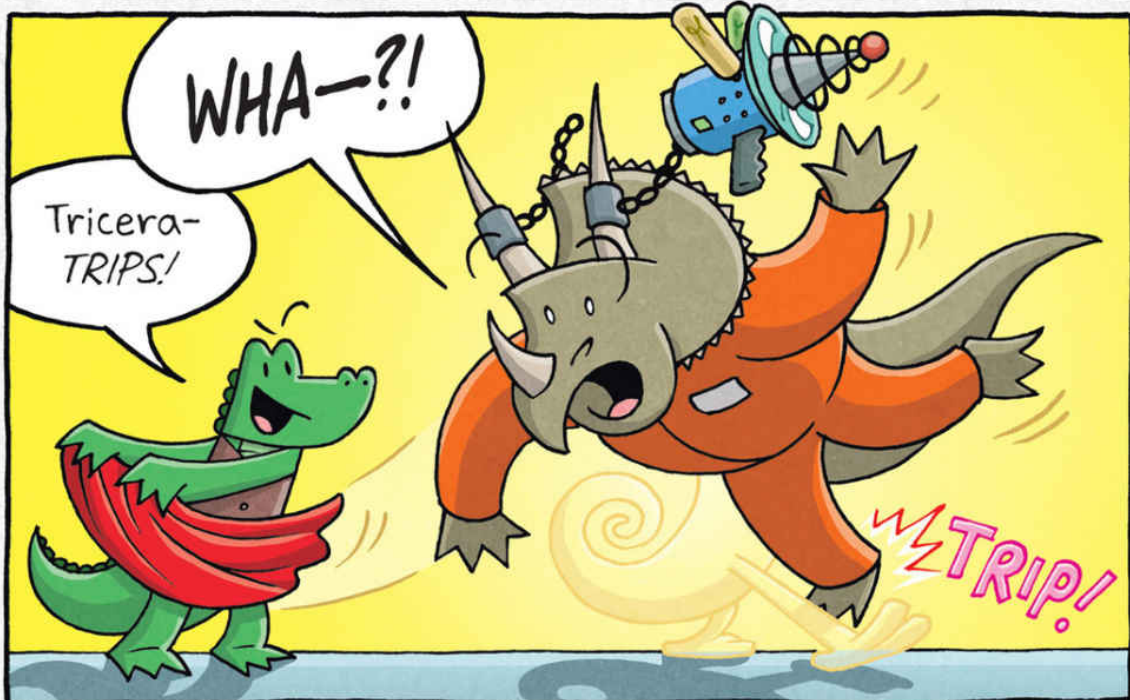




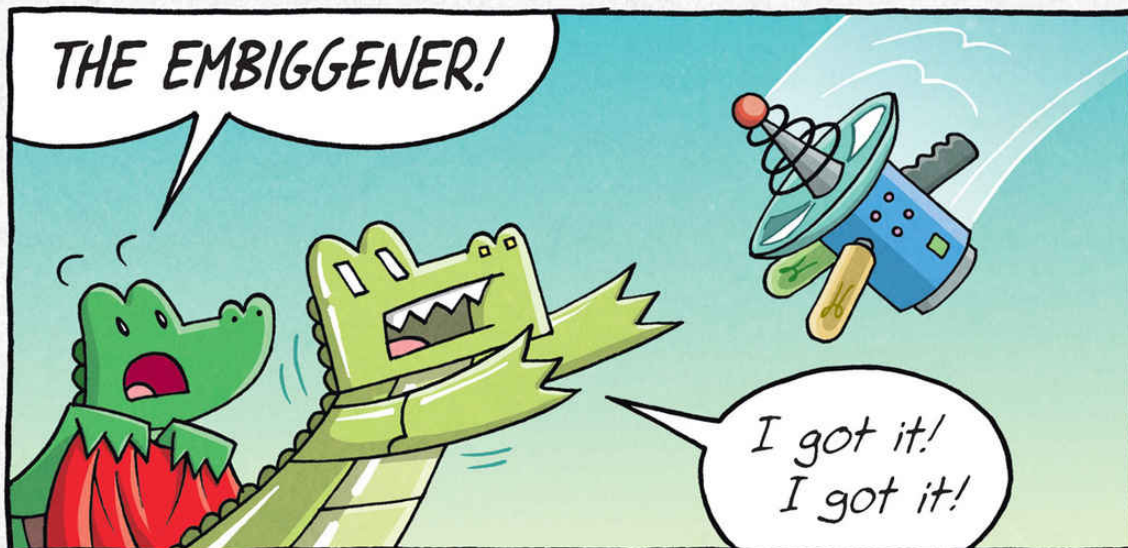




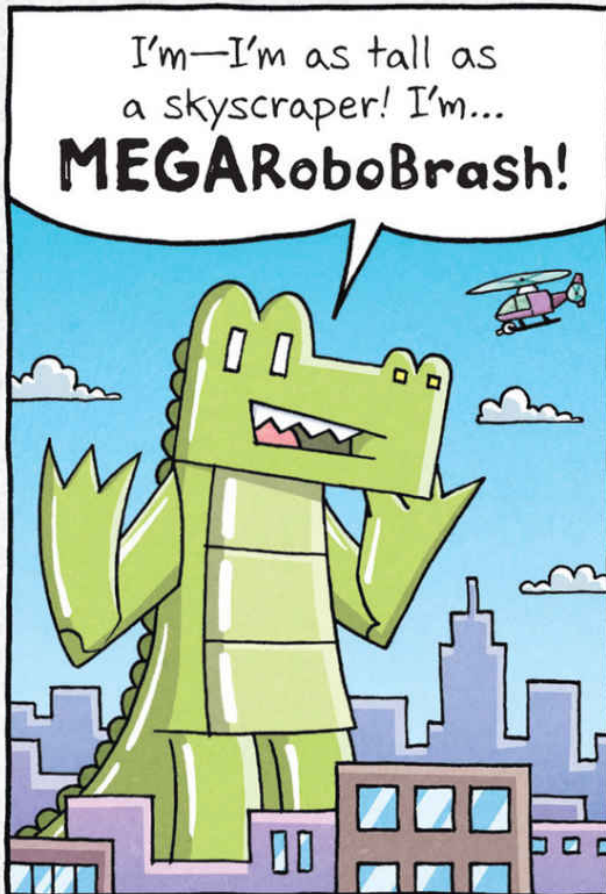
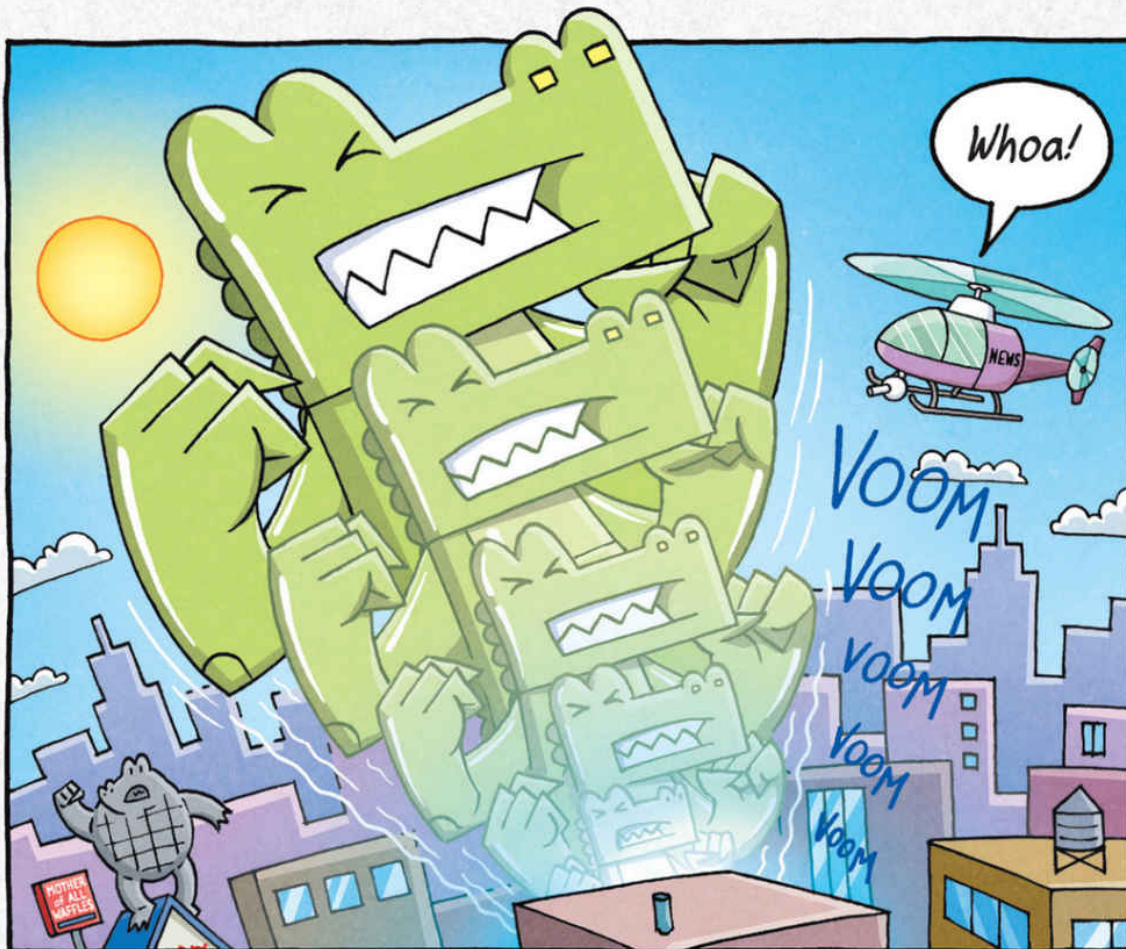




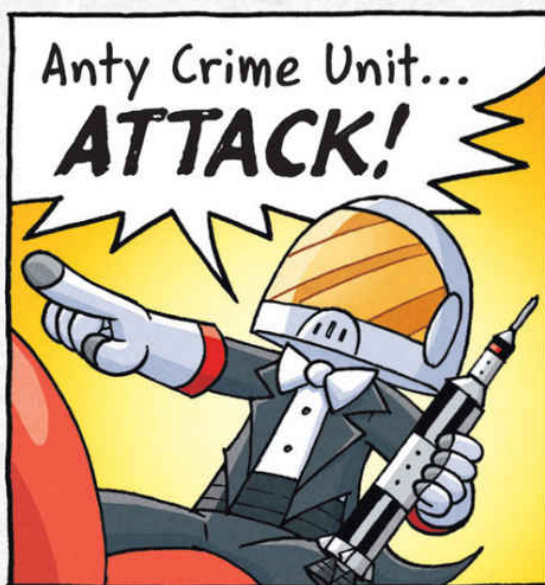
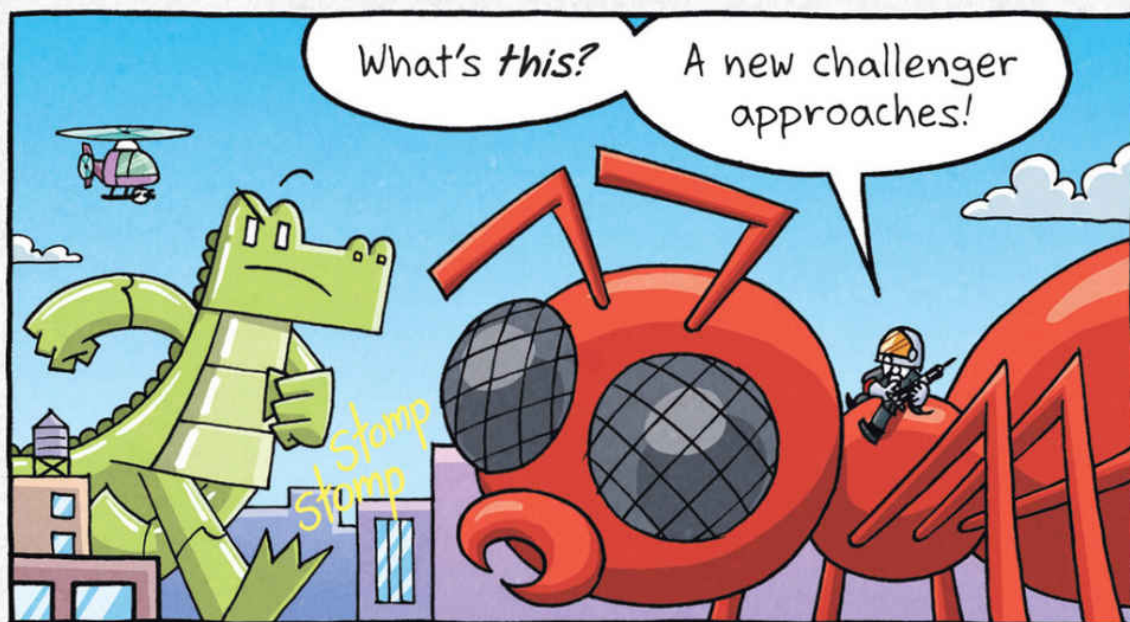
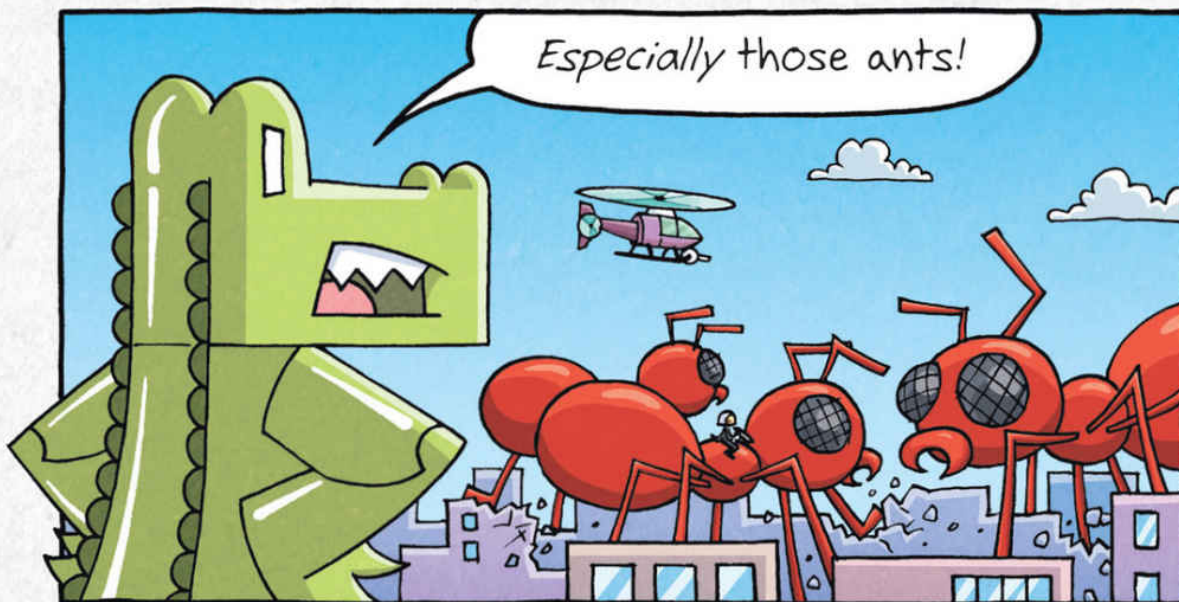




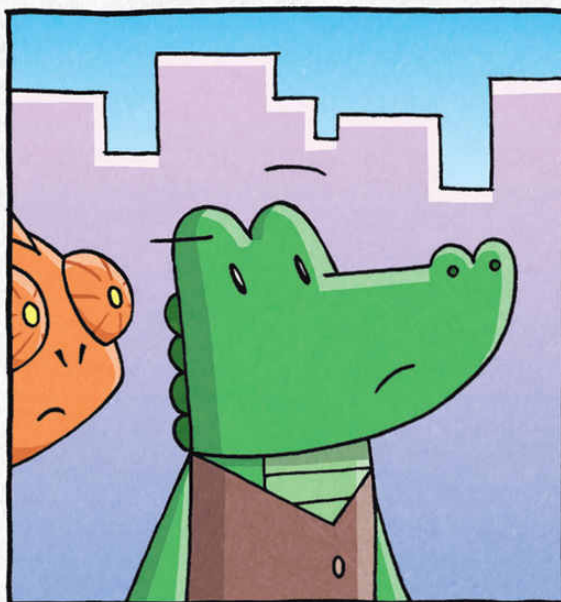
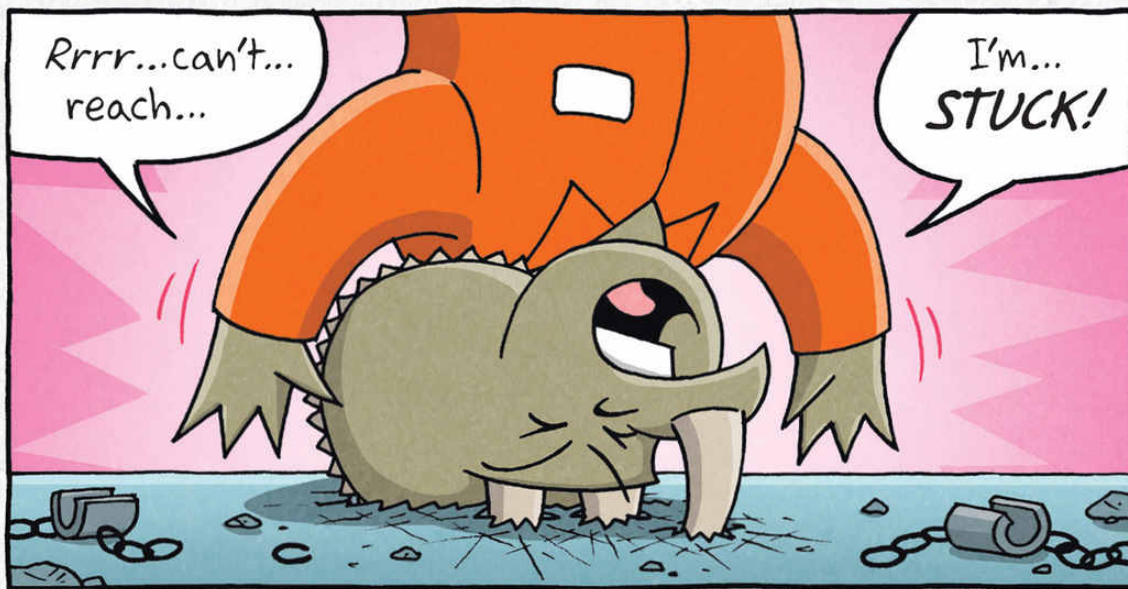




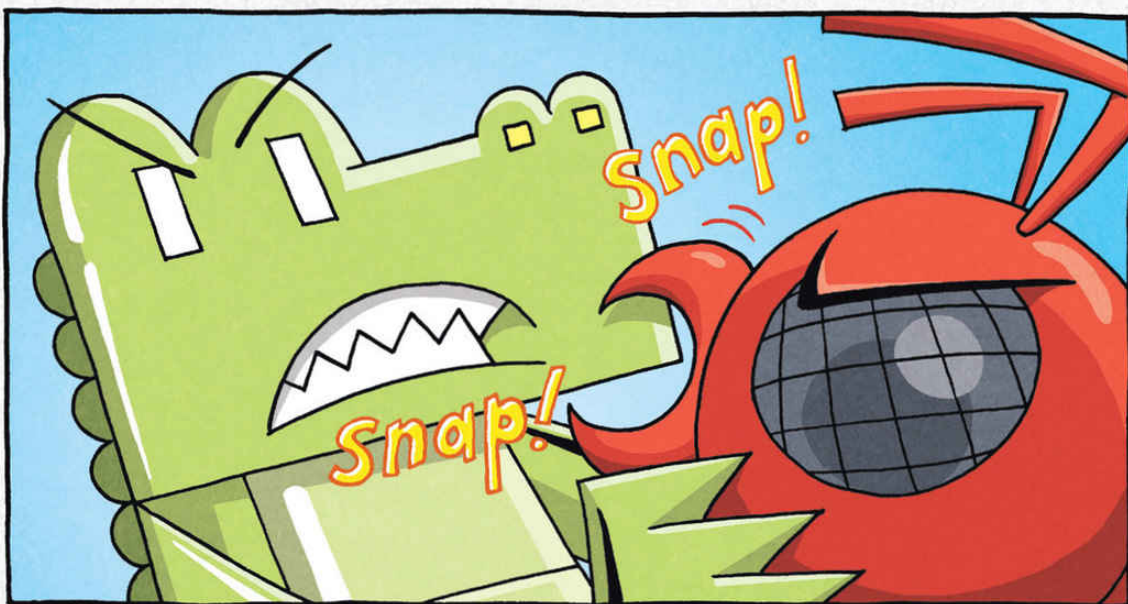
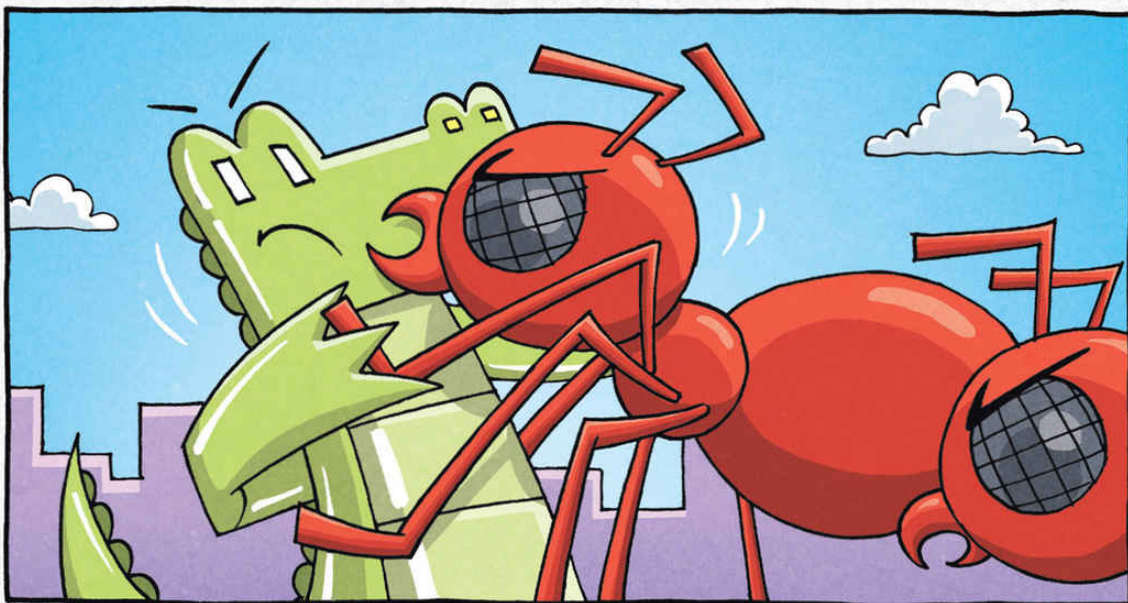
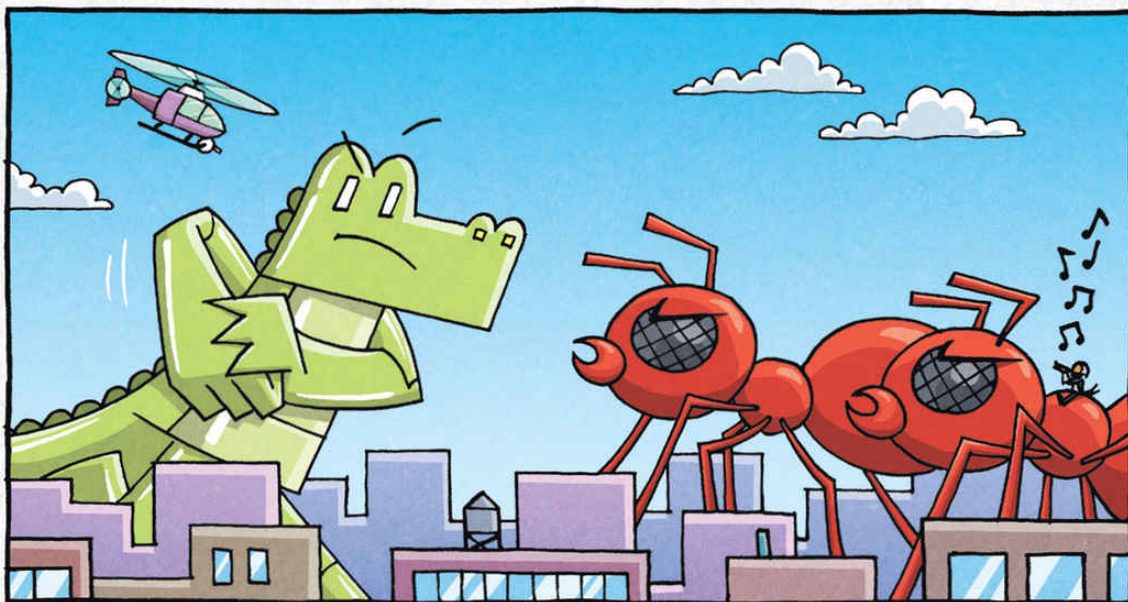




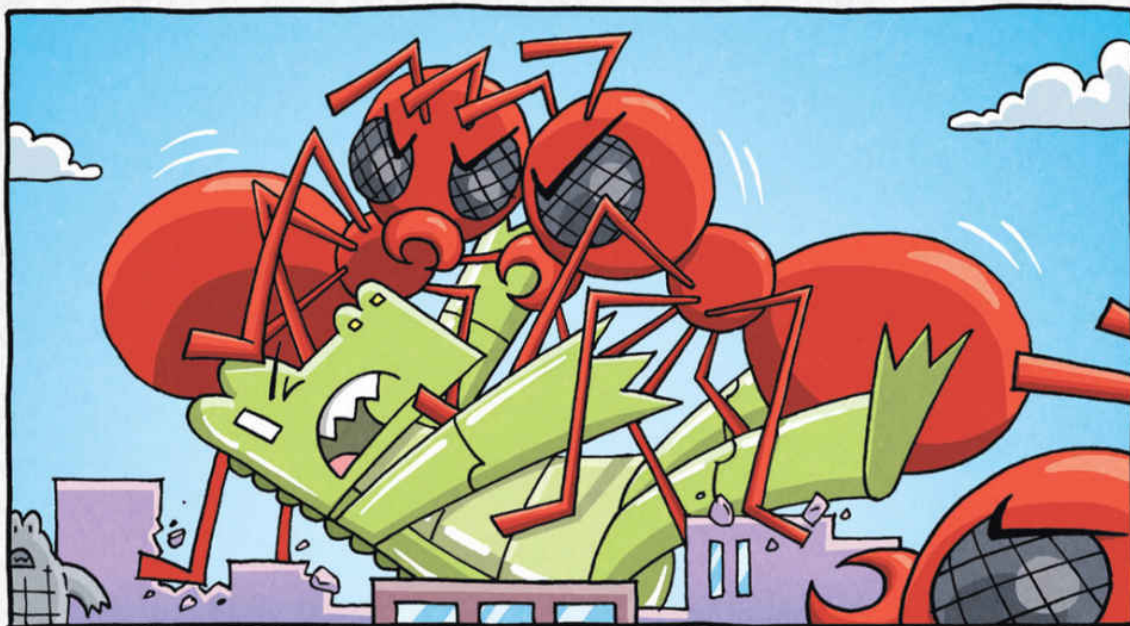
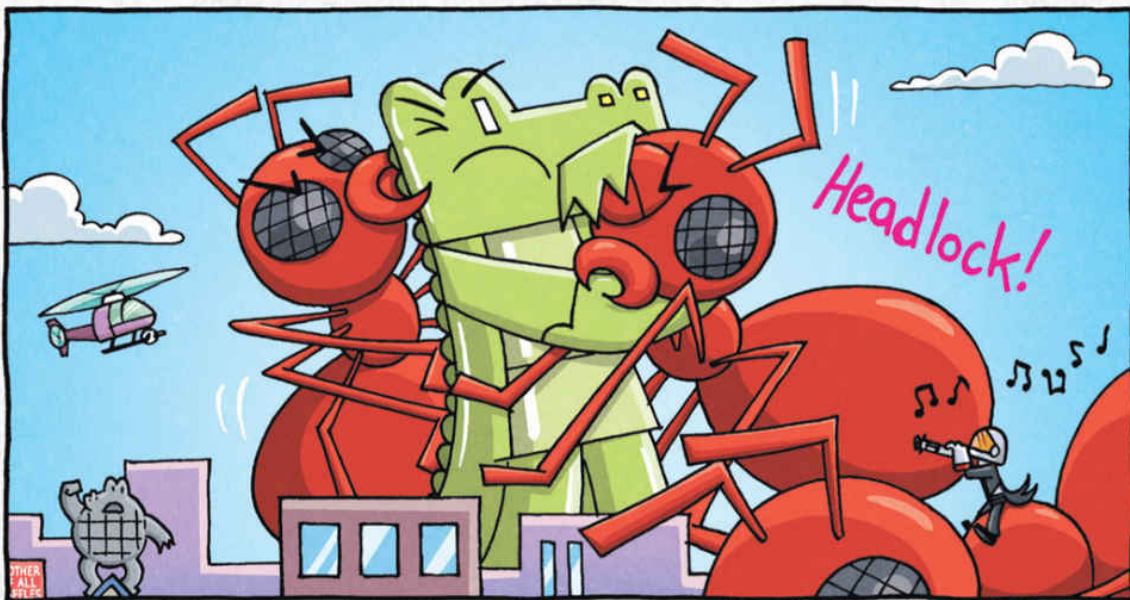




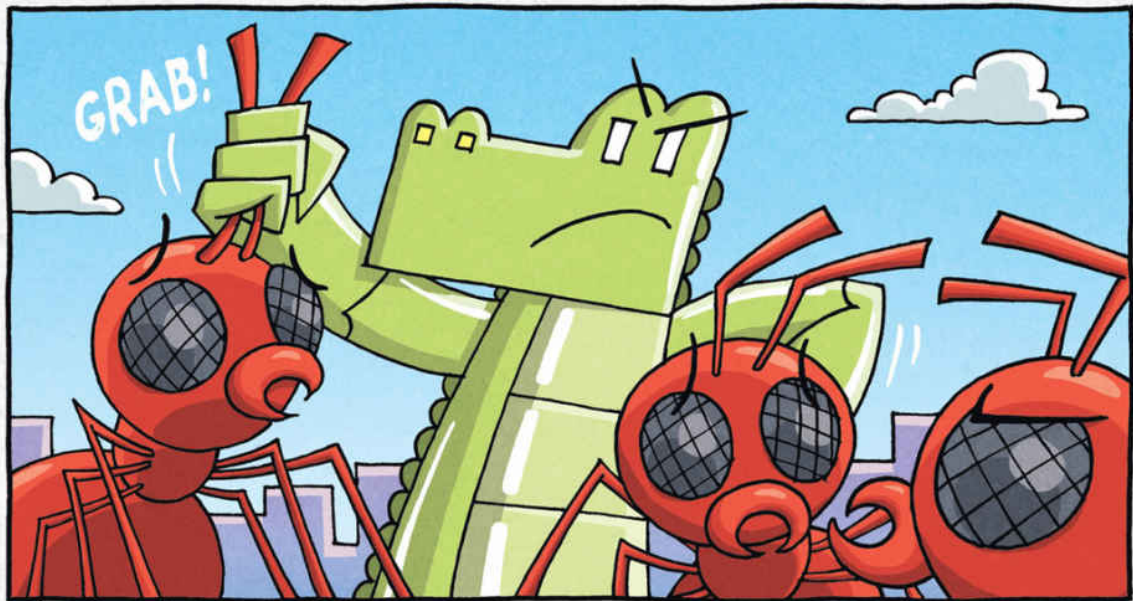
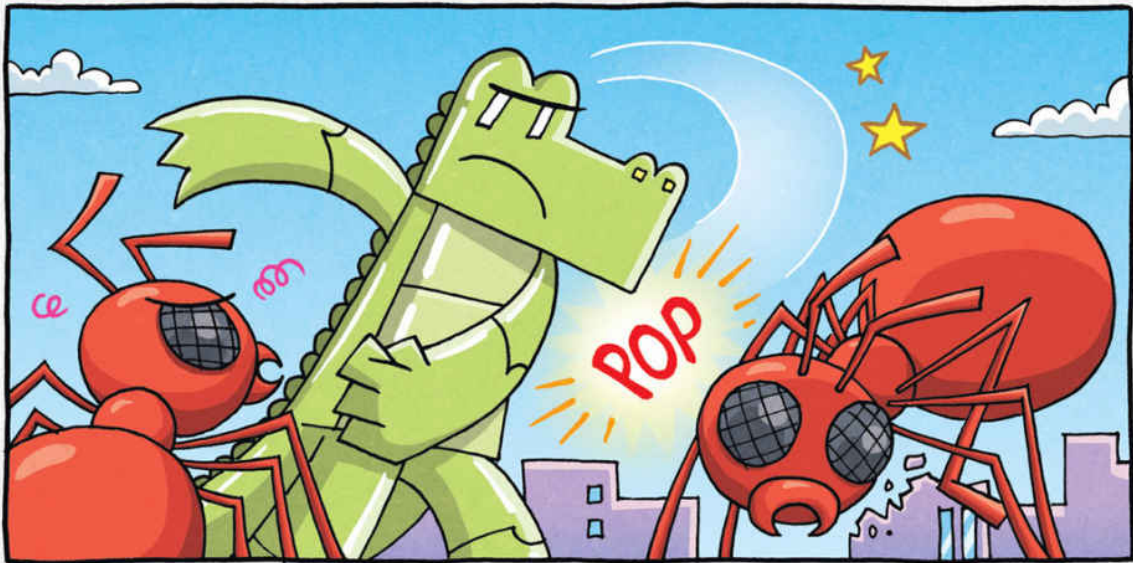




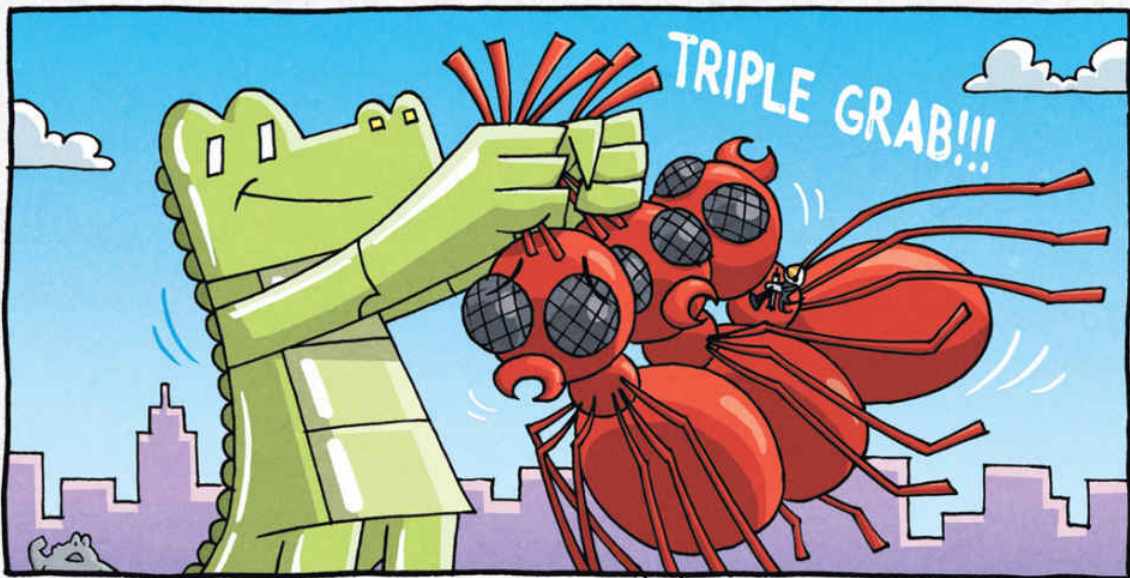
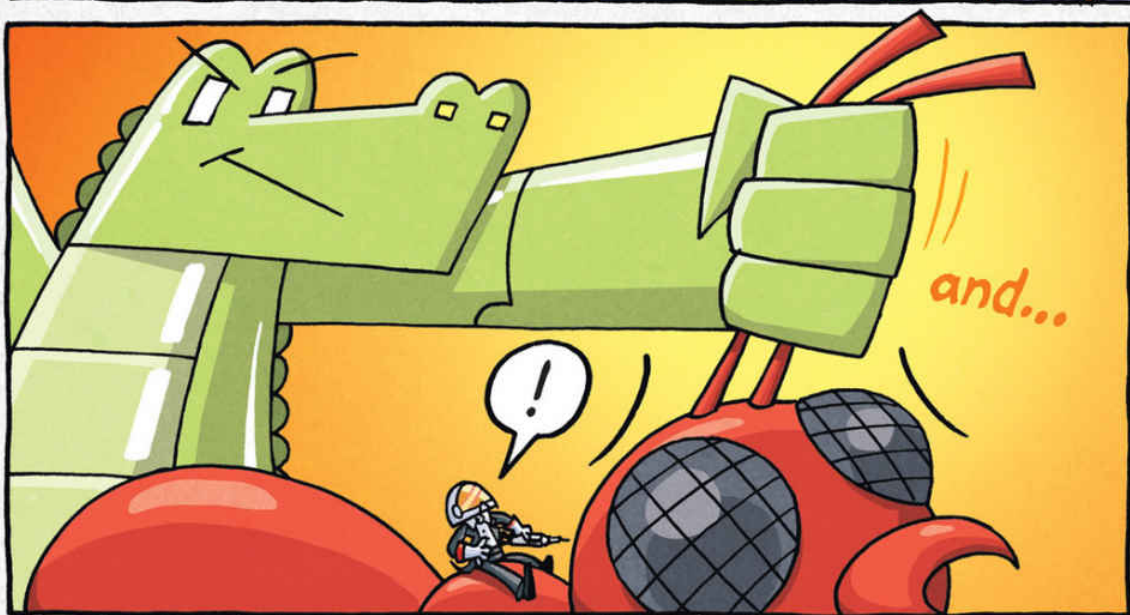
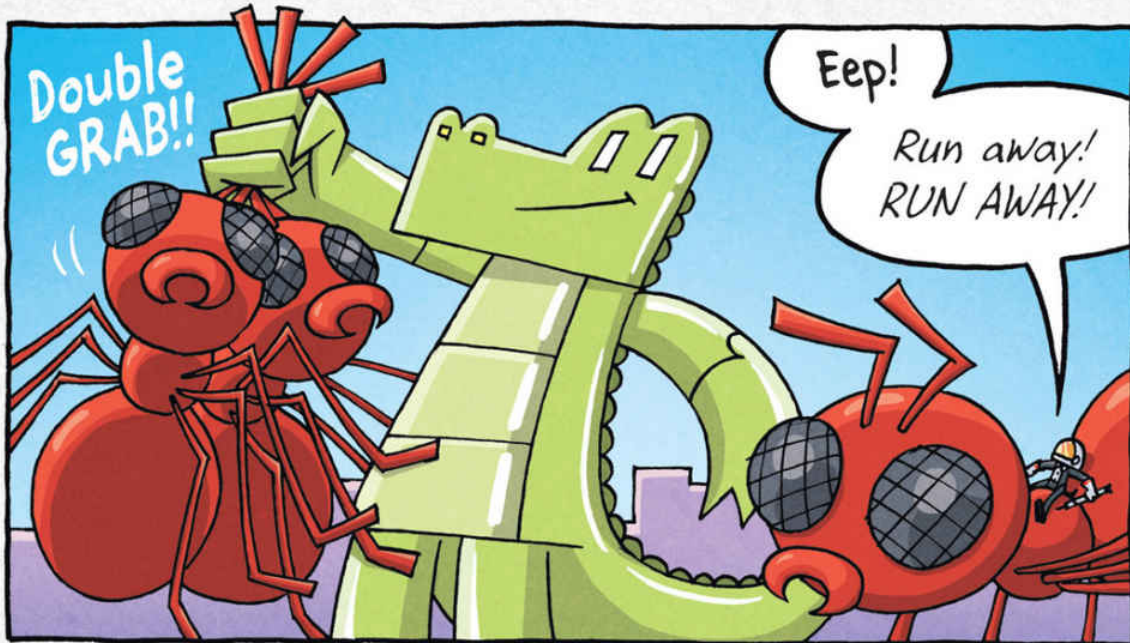




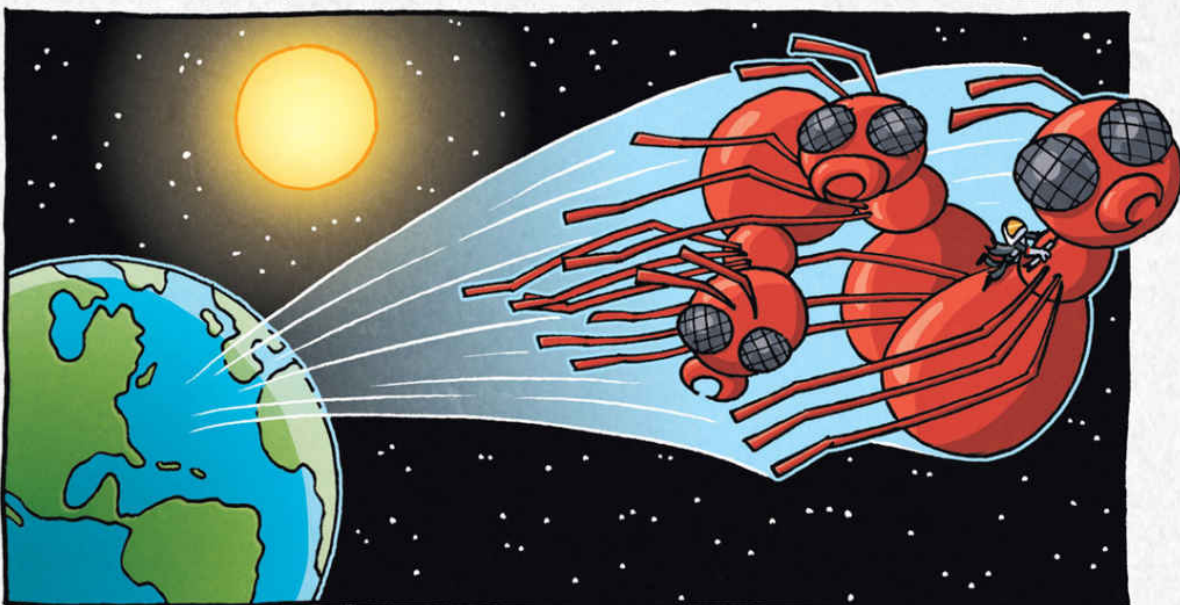
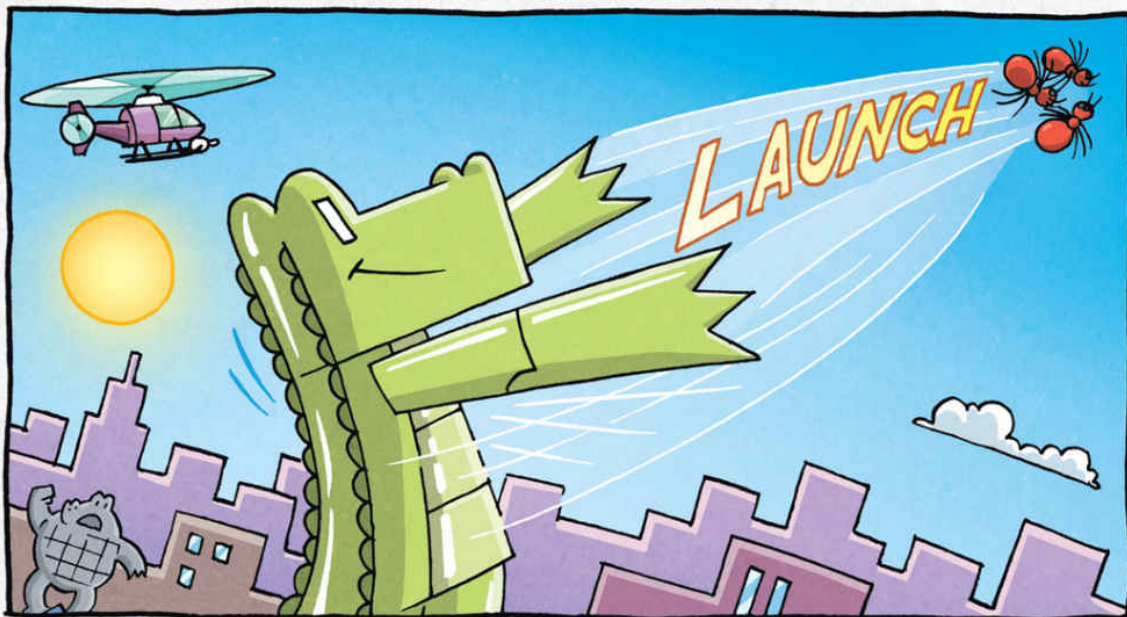
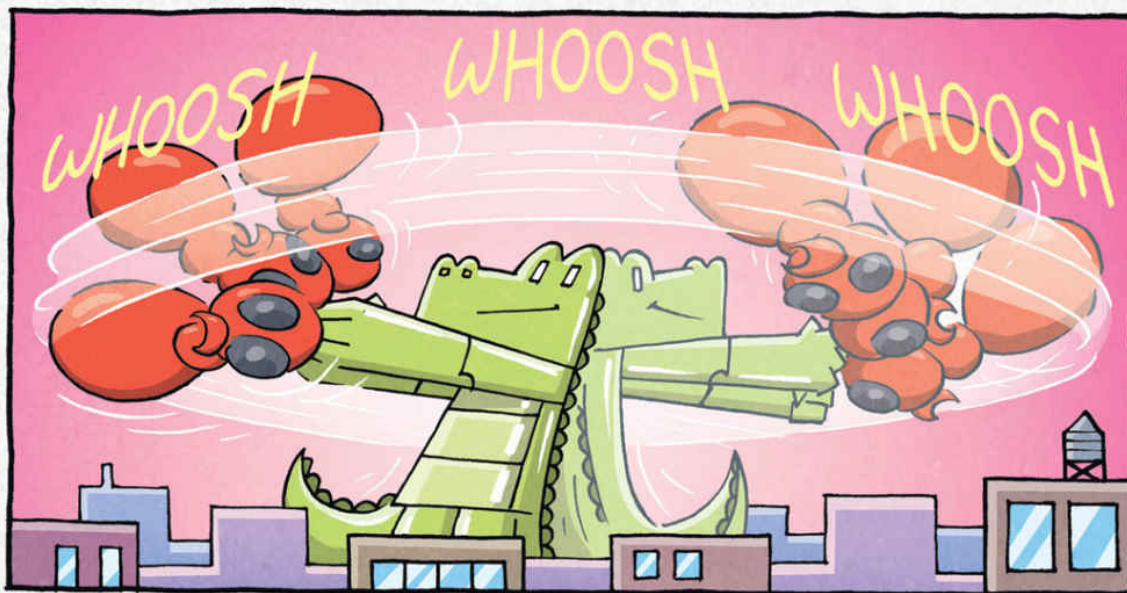




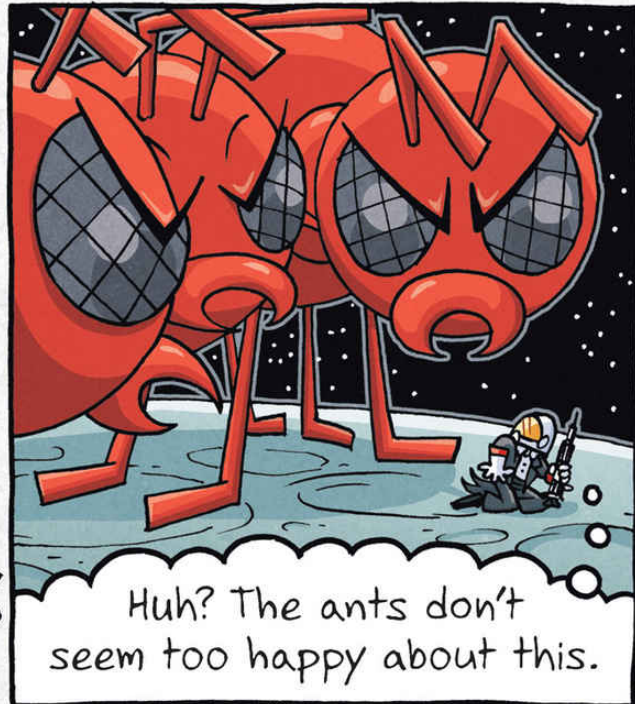
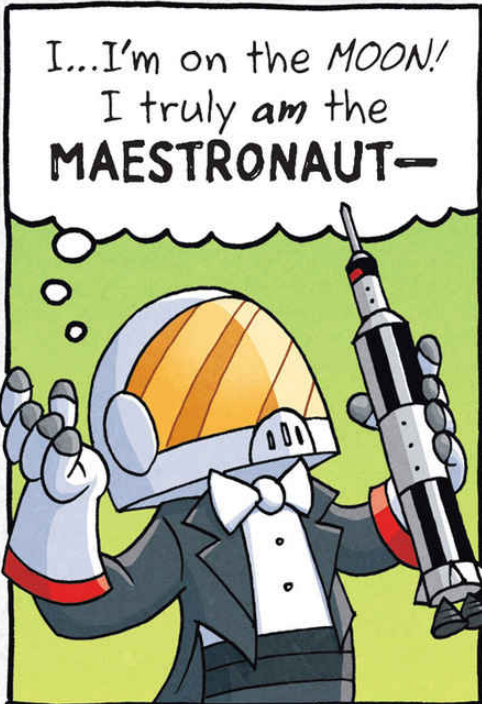
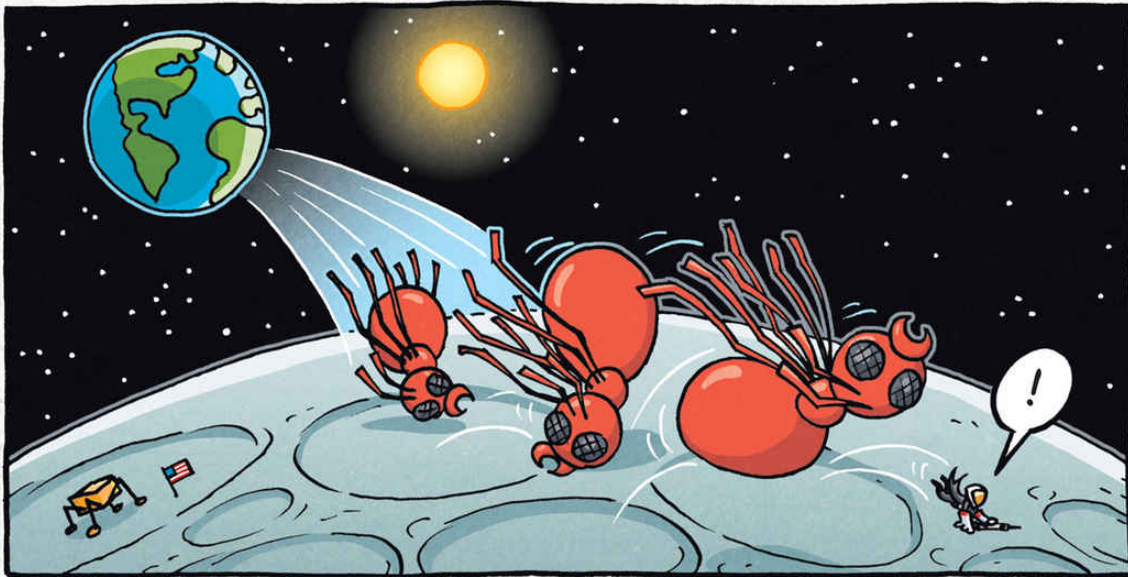
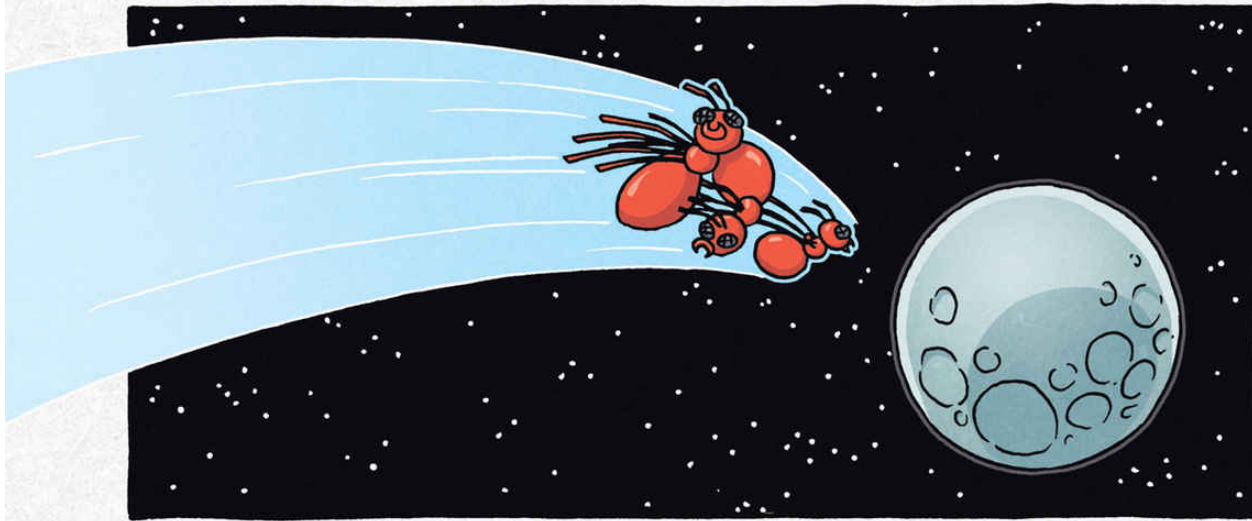




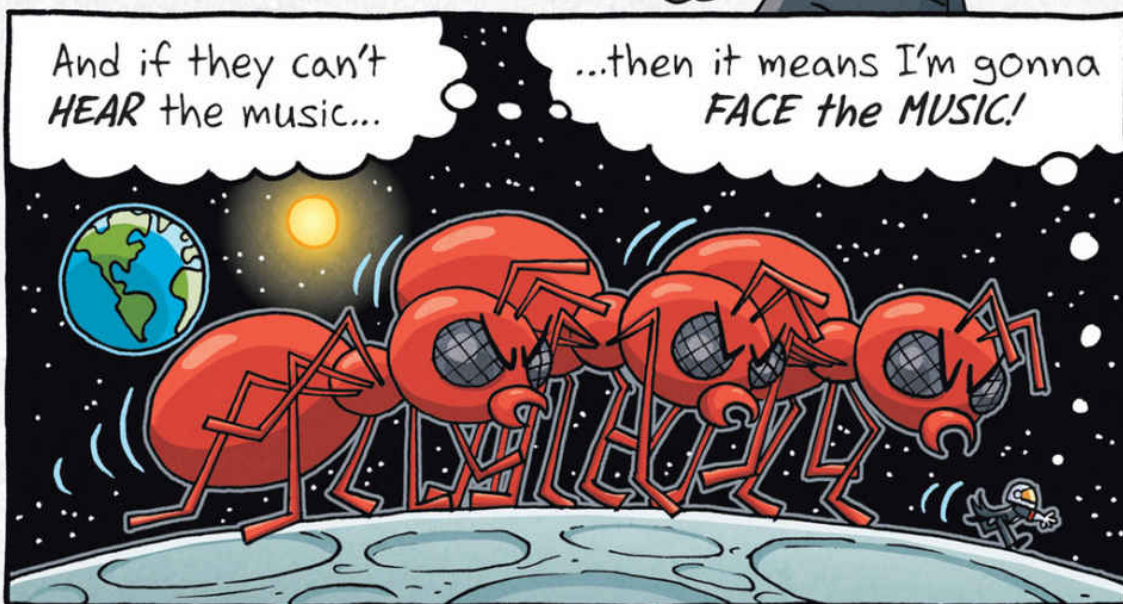
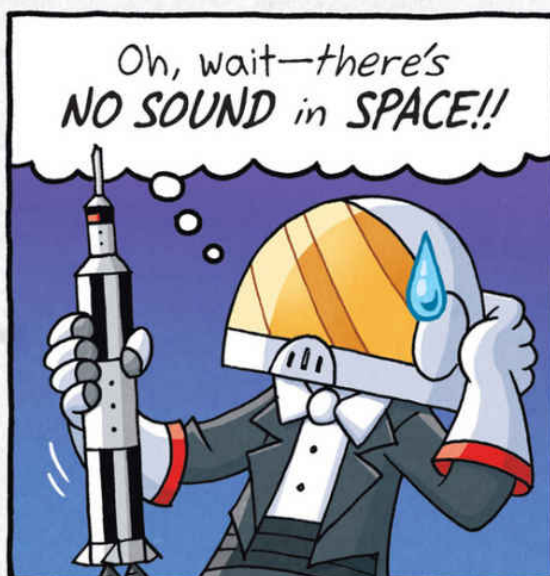
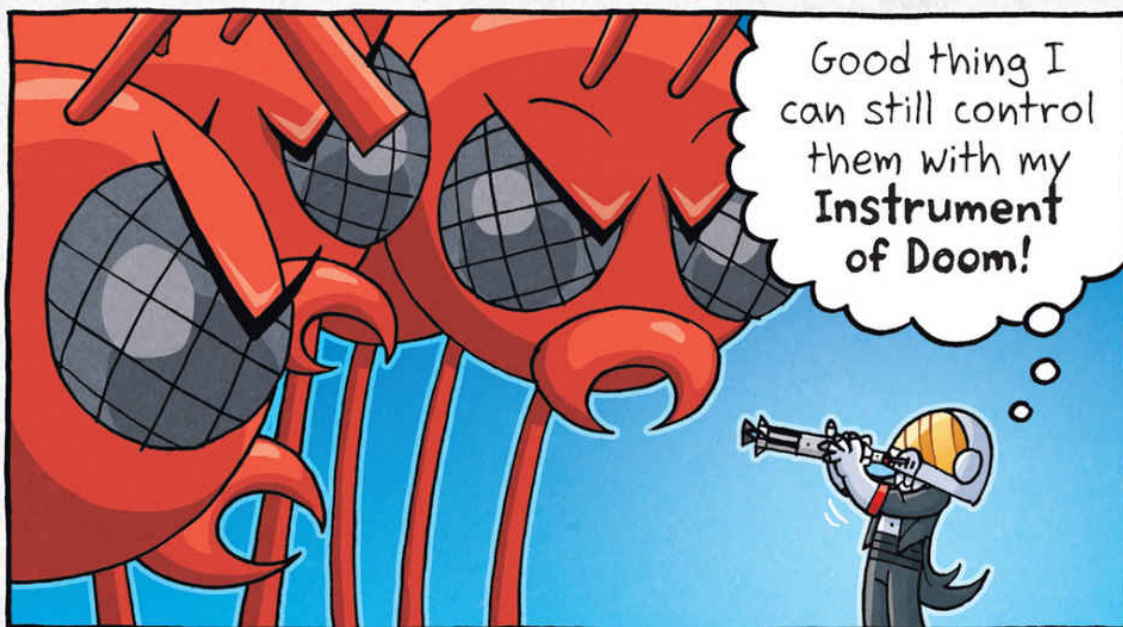






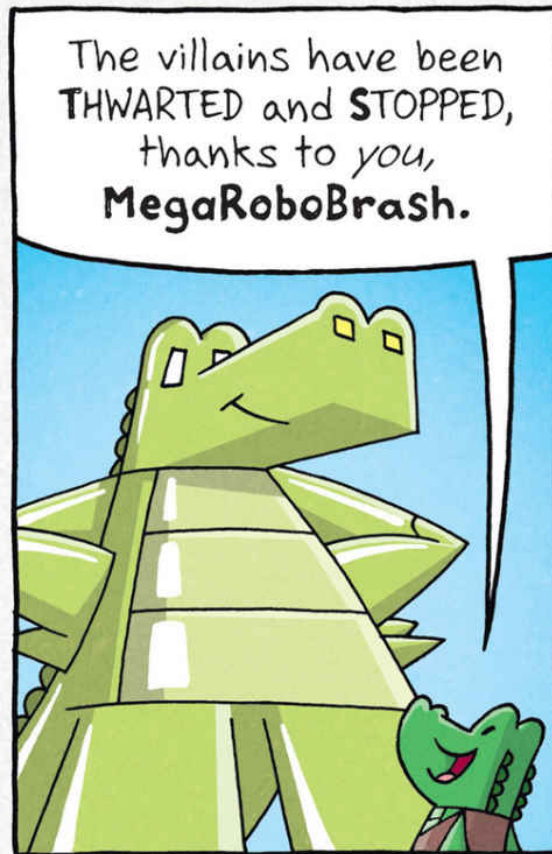
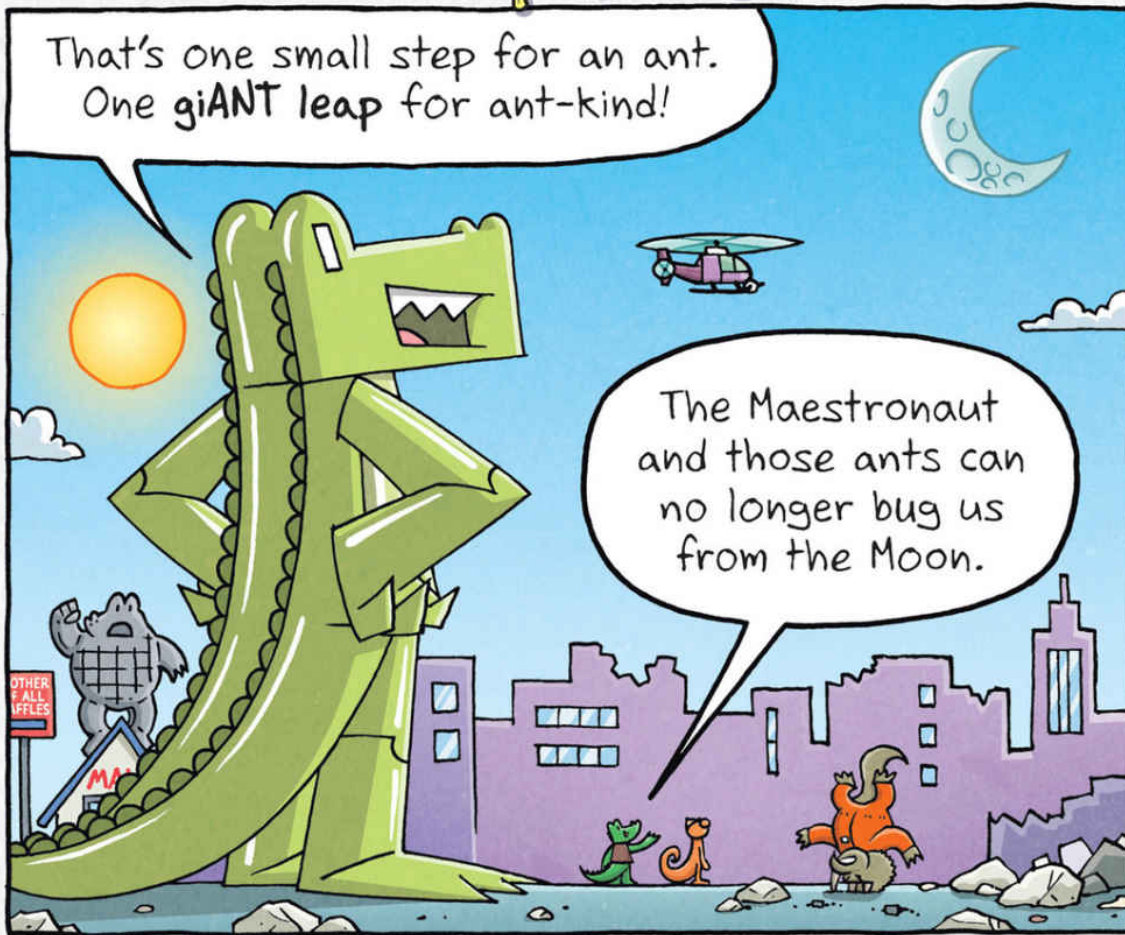




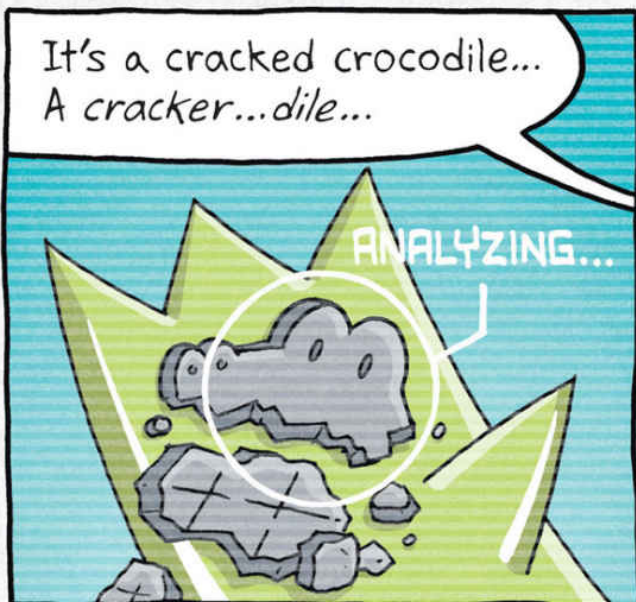
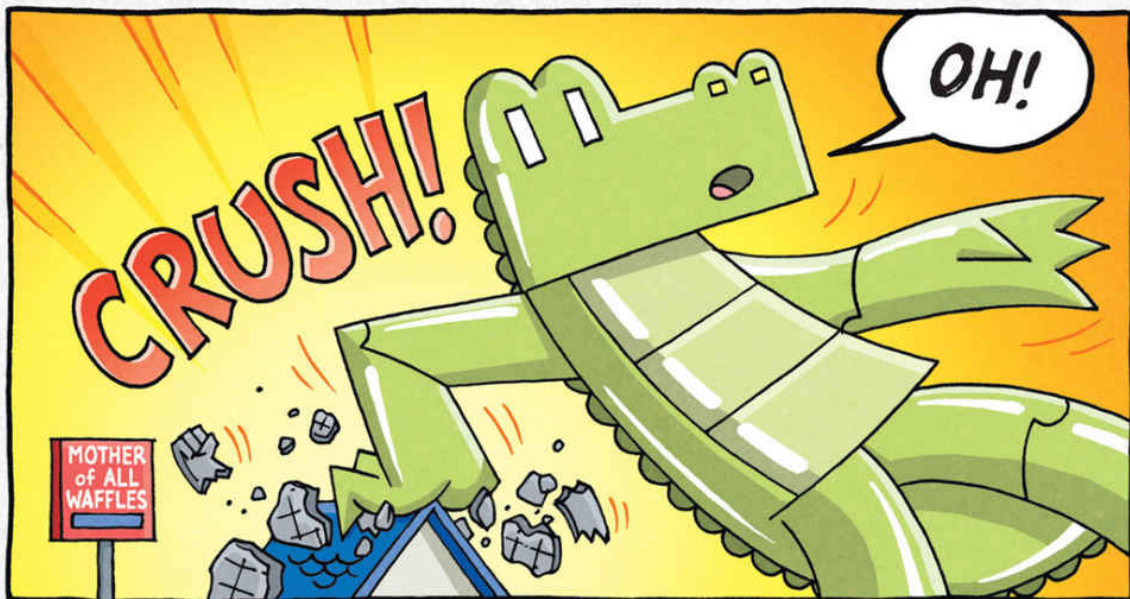
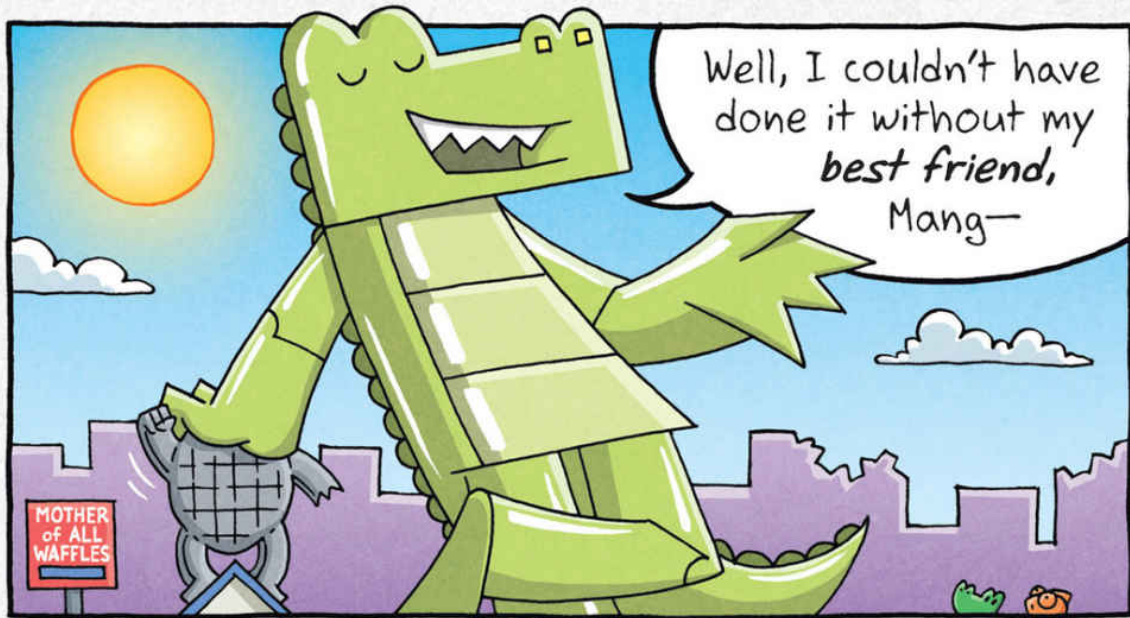




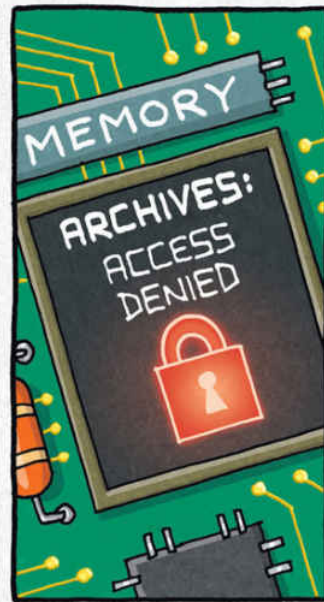
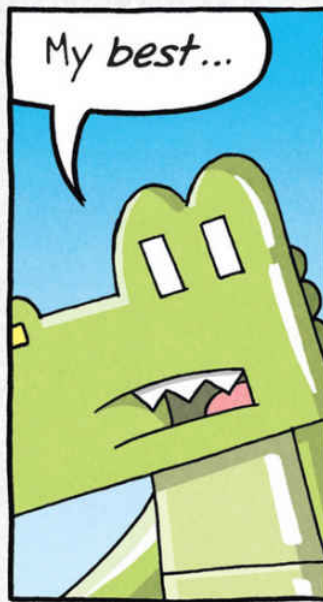
## Chapter 15



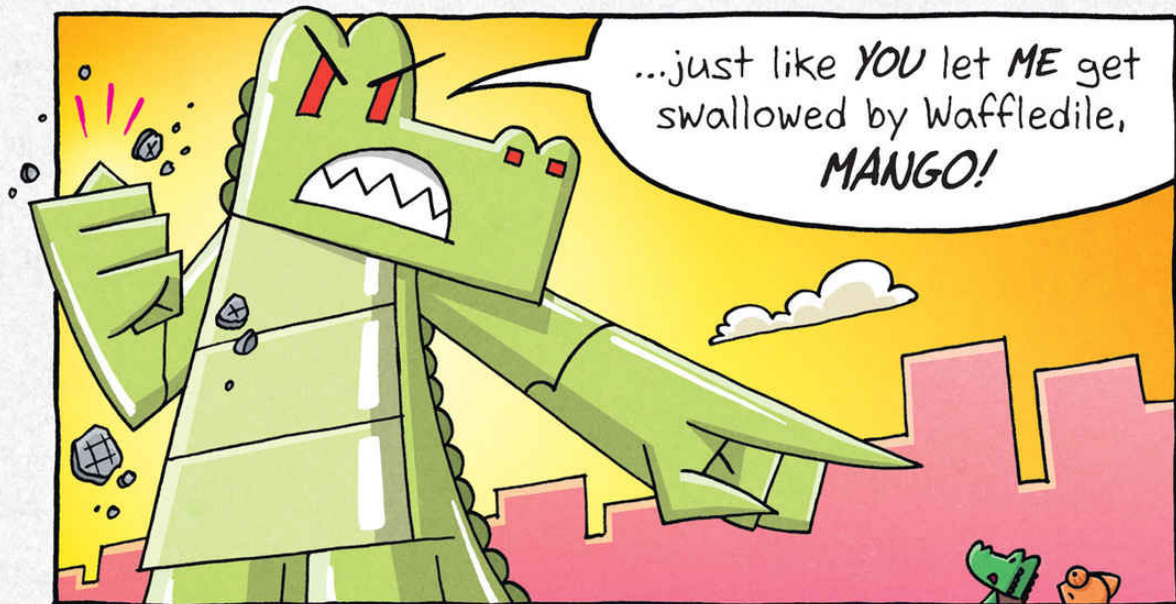
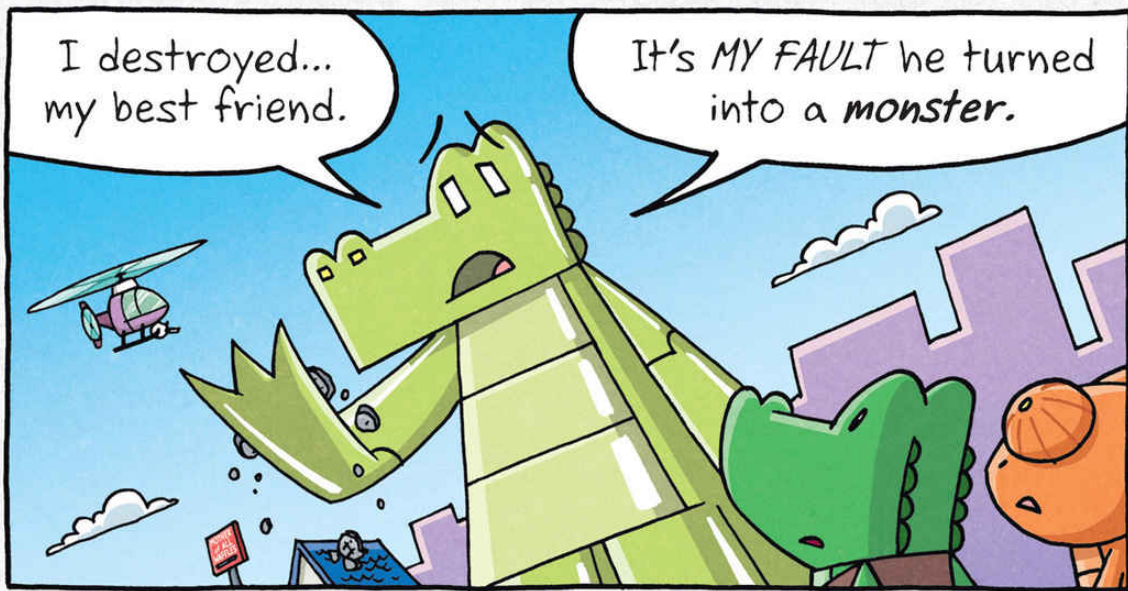




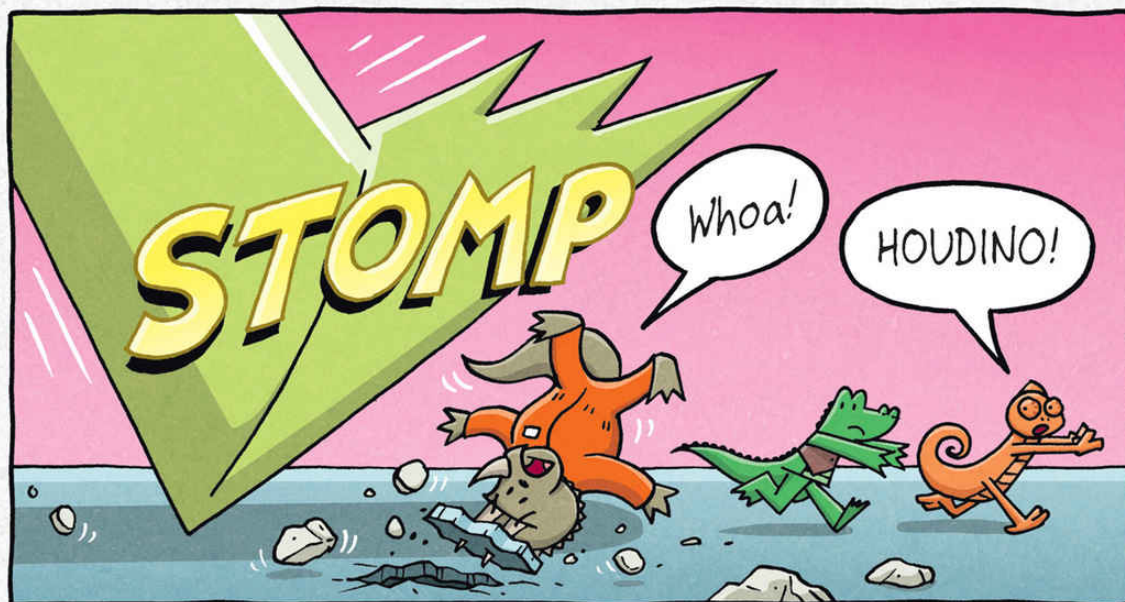
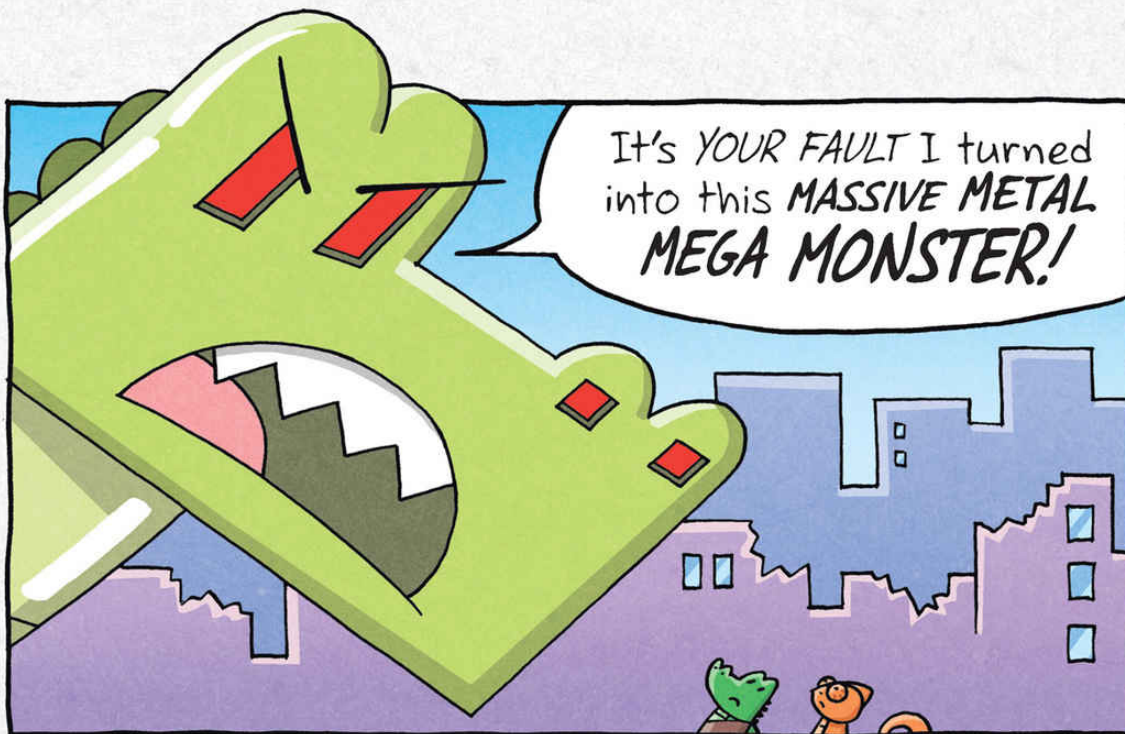




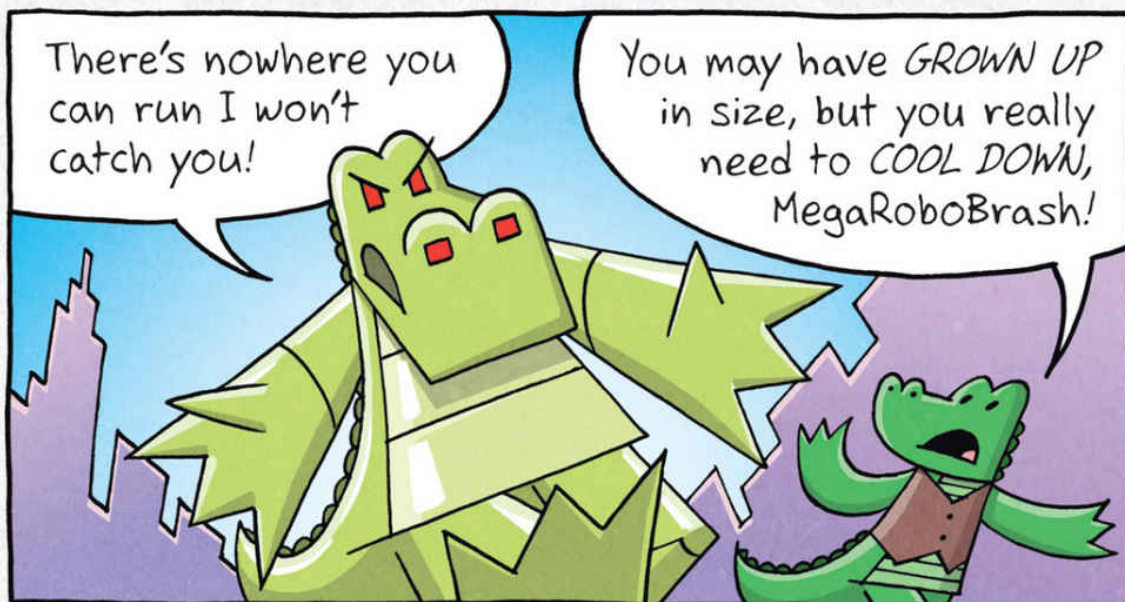








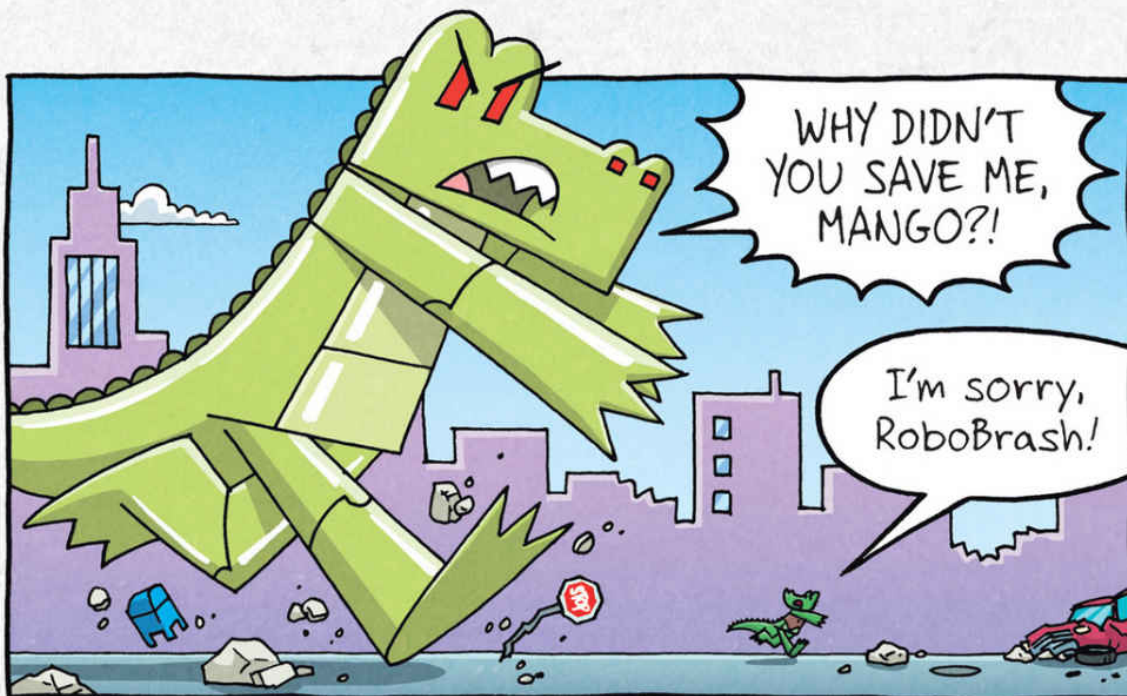










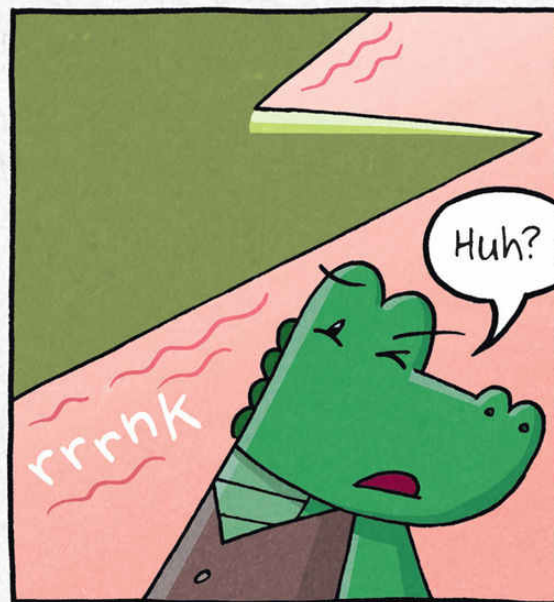
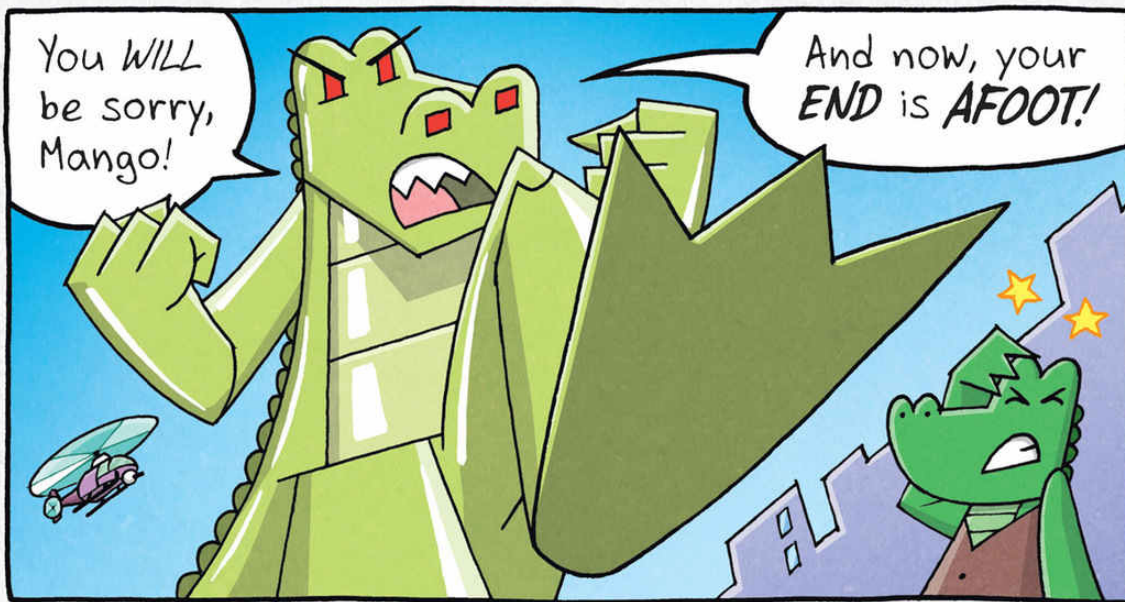


RoboBrash is experiencing the same *anger* that the real Brash feared would turn him into a *monster*! I need to convince RoboBrash to forgive me...

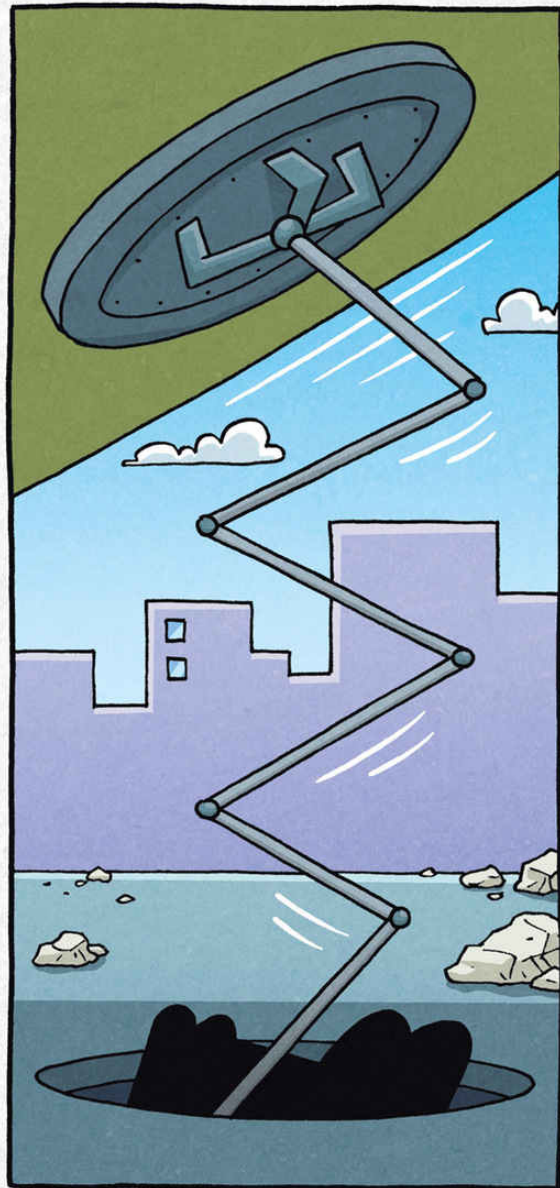
But from what I learned inside Brash's mind, he has to forgive *himself* first... Which means only *RoboBrash* can forgive *RoboBrash*!



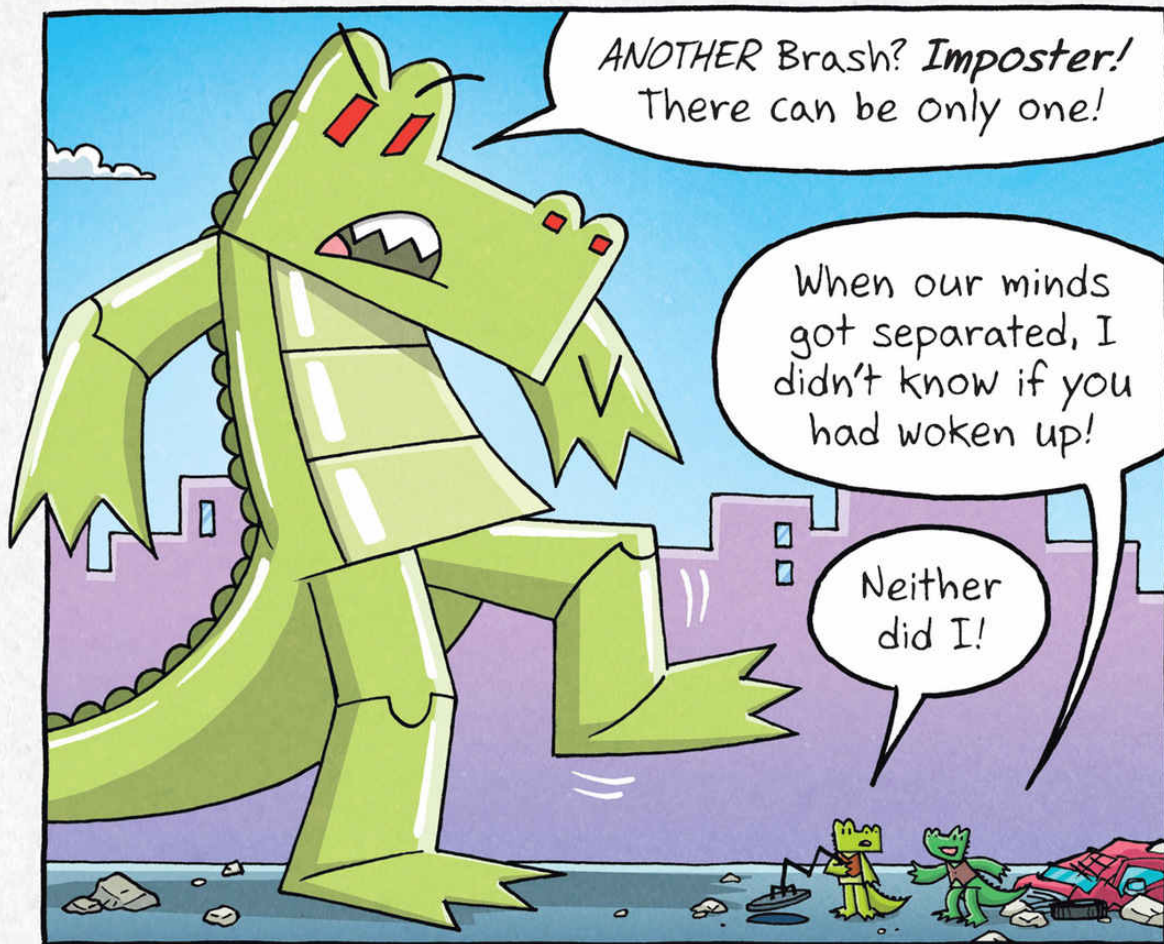
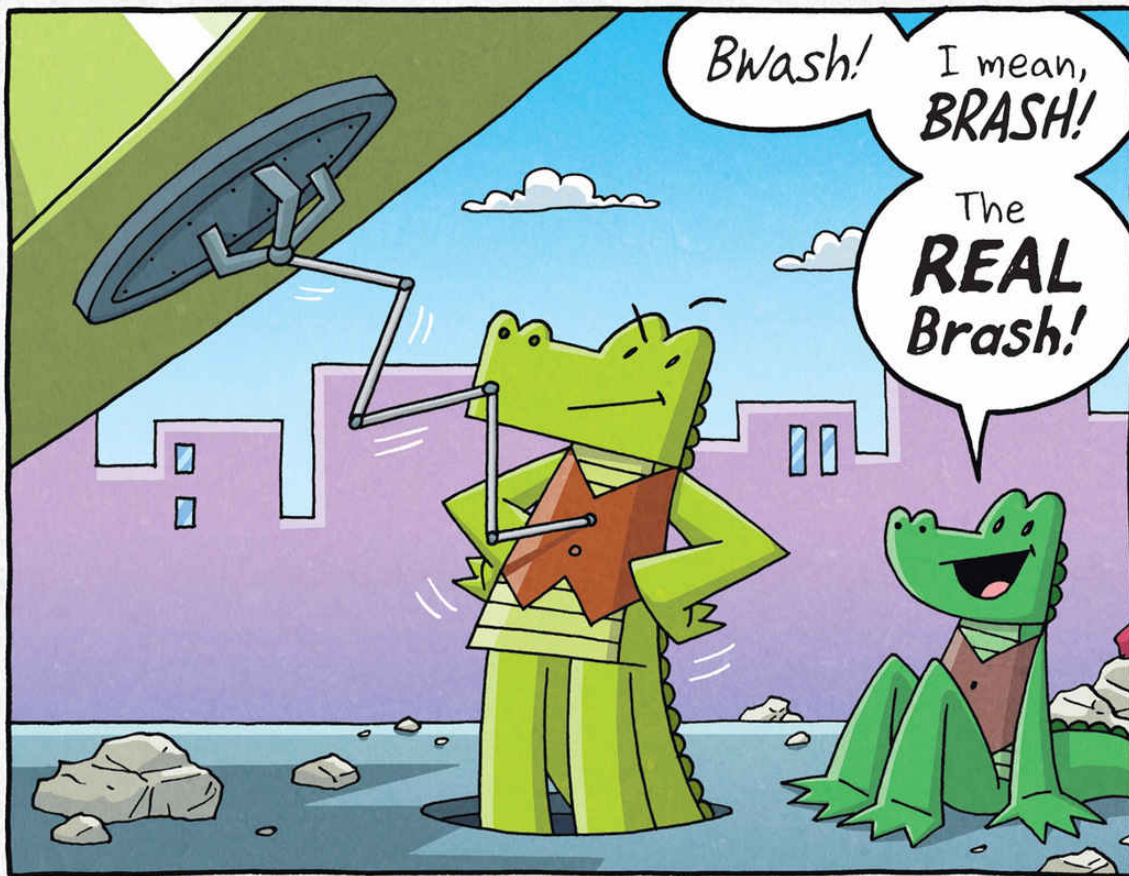






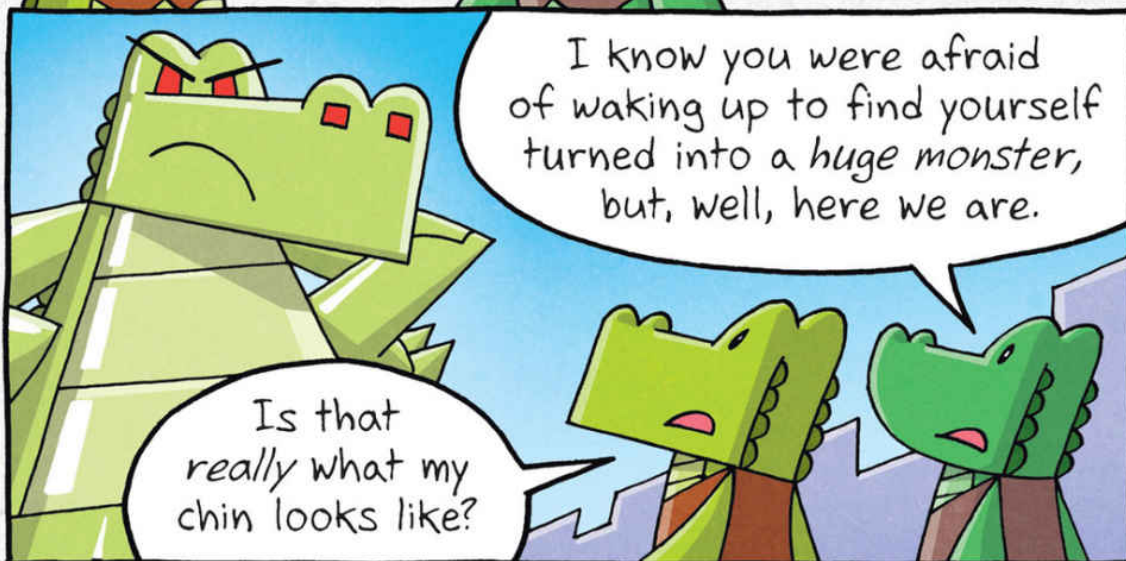
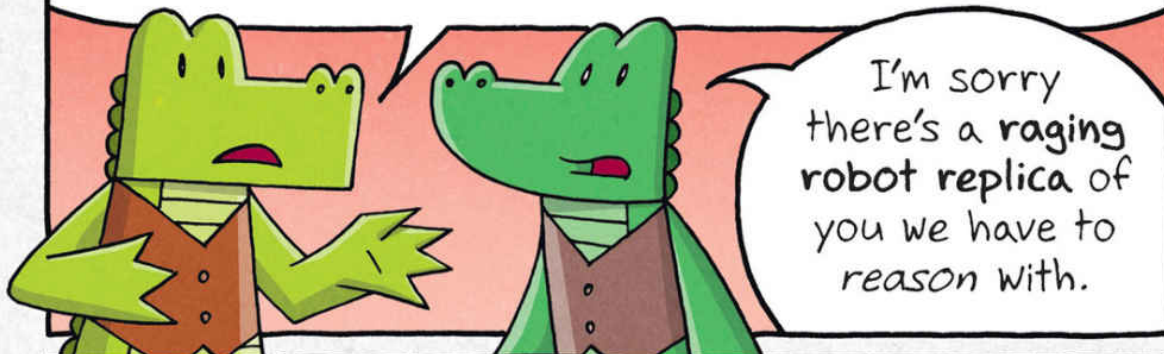








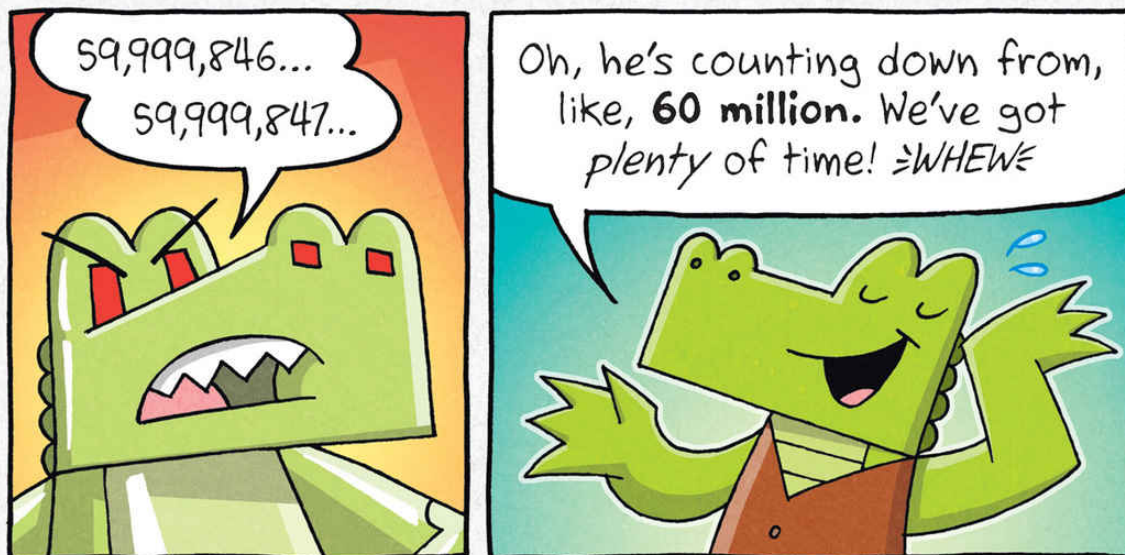
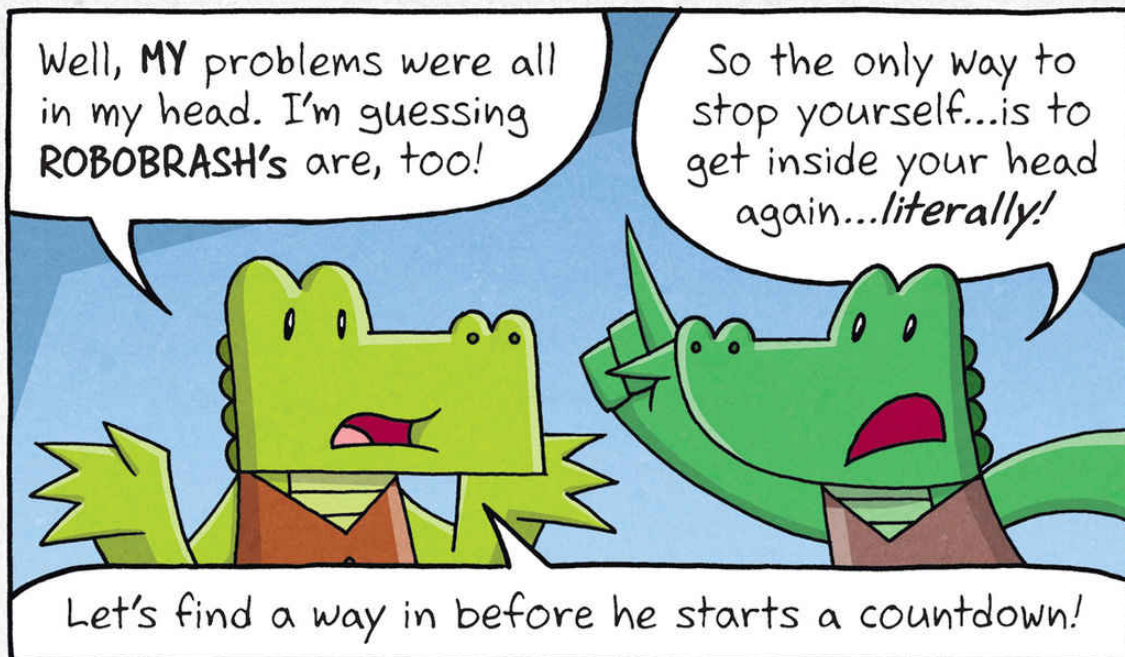
Seeing **GIANT ANTS** trampling the city, I thought I was still stuck in a *nightmare*! But then I heard the General Inspector's message on this V.E.S.T., and I flushed myself into the sewer to get over here.



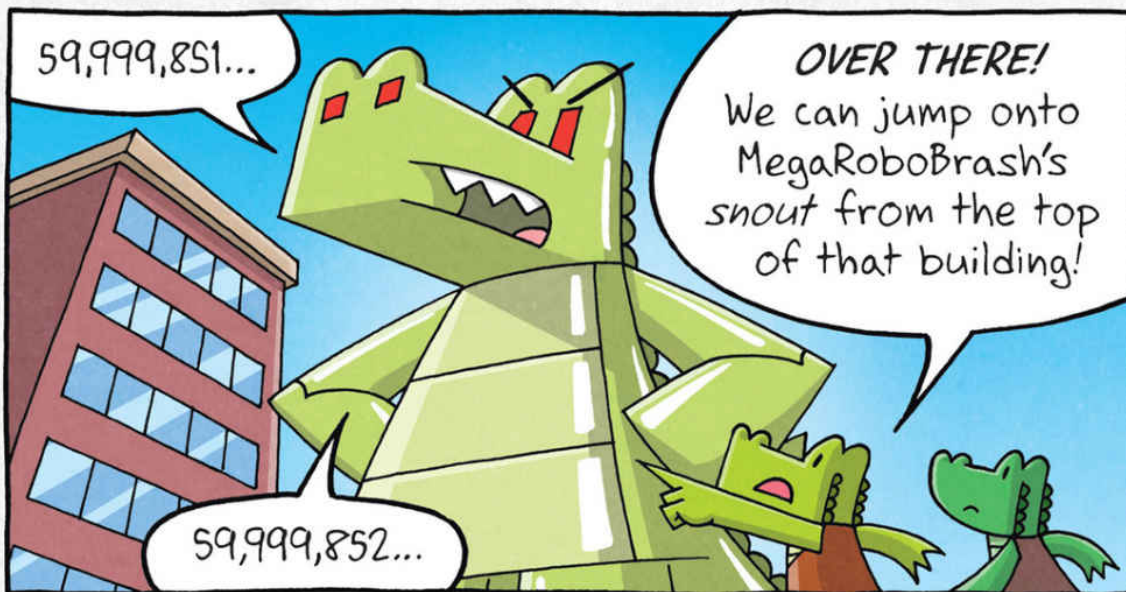
I know what this *OTHER BRASH* is... It represents my **guilt and fear**! It *must be destroyed*! And to destroy *this* Brash means to destroy a part of *myself*! Therefore, I must initiate... **SELF-DESTRUCT!**



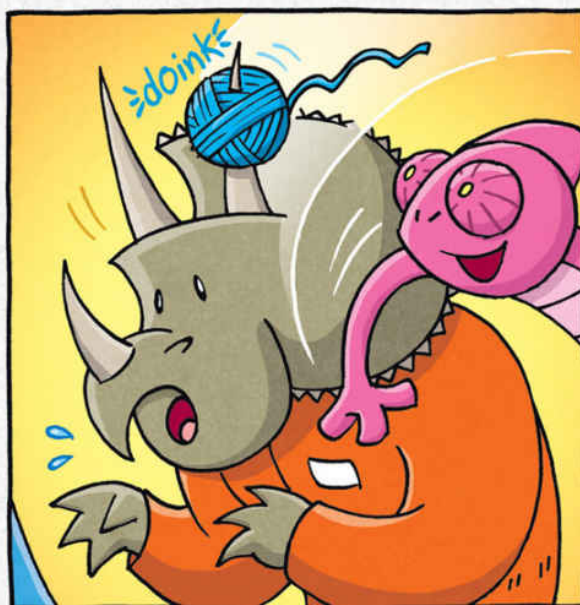








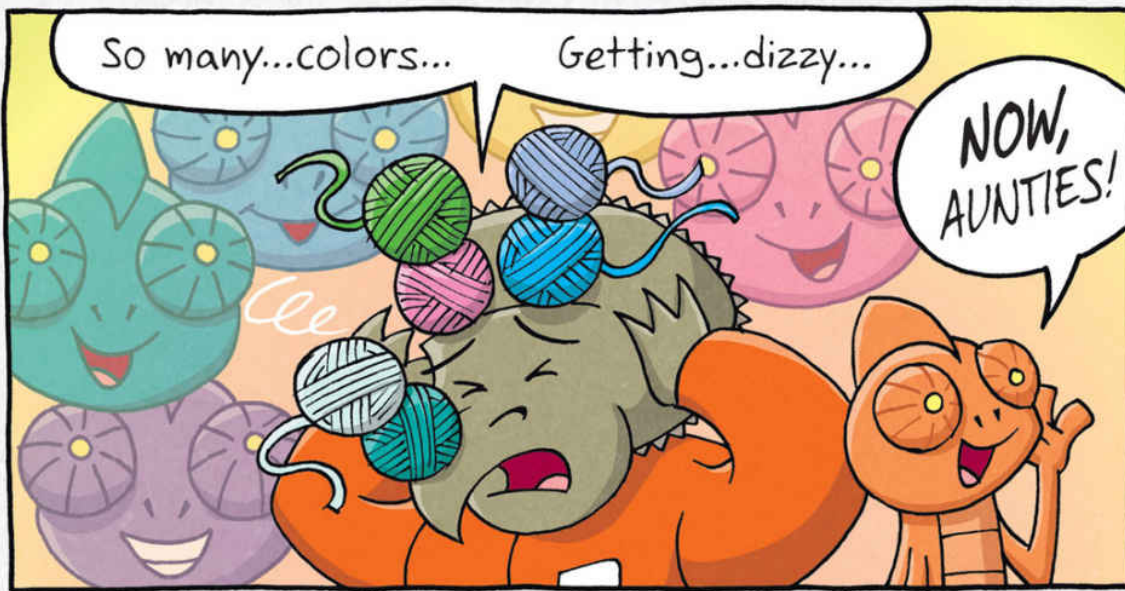




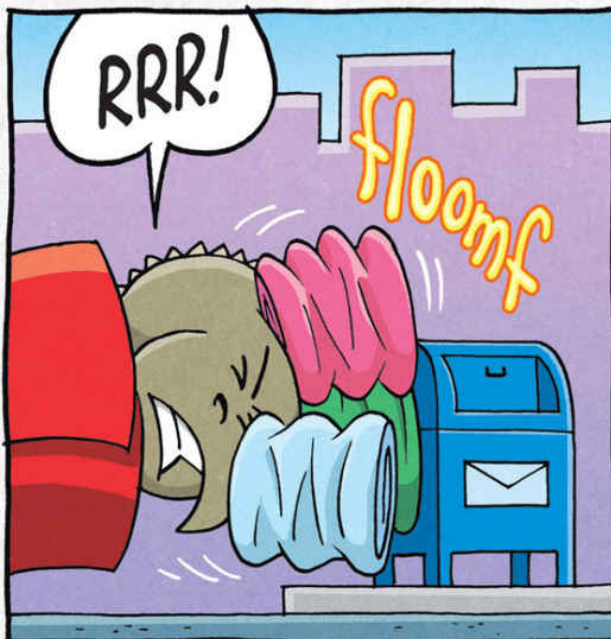






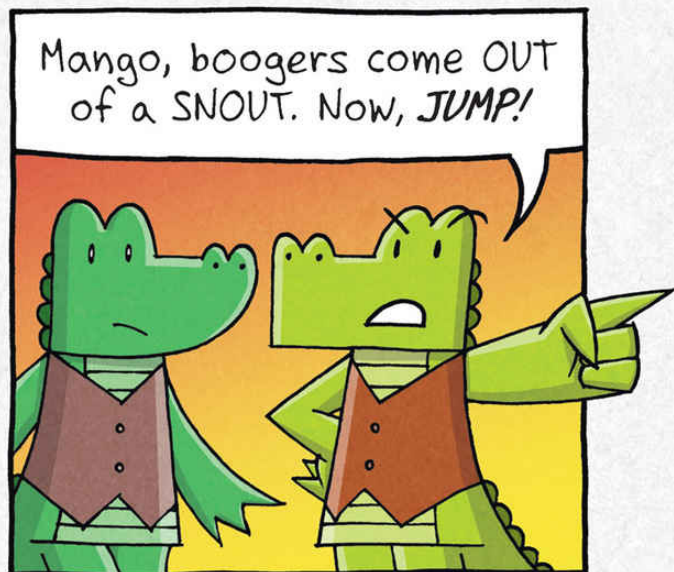
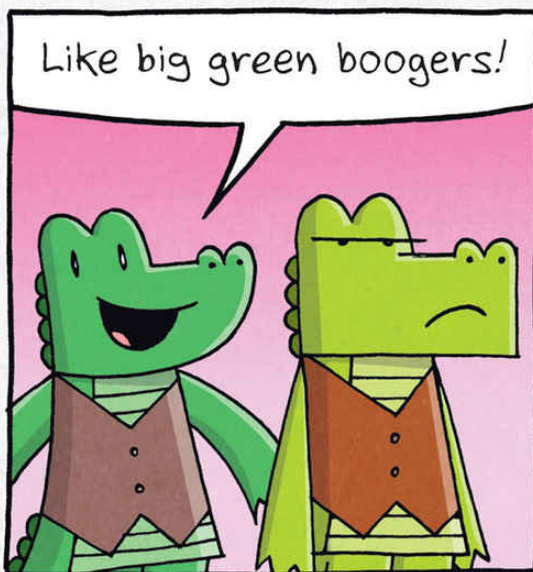
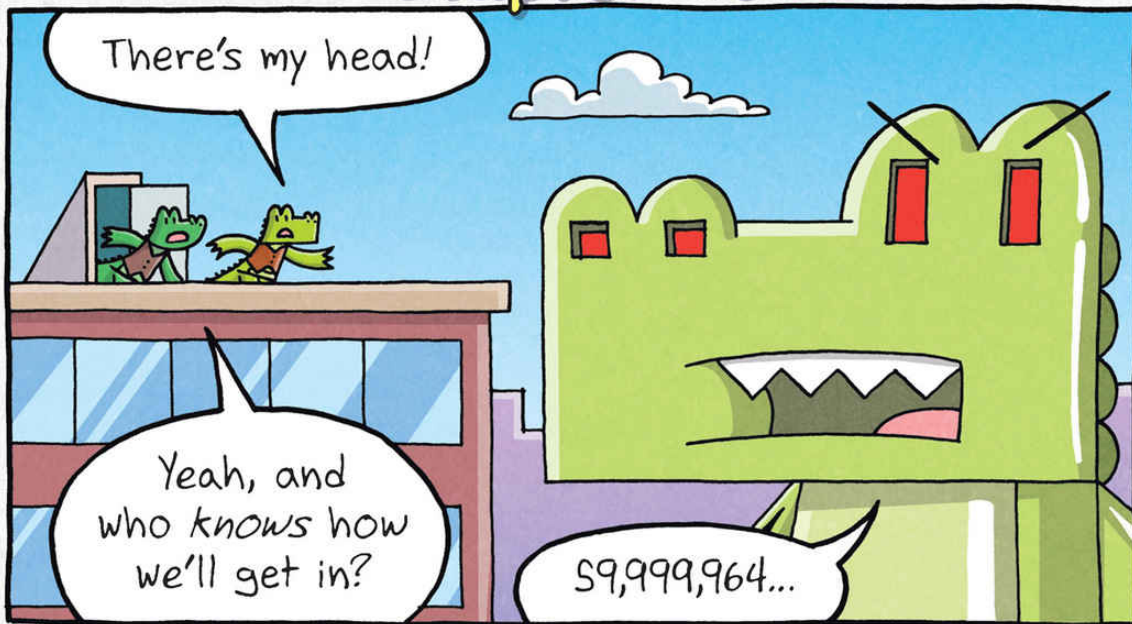




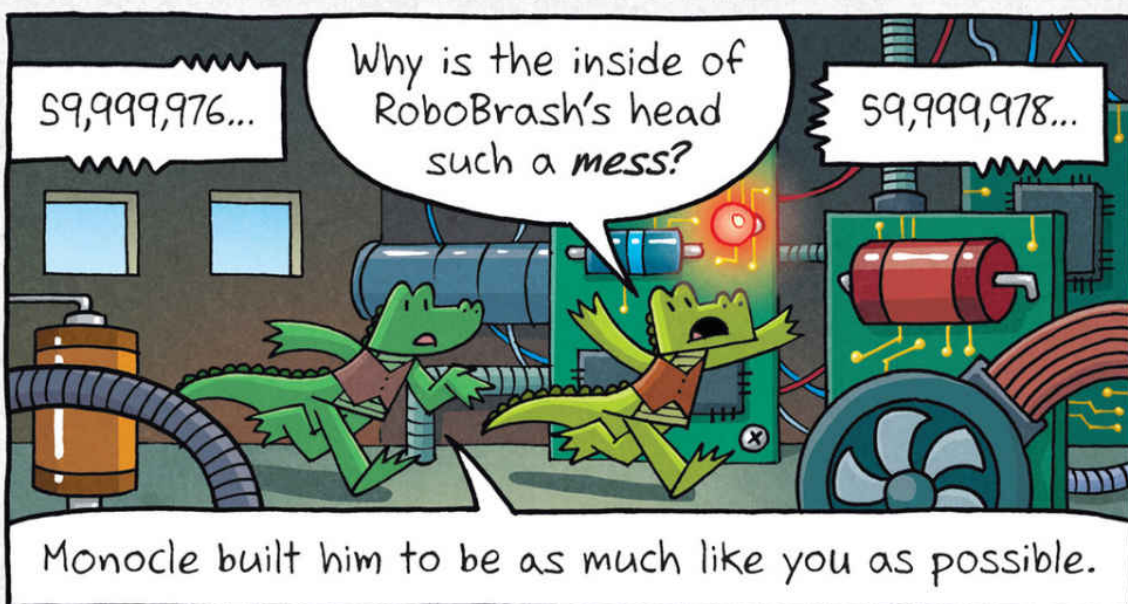
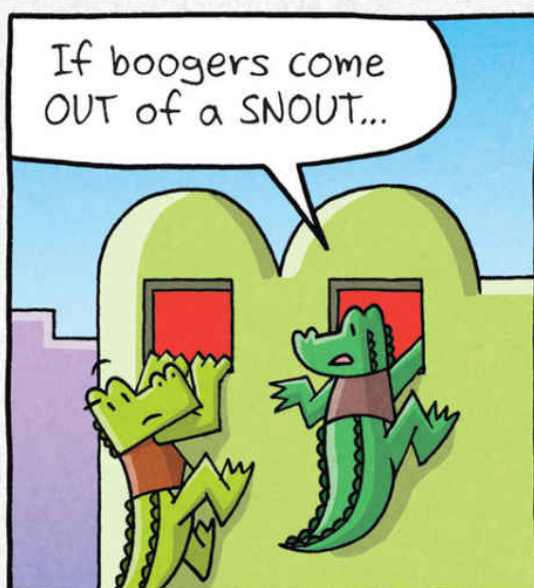
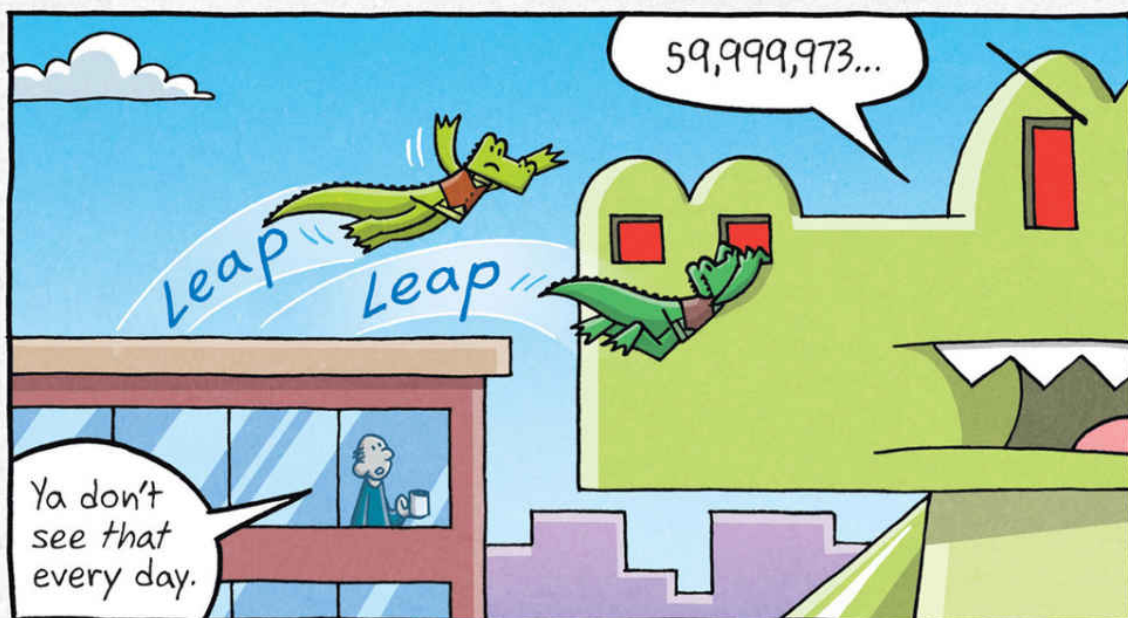




## Chapter 16









Gee, thanks, Monocle.  
WAIT—**MONOCLE!** Come  
in, Monocle!



**Brash!** You're awake! You're  
no longer stuck inside  
your own head!



Yes and no. I'm inside  
**ROBOBRASH'S** head!



Monocle, RoboBrash  
has initiated a self-destruct  
countdown—I mean, count **UP**.  
How can we stop it?!

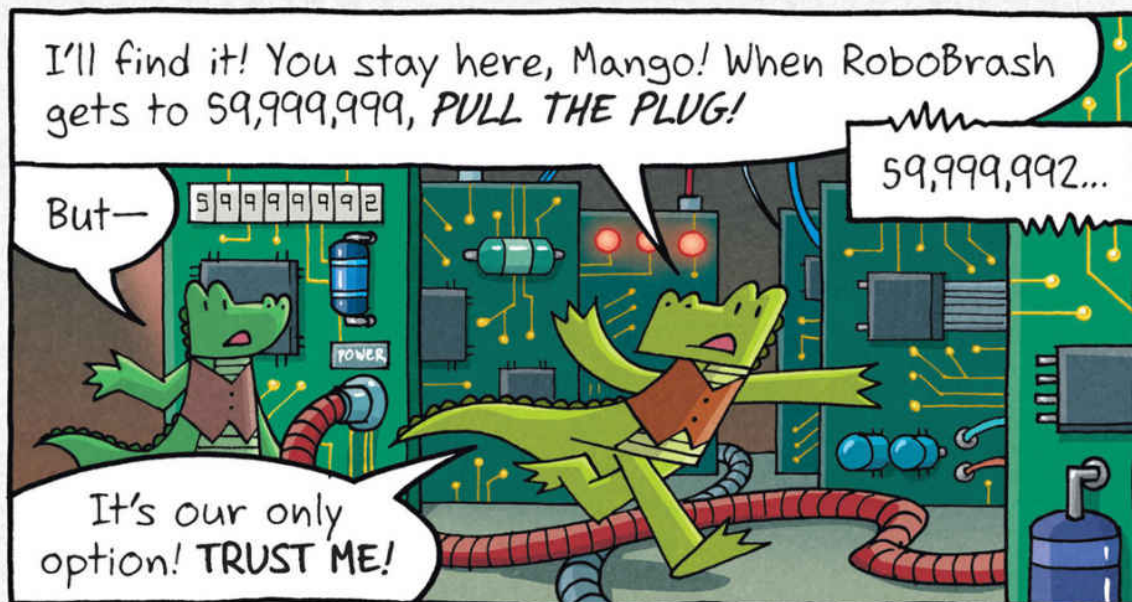
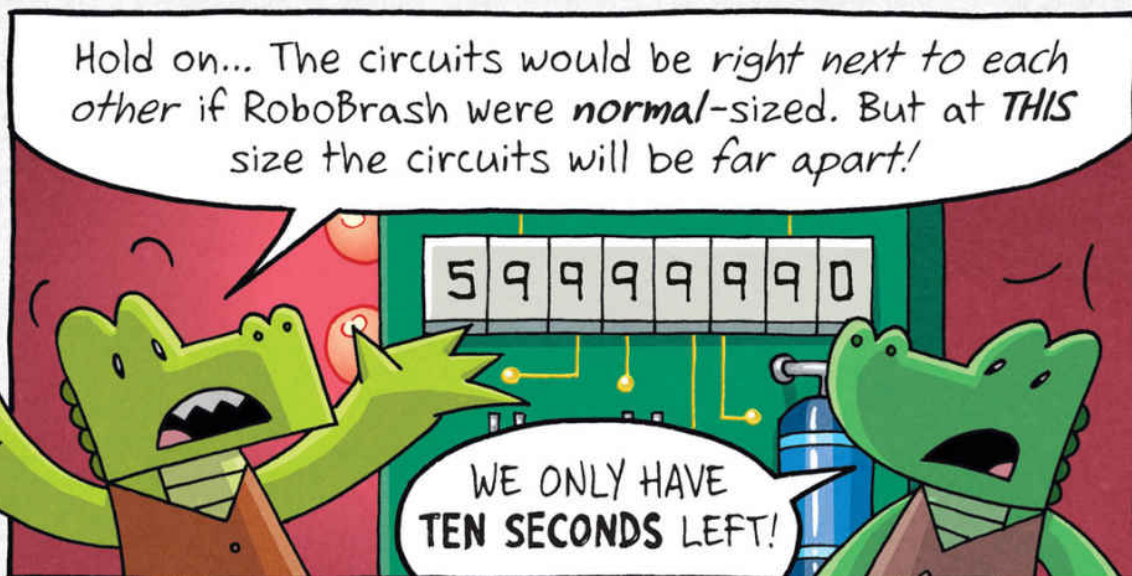
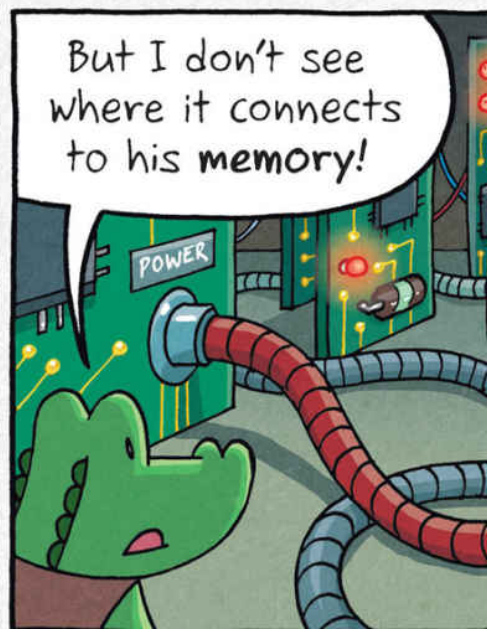
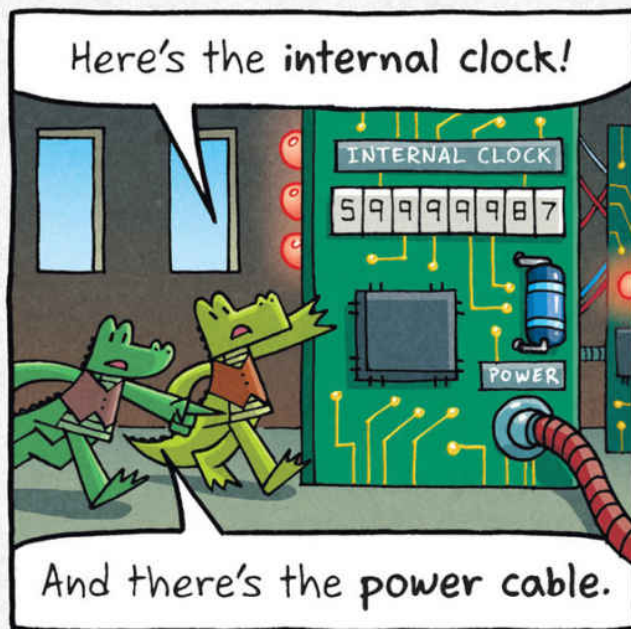
I was afraid of that! You need to disconnect the  
power cable from his **MEMORY** and his **INTERNAL  
CLOCK**. But you have to disconnect them at the  
**EXACT SAME TIME** or he'll blow up *instantly!*

The circuits are  
right next to each  
other, so it should  
be easy-peasy.

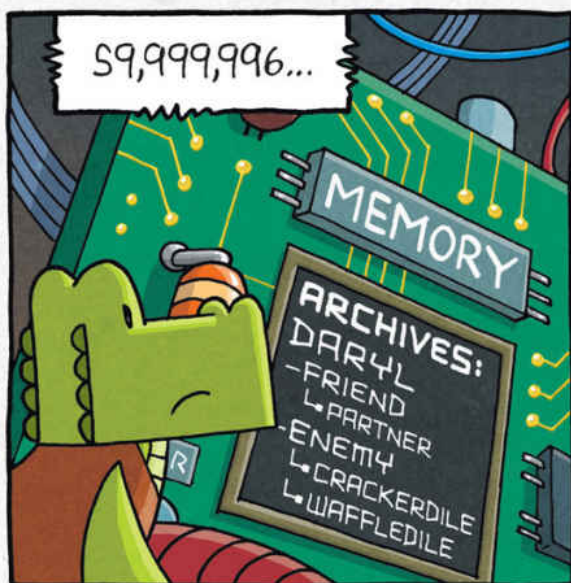
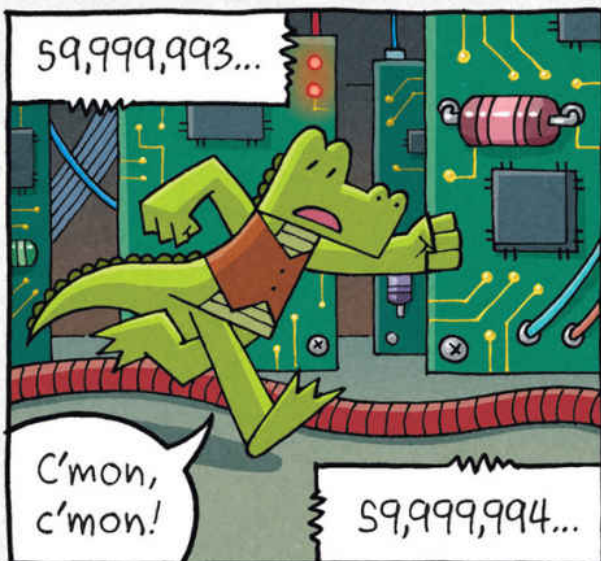
Thanks, Monocle!



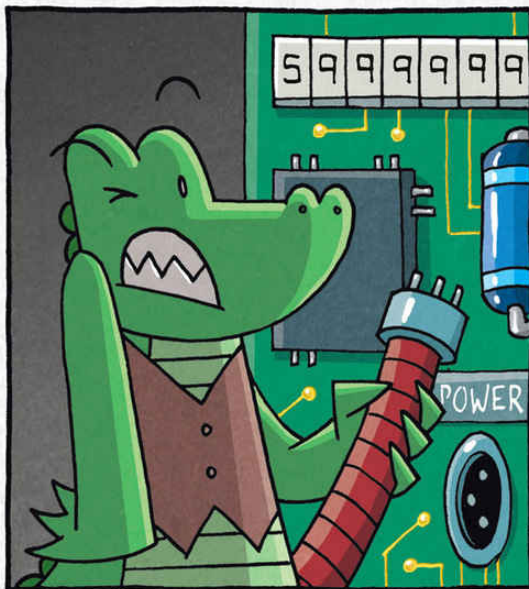




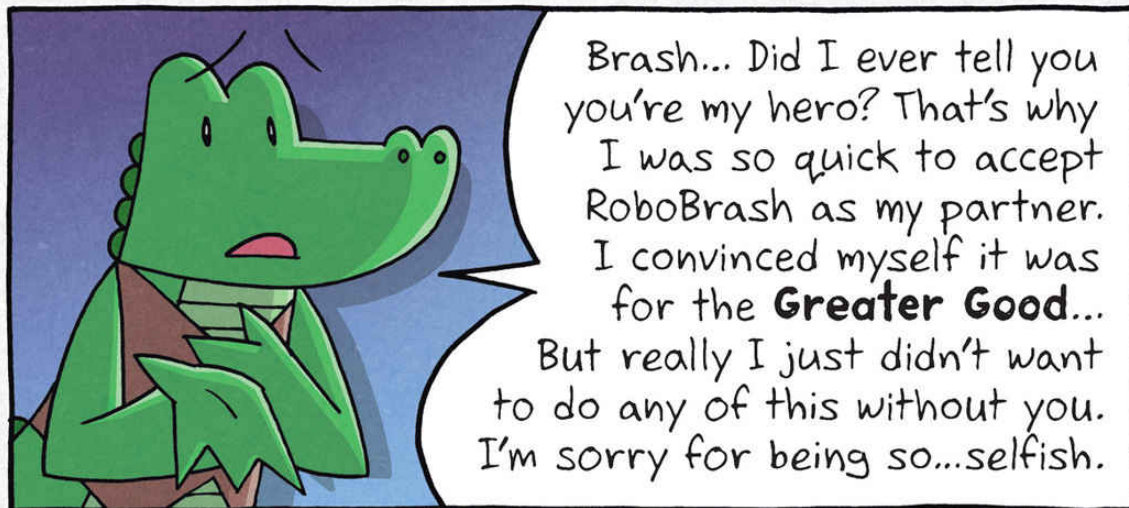
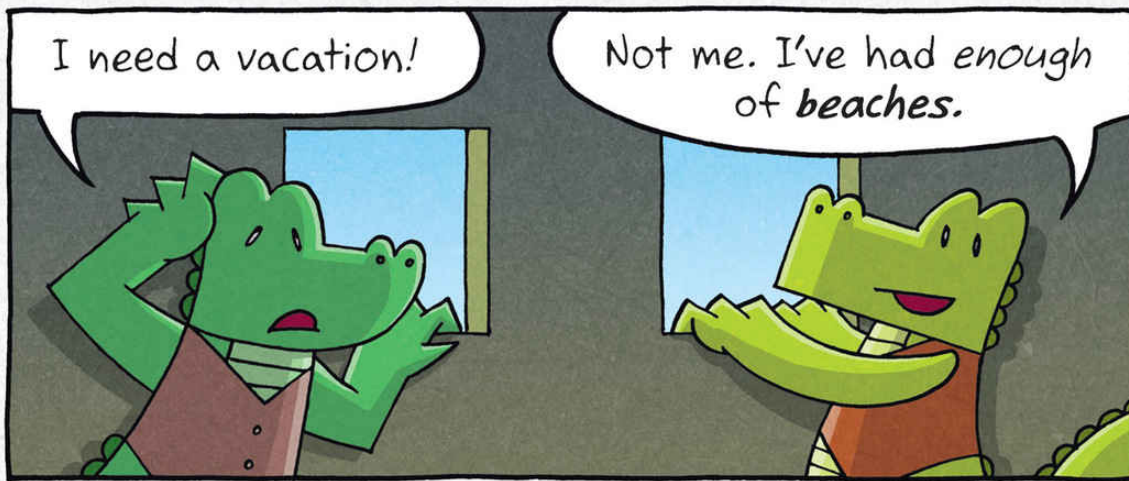






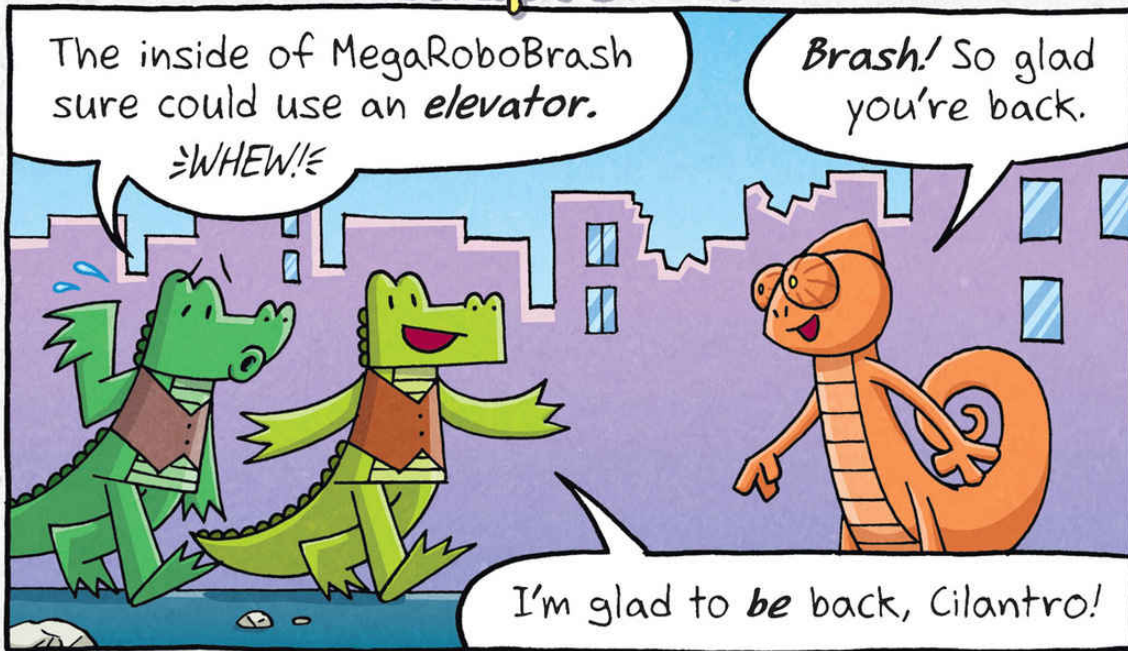








## Chapter 17





Sorry we're late. I may be a *superhero*, but I'm still an **OLD MAN**! I don't move quite as fast as I used to.



Now, who needs a poppin' and a lockin'?



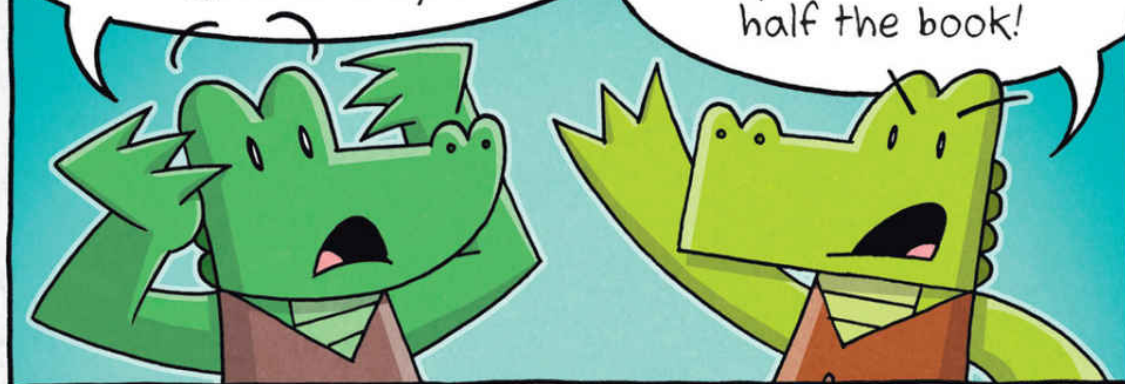
Well, Houdino's caught and the Maestronaut is on the Moon—

The who?



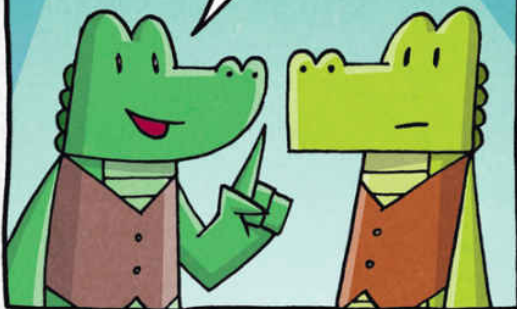
**BRASH!** Don't tell me you're having memory problems again already?!

Mango, that was **RoboBrash**. I've been asleep for more than half the book!





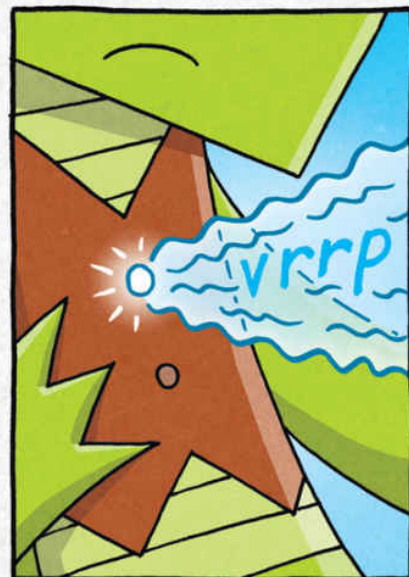
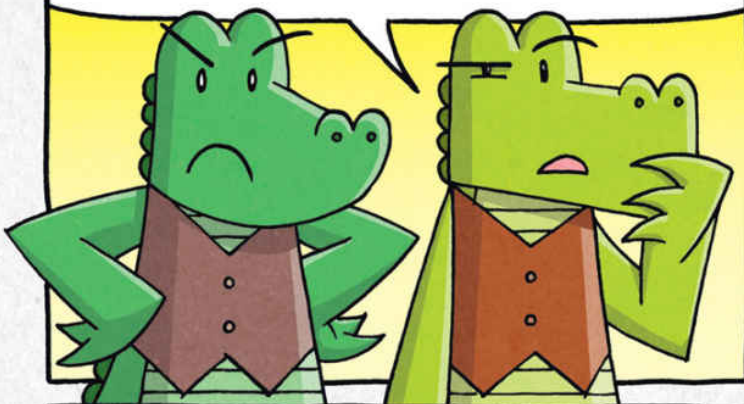
Oh, right. The  
**Maestronaut** was this  
musical astronaut  
who—



HEY! I just realized! We  
fought a **MUSICAL VILLAIN**  
and we didn't even have a  
**SINGLE MUSICAL MONTAGE!**



Huh. That certainly seems like  
it was a missed opportunity.  
I'd take it up with the **author**.

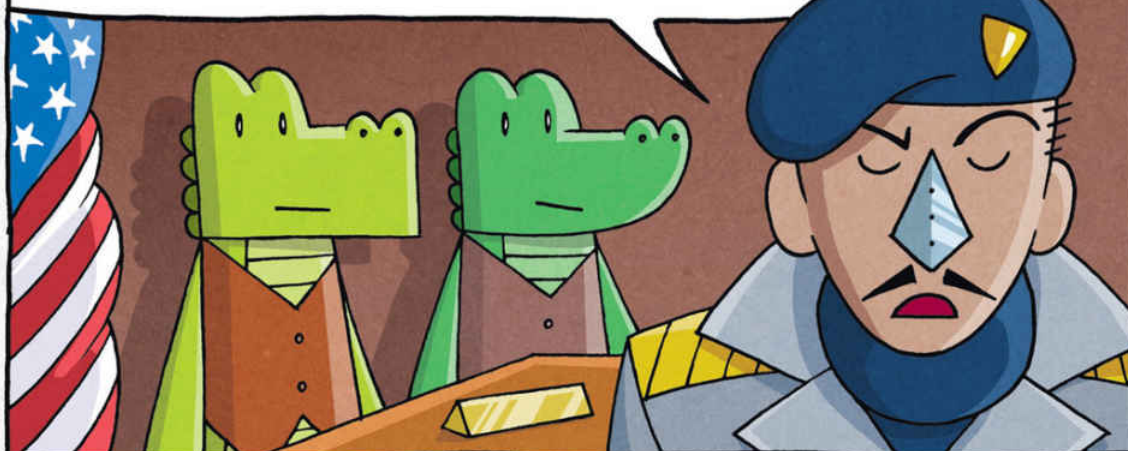


**MANGO! BRASH! CILANTRO!** Report to my office  
immediately! You have a **LOT** to **ANSWER** for!





And so, for *ANSWERING* the call of duty, recapturing Houdino, and helping save the city...



...I hereby promote you to *FIELD AGENT*.  
Congratulations, **Agent Cilantro**.



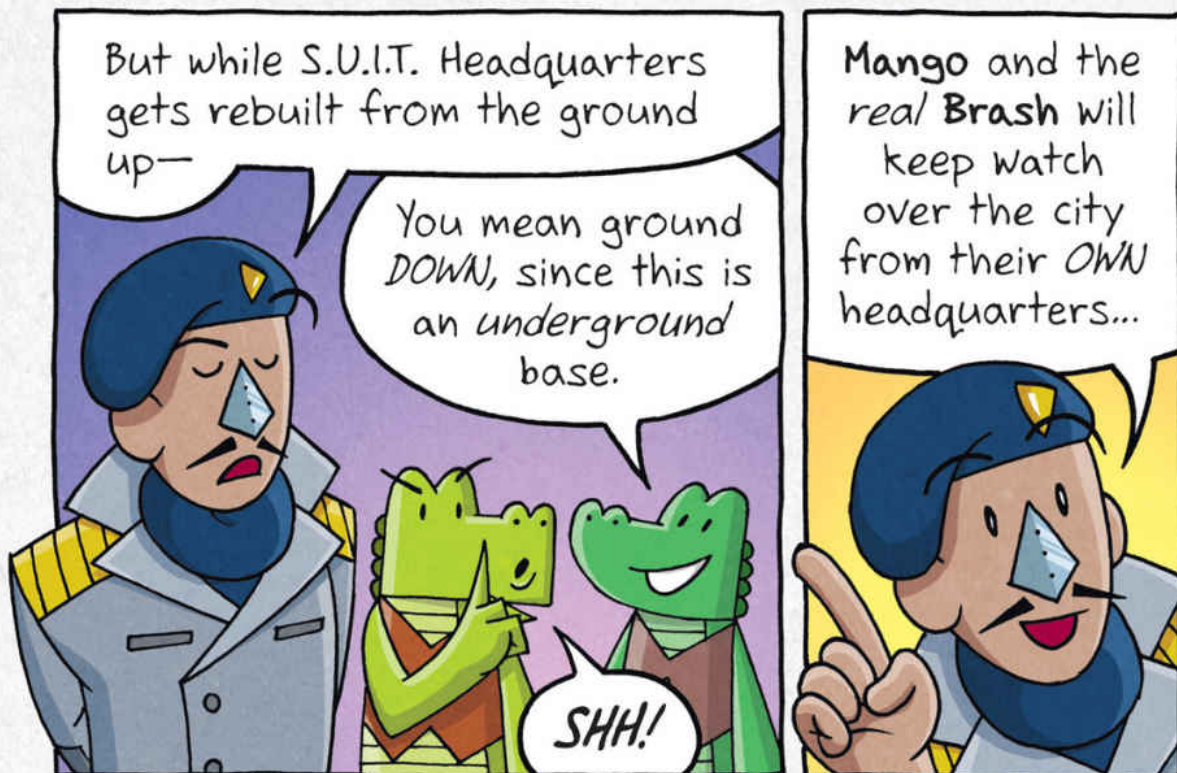
Thank you,  
General  
Inspector!



Sorry if I sounded angry  
in my message. I can get  
a little *overdramatic*.









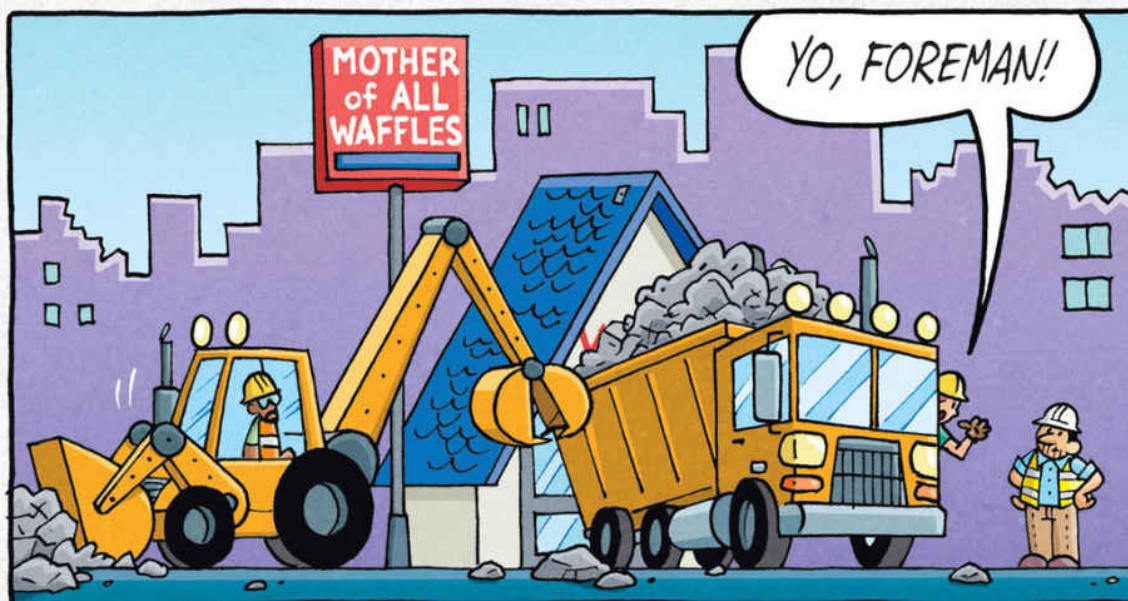




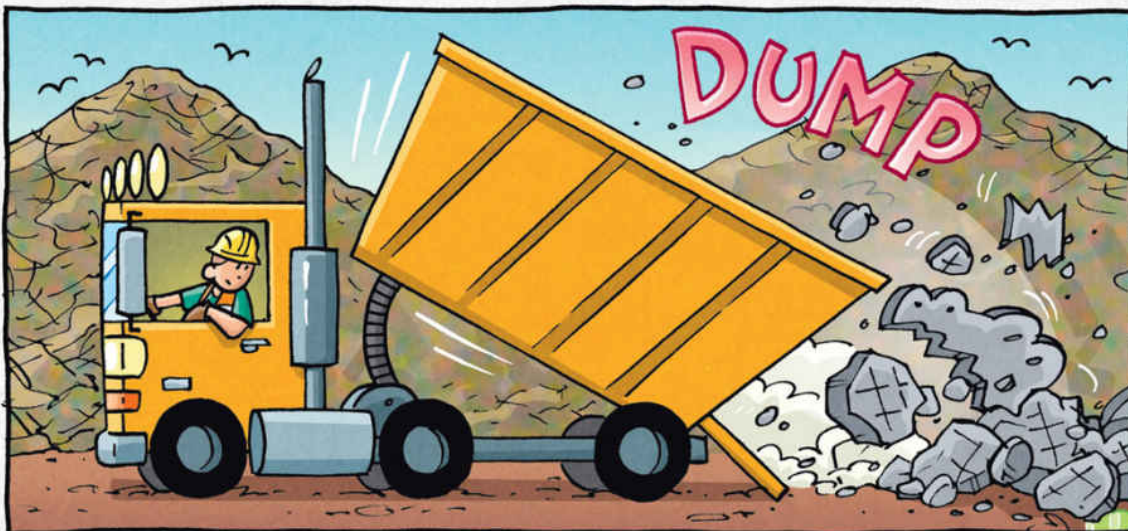
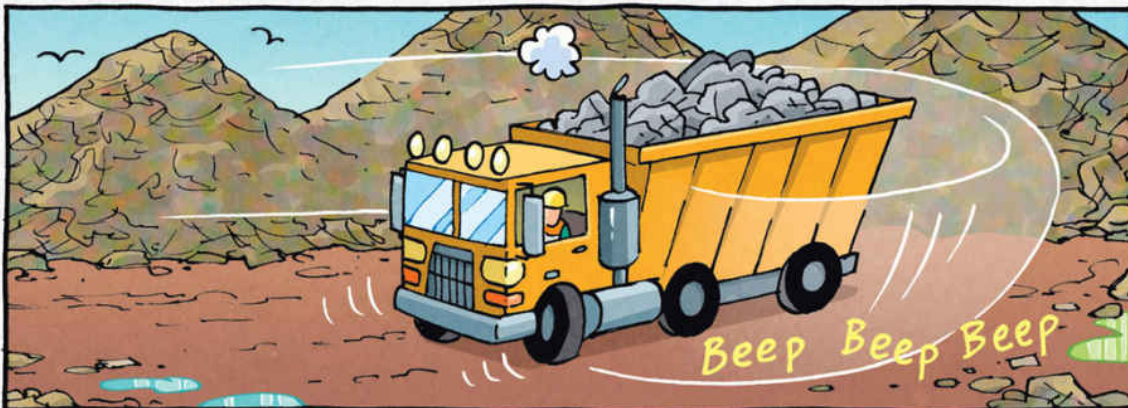
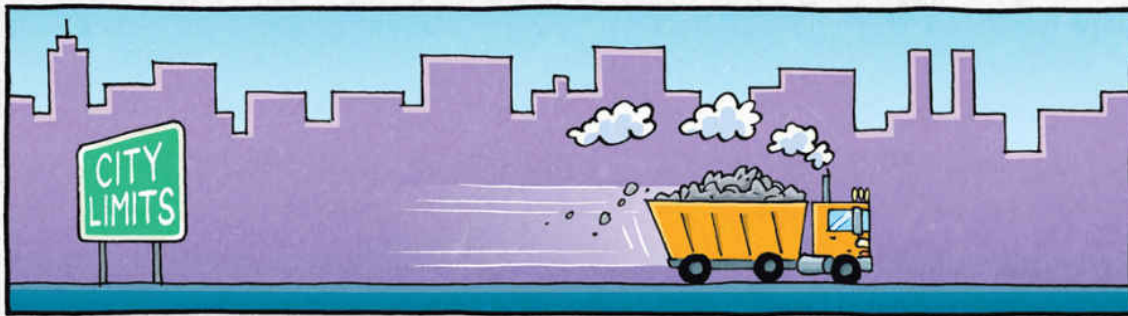




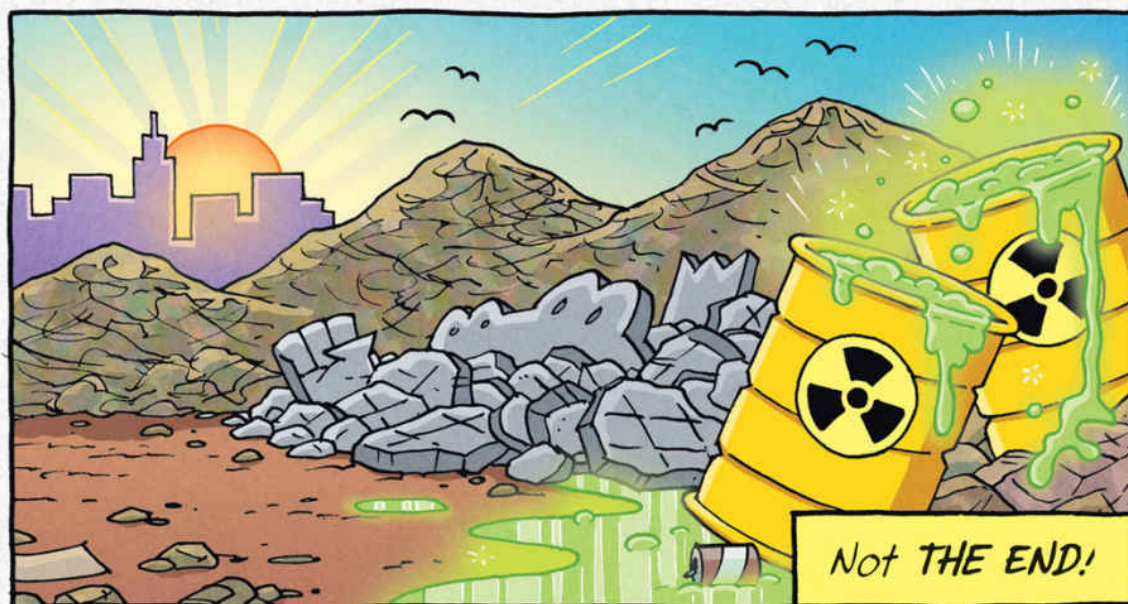
## Epilogue





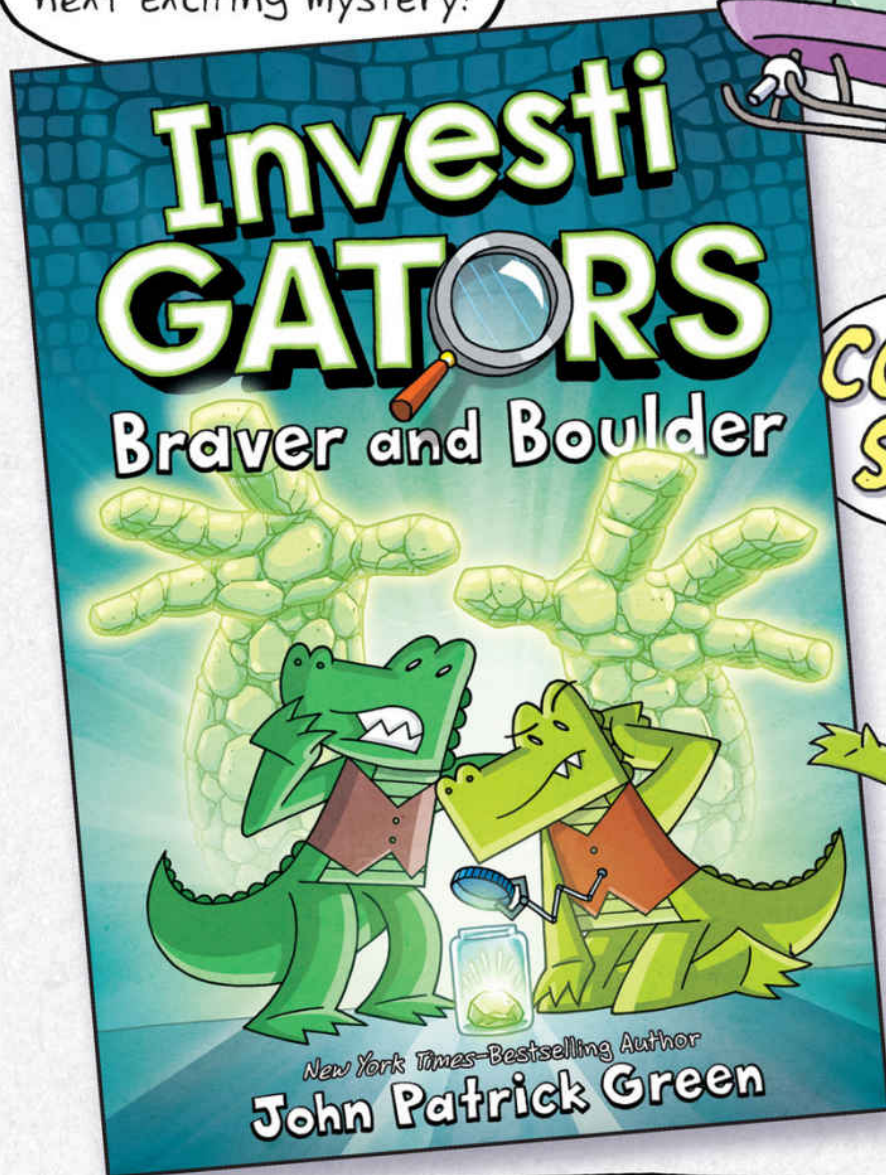








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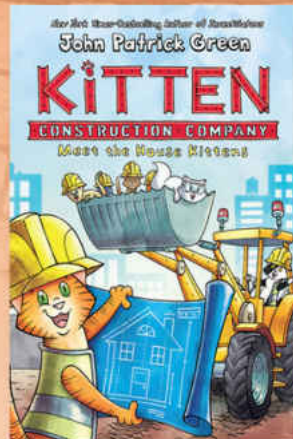
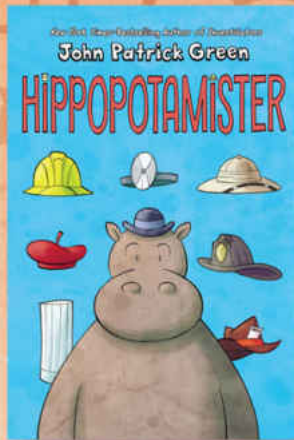


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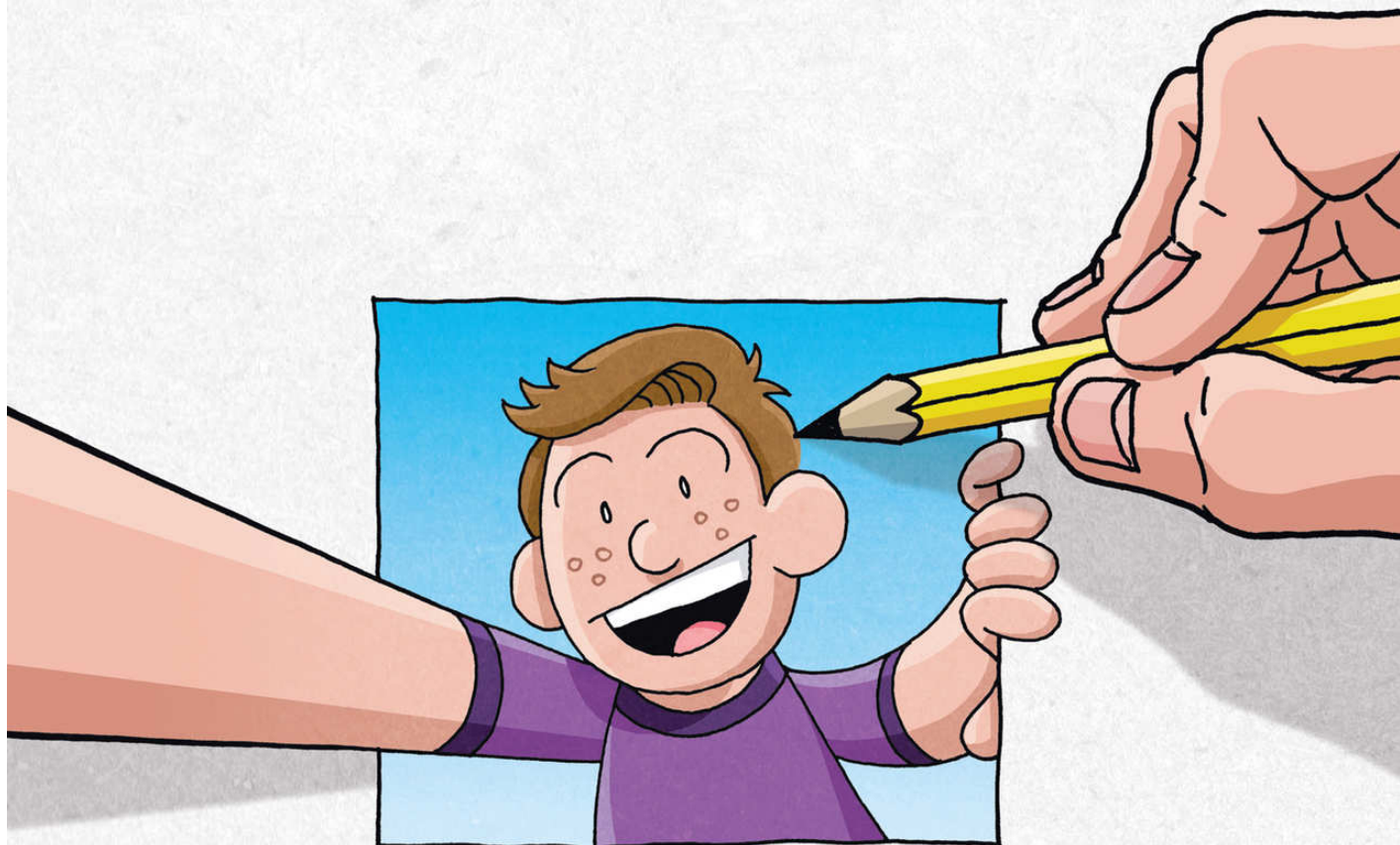
# Read the John Patrick Green Collection!



:01

First Second  
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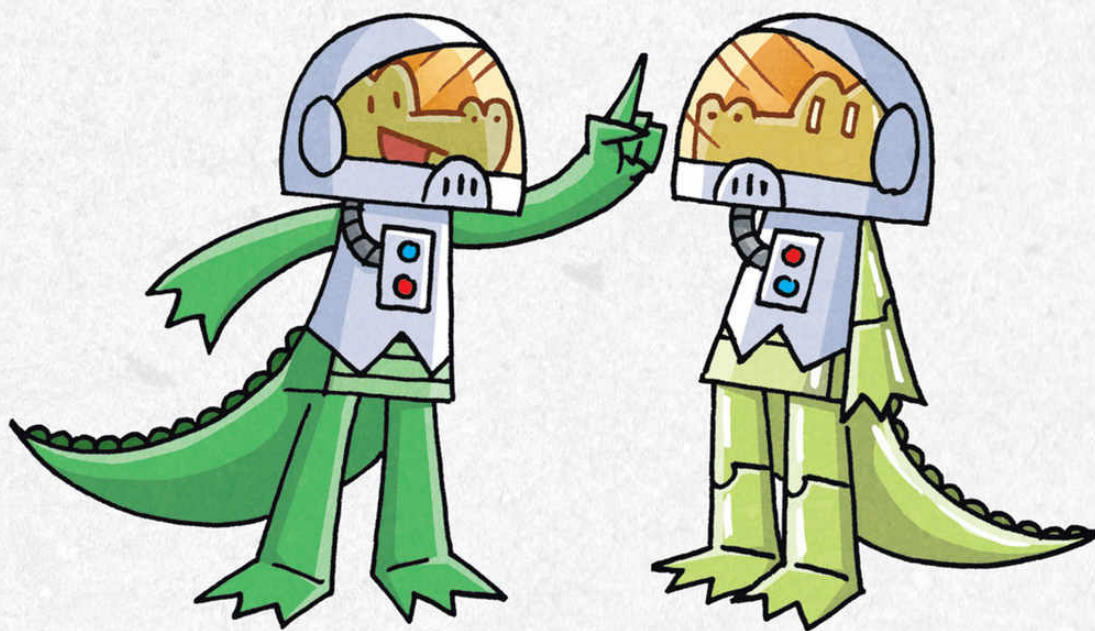






# Investi GATORS

Ants in Our P.A.N.T.S.



written and illustrated by  
**John Patrick Green**

with color by Wes Dzioba



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Praise for *InvestiGators*  
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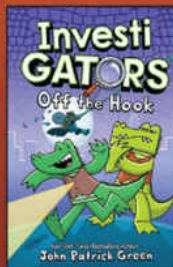
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